

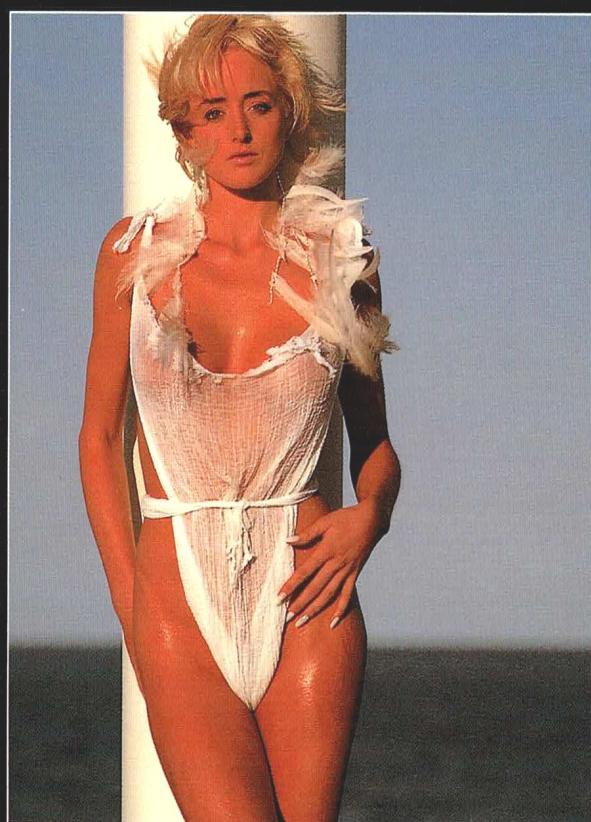
Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1988

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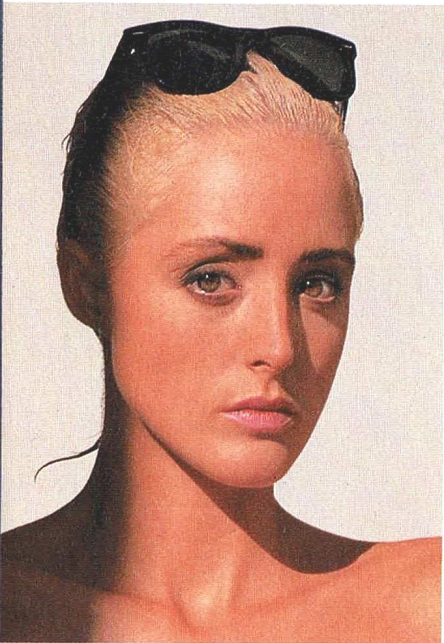
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 9 No 12/December 1988



Land Of The Long Black Cloud



UFOs: The Ultimate Secret?



Pet of the Month

REGULARS
CONTENTS PAGE
COVER
HOUSECALL 4
FEEDBACK 6
FORUM 9
FILM Edited by C.J. Mackay 128
SOUNDS Edited by Jeremy Cook 130

SINS
LUST Sex by Al Goldstein 17
AVARICE Finance by David Quicksilver 18
VANITY Fashion by Graem Sims 21
LUST Sex by Mark Sutherland 23
GLUTTONY Food and Liquor by Elisabeth King 24
SLOTH Travel by Frank Robson 28

FEATURES
LAND OF THE LONG BLACK CLOUD Greg Hunter 34
MONKEY BUSINESS Cartoons by Jon Berkeley 55
THE PALESTINE INCIDENT Humor by Colin Bowles 60
MORE OFFENSIVE JOKES 66
UFOs: THE ULTIMATE SECRET? Bill Chalker 82
HARD NOSE THE HIGHWAY Bikes by Bill McKinnon 94
CLASSIFIEDS Humor by Colin Bowles 97
THE EDGE Service 139

PICTORIALS
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF 41
THE TITILLATOR/TERRI John Nikkola 69
SECRETS OF THEIR SUCCESS David Schoen 88
BLOOPERS 104
BIG CITY/AMANDA Hank Londoner 116
MOVE IT ON OVER/SAMANTHA Suze Randall 132

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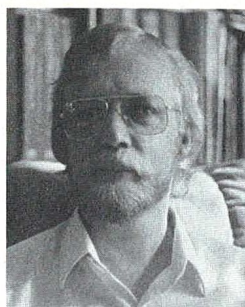
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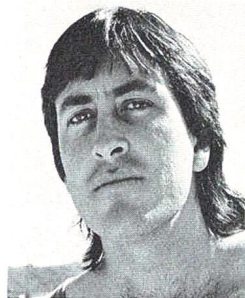
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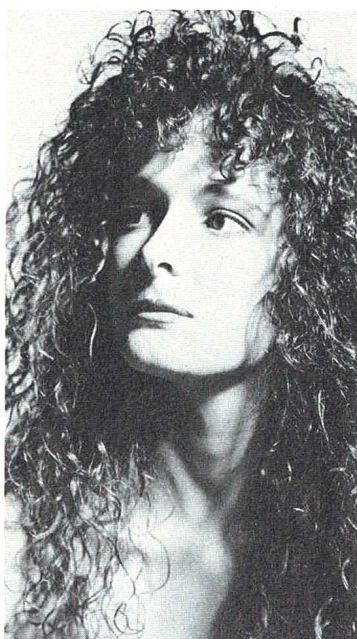
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COLIN BOWLES



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HOUSECALL

THE EDGE

Play with it a while and feel the extra bulk. This month's *Penthouse* is bigger than the standard issue — and better. We've incorporated a whole new section called The Edge — 20 pages of service features dedicated to the pursuit of one-upmanship in areas as diverse as executive holidays, audio equipment, wine, watches, sunglasses, running shoes and more. Want The Edge on the rest of the field? Turn to page 139.

LAND OF THE LONG BLACK CLOUD

The Shaky Isles have never been shakier. New Zealand's race relations time bomb is set to explode, and white Kiwis are bailing out of the country in their thousands. In Part I of a two-part feature, Senior Editor Greg Hunter examines the identity crisis our little brother across the Tasman is currently suffering as the Maori people come calling for the rent. Hunter's story is complemented by Mike Walker's photography. It starts on page 34.

MORE OFFENSIVE JOKES

Well, it wouldn't be Christmas unless *Penthouse* presented yet another compilation of appallingly offensive gags. They're guaranteed to raise a liquid laugh wherever drunks are gathered in the name of festive cheer. What's brown and walks upstairs backwards? The answer's on page 66, with illustrations by Mirella Bordignon.

THE PALESTINE INCIDENT

It began one night in December. The couple at the centre of the controversy were Joseph and Mary Christ. No-one knows exactly what took place. What we

do know is that ever since that fateful evening we've all had to pay through the nose every Christmas. And so Colin Bowles set out to find answers to the questions that have plagued mankind for 2000 years. His tongue-in-cheek investigation of the Palestine Incident, illustrated by Frants Kantor, starts on page 60.

PENTHOUSE BLOOPERS

In the realm of nude photography, a bum shot really is a bum shot. Over the years the *Penthouse* Bloopers file has swelled to overflowing with hilarious failures. We've had our fun, and now it's your turn. Check out the best of the worst centrefold snaps ever taken on page 104.

CLASSIFIEDS

Had enough laughs yet? Well, there's more. Rounding off the special festive edition of *Penthouse* is Colin Bowles' witty collection of cornball classifieds, a salute to apocryphal advertising. The *Penthouse* classified section begins on page 97 with illustrations by Jon Berkeley.

UFOs: THE ULTIMATE SECRET?

Some people might consider this one the biggest laugh of all. Is it possible that alien craft have crashed in the US, that the bodies of some ETs have been examined by scientists, and that some of our alien visitors are actually alive and being held by the US military today? Is this the Ultimate Secret, or the biggest hoax in human history? Bill Chalker's impressive investigation may convince you that the answer to that question is far from obvious. John Scott's illustration is on page 82. ☐

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian Penthouse—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Mind and body

Thank you for saving me from the inane drivel of fashion, diets and instructions on how to be a man-hater — the kind of material published in current women's magazines.

Earlier this year curiosity got the better of me and I started reading a copy of *Australian Penthouse* that my boyfriend had bought. Since then I have become a subscriber.

Congratulations to the journalists you employ for the witty, entertaining and informative articles and plaudits to your photographers for the superb pictorials. Although I do not consider myself a lesbian and have never slept with a woman, I find nude photos of either sex very erotic and, like Jessica Jensen (September *Penthouse*), my ultimate erotic fantasy is making love with another woman, preferably in the company of several males.

Please don't ever change the format of *Penthouse* to comply with the wowsers and rad femmes of this world. — Ms J.R., Qld

Censorship #1

As I am a new subscriber to your Black Label Edition, I thought you might be interested in the following observations.

Firstly, I was won over by your promotional package that suggested our censorship laws may be a wee bit conservative. I, like most men, believe that there is nothing perverted in viewing the tastefully photographed female form. As long as Australian art directors and editors maintain a professional attitude and publish tasteful yet telling photographs, censorship should not be needed.

Secondly, you may not appreciate the following comments, but if any censorship is needed in *Penthouse*, it should surely be applied to the crap you print in Forum. I refer in particular to a letter entitled "Four's More" on page nine of your September issue. If this letter was unsolicited and fact, may I turn into a frog in a French kitchen! You're insulting the intelligence of the Aussie male by printing such bullshit, so *Penthouse* copy editors, shape up or ship out. The Aussie male prefers realism to bullshit fantasy and all it would take would be some professional marketing to elicit "true blue" and believable sex



Bridget... a wild Girl Friday

stories. For a modest fee I would be only too happy to get you fact instead of fiction. How about it? You don't have to withhold my name and address, because I'm for real. — N.W. Reed, Merimbula, NSW

You'd better start practising your French. "Four's More", like all Forum letters, was a genuine, unsolicited submission. Proof of its veracity lies in the following letter, from the author of "Four's More", whose name and address were withheld on his request. — Ed

Censorship #2

Censorship! And in your publication of all places! What is this world coming to?

When I wrote to you recently of the exciting time my girl and I enjoyed on Lady Jane Beach ("Four's More", September *Penthouse*) the last thing I expected was to read a censored version in your pages. My girlfriend and I thought that yours would be the last magazine to have wowsers and Fred Niles on staff.

We've had many exciting times and the idea of sharing them with your readers in the Forum section gives us both a thrill. But we want to share *all* of each experience with them, not just what you choose.

The part you cut out related to a limited amount of bisexual activity, in that one of the guys we met at the beach sucked me

and his mate in conjunction with my girlfriend. It excited her and it didn't worry us — why should it worry you? It seems that the dreaded double standard exists in your editor's mind — that is, it's okay to publish photos and editorial accounts of women together, but when it comes to limited bisexual male activity it's a no-no.

We realise that *Australian Penthouse* is primarily a men's magazine, but nevertheless we remain disillusioned with your decision to censor our report, so much so that we probably won't subscribe again.

— Name and address withheld

Australian Penthouse is not homophobic, just heterosexual — like the majority of our readers. Feedback on this issue is welcomed. — Ed

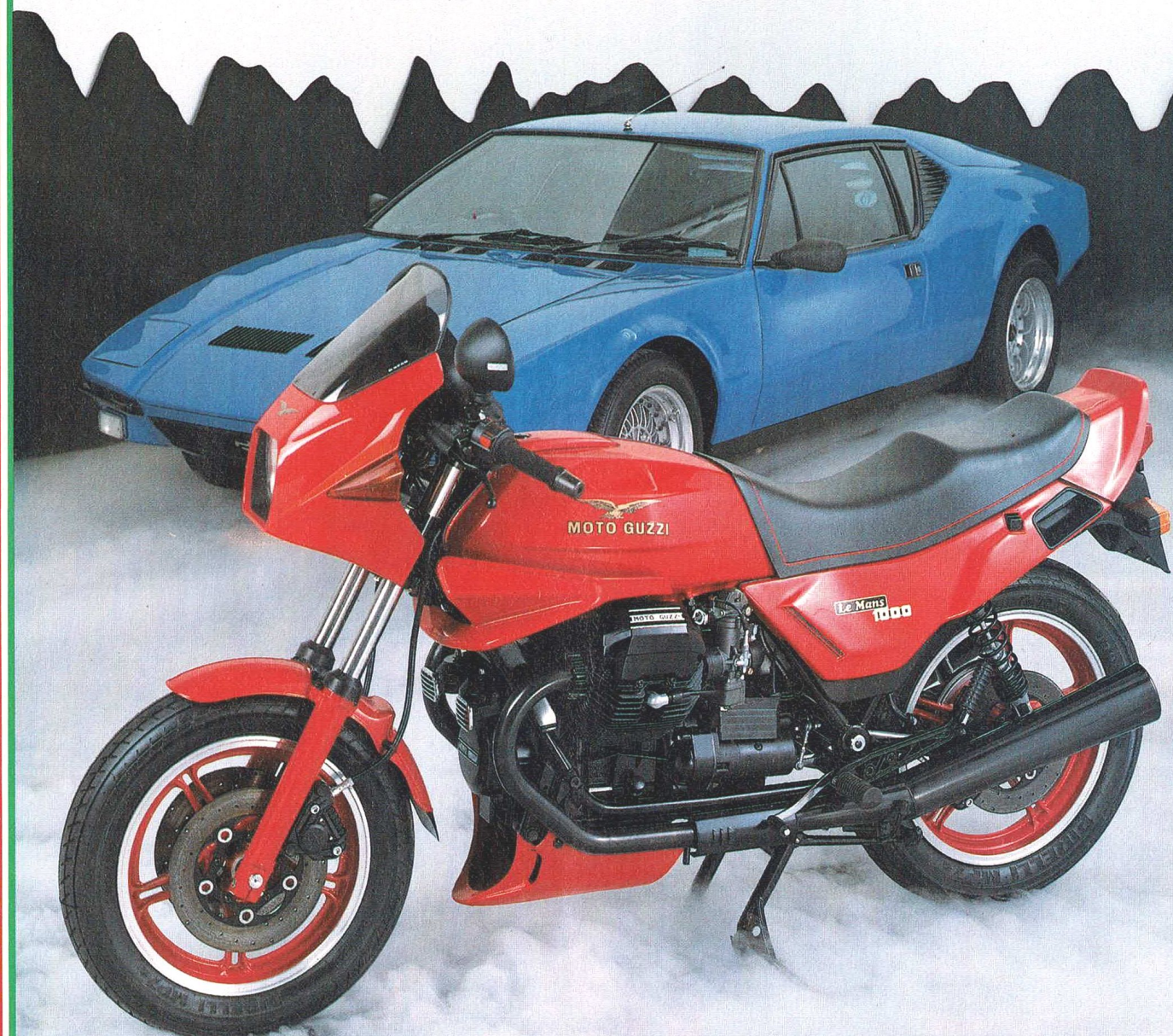
Having it both ways

It concerns me that your Black Label Edition is not what it is advertised to be. In fact, it is a totally separate entity, given that the pictorials are not the same as in the regular edition. Certain pictorials are common to both, with more explicit photos featured in the Black Label, but some BL pictorials are completely different to those in the regular edition. Now I must buy the news stand edition as well as subscribe to the Black Label if I am to have the complete picture — if you know what I mean. Just a small gripe, really. All in all you are doing a pretty good job. Keep up the good work. — D.G., Sydney

Wild about Bridget

If you'd asked me a couple of months back whether or not I'd ever harbored any Robinson Crusoe fantasies I would have told you to get out of here. What's the point, I would have said, of wasting time daydreaming about being alone on some desert island with another bloke with nothing to do but keep one eye out for passing ships and the other one making sure that Friday didn't try anything cute? That was before I picked up your September issue and experienced your charming castaway centrefold Bridget Bloxson. I'd get wrecked with Bridget any day — the sooner the better. In fact, I'd probably scuttle the boat for a chance to play Crusoe to this Girl Friday. I hope I haven't gone overboard here. — K.P., Horsham, Vic

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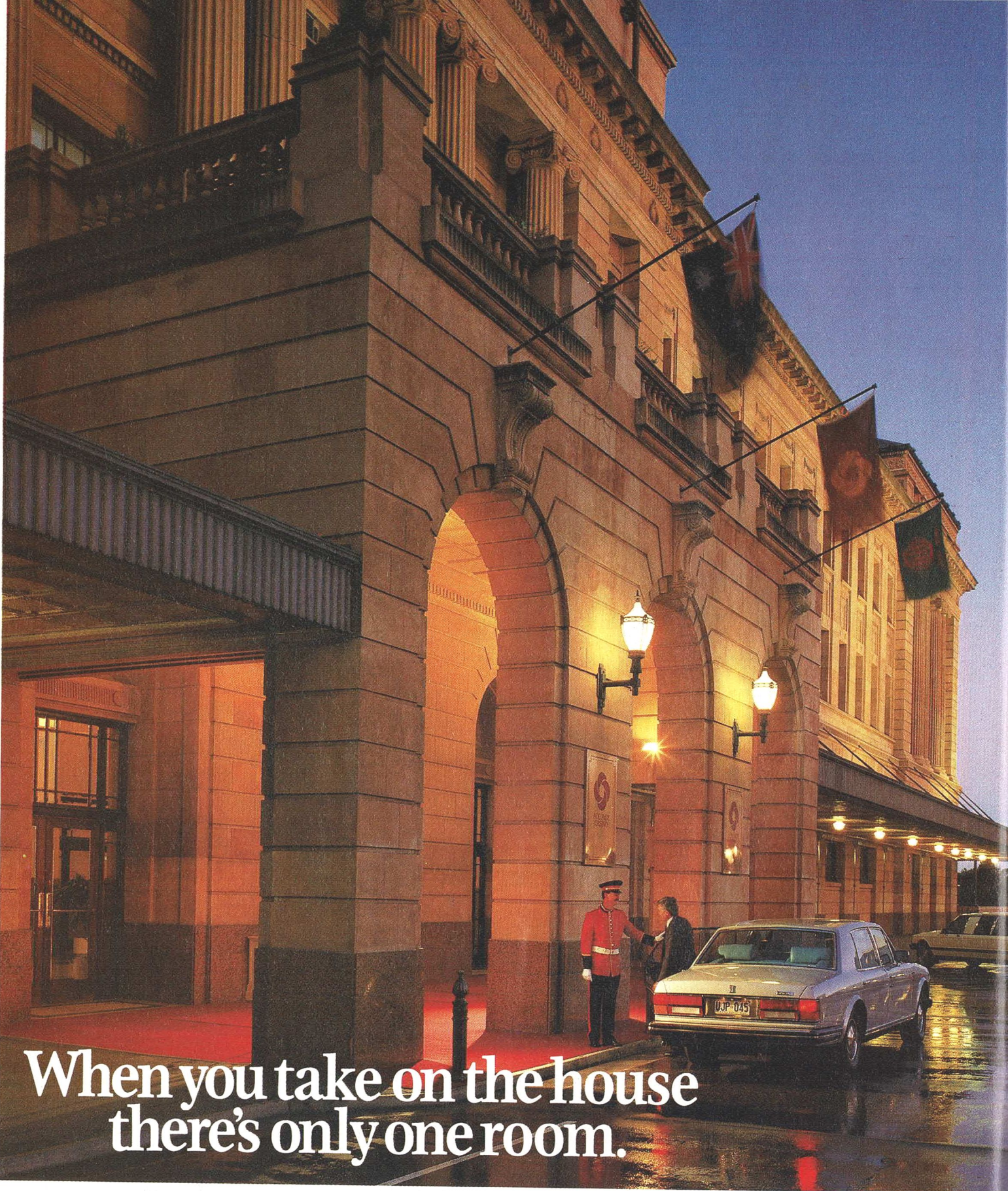
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Two timing

I am 32 years old, married for 12 years and have only been unfaithful to my husband on two occasions — including the episode I am about to recount. My husband had invited his employees and their wives around to our place for a barbecue beside the pool. There were about 14 people in all. We all knew each other to say hello to.

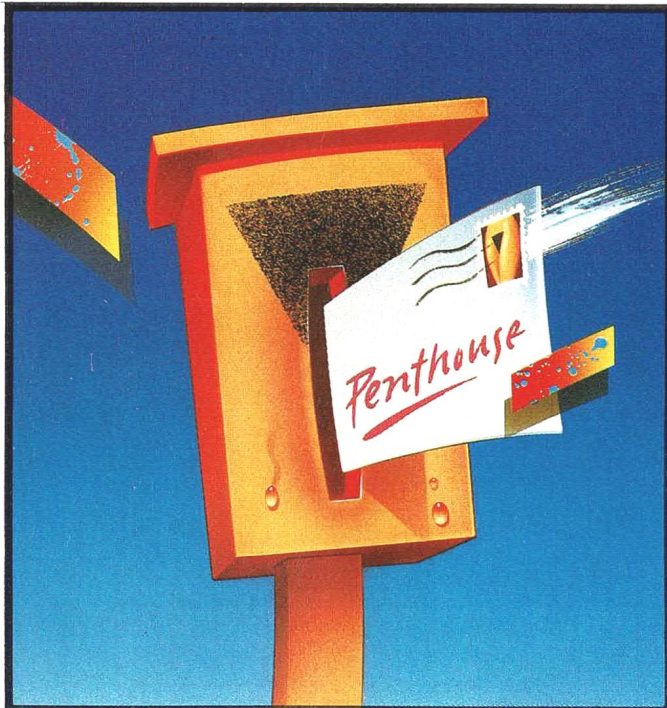
One of the two men who work for my husband is a big country jerk named Bob. He thinks he is God's gift to women. I don't know why because he is a big log and not good looking at all. He always flirts, though, and on this particular afternoon he was getting into the habit of trying to undo the women's swimsuit tops. He tried on a number of occasions to undo mine, but I had playfully resisted his attempts.

I had to go to my bedroom at one stage and while I was there "Big Bob" came up behind me and tried to remove my bikini top. I said, "Don't" and he said, "Come on."

I turned around to him and said, "If you're really game to, go ahead." I honestly thought he'd turn tail and run, but he reached around and undid my tie and let it fall to the floor, thus letting my breasts fall free. I don't have very big breasts, and Bob commented on their lack of size. I was annoyed and said, "Okay, Big Boy, let me see what you've got" — and reached down and removed his swim trunks. His flaccid penis was large and particularly thick. I gasped and said, "Now what?" He immediately cupped my breasts in his hands and started to kiss me. I felt the wetness between my legs and responded to his kissing and caressing. My hand sought his penis and manipulated it to its full erect state. Bob tried to manoeuvre me towards the bed but I said no and led him to the ensuite and locked the door.

Bob removed my bikini bottom and lifted me on to the wash basin. He put his arms under my legs and exposed me to the world.

"Ask me to do it to you," he said — and I said, "Please fuck me." With that, he drove into me with everything he had. I



have never been so full of cock in all my life.

With Bob ramming it into me with such giant thrusts, it soon became uncomfortable on the wash basin so he just leaned me against the wall and started to pump into me. I quickly started to approach orgasm and was just about to come when I heard my husband in the bedroom calling out to me. Bob stopped fucking but stayed hard in me. I called out to my husband that I would be out shortly — and thankfully he went back to the party. Bob hadn't even gone a little soft with the interruption and as soon as my husband left he resumed penetrating me with the fullest of strokes. Even after the fright I came quickly and it was a little later that Bob came with a roar.

His penis slowly became soft and he withdrew from me. I gently cleaned his cock for him and helped him back on with his swimmers. He gave me a lovely deep passionate kiss and said, "We'll have to do this again." I replied, "You won't get any argument from me as it's the best fuck I've ever had." He went back to the party and I cleaned myself, dressed and returned to my role as hostess.

There was Bob flirting with someone else's wife, continuing as if nothing had happened. I was thinking that I did want him again, even if he was a big log. — *Name and address withheld*

Housewife takes a lover

Until recently, I would have described my sex life as good but unexciting. My marriage of five years is quite healthy and I've never really been on the prowl for something different. That all changed when a new girl was hired at the bank where I work. Judy, a gorgeous blonde with a curvy figure, gave me a whole new outlook on sex.

When one of my girlfriends told me at lunch that Judy had recounted a recent date with another female, I was shocked. I couldn't believe that such a sexy beauty would get it on with another woman. Every man who came into the bank would ogle the new teller, most of them choosing to wait on her line. And who could blame them? Judy was centrefold material, for sure.

As the days went by, however, I began to fantasise about the blonde sexpot making love to one of the other girls in the bank. These mental images turned me on. Then the fantasies changed so that it was now Judy and I together. I figured that if she was turning down all those good looking, horny guys for other ladies, maybe she was a lesbian. And I decided it was time for this 26-year-old brunette to check it out.

One Friday afternoon when George, my husband, was away on a business trip, I invited Judy over for a drink after work, telling her how bored I was when my husband was gone. She accepted the invitation with a gleam in her eye. The rest of the day dragged on as I contemplated what might be in store for me that evening. Would she make a move? Would I let her? Would I enjoy it?

It took me about an hour and a half to get ready, for I wanted everything to be exactly right. I must have tried on ten outfits before settling on a silky black dress that showed off my 35-26-35 figure best. I put on a bit more makeup than usual and splashed some cologne into my panties.

Just before Judy was to arrive, I began to have reservations. Maybe it was all wrong. Maybe I should just forget the whole thing. When I answered the doorbell, I couldn't believe my eyes. Judy wore

FORUM

a short, low-cut red dress that hid nothing! Her large breasts spilled from the top while her long, shapely legs clad in white stockings stretched for miles down to her six-inch heels. Her outfit screamed sex!

We had a good time talking about work, fashions, men, etc while sipping our martinis. Judy was curled up on the sofa and I sat in a nearby chair. Every time she crossed or uncrossed her legs I tried in vain to steal a glimpse up her short dress. I could see the garters holding up her pretty stockings. I'd never worn a garter belt in my life (too impractical, I thought) and the sight of hers really turned me on.

Judy was the one to change the subject, and abruptly at that. "I know why you invited me here, Kate," she said softly. I didn't know how to reply. My face got hot as I blushed, but I was finally able to stammer a few words. "I thought we could ... we might ... uh ... share a drink and ... uh ... talk." Judy uncurled herself from the sofa and moved beside my chair. My heart was thumping.

"You want to now what it's like, right, Kate?" she asked. "I think now is a good time to find out." I turned my head to face the sexy blonde just as she began to close in. I sat paralysed as her soft lips met mine for a sweet caress. Simultaneously, her hand slid downward to gently cup my right

breast. There was no yanking or grabbing; she simply held my tit in her hand.

Judy's delving tongue coaxed mine out of hiding with a few squirming thrusts and the two lovingly wrestled together. My reservations dissipated quickly as I now knew for sure that this was definitely the right thing to do. I'm not sure how long her hot kisses and soft caresses continued, for I was lost in the specialness of the moment. I loved the sensuous feel of her fingers around my hot nipple, the softness of her lips on mine, the smell of her heady perfume as it filled my nostrils.

Judy was the one to break off the searing kiss. "I don't believe I've seen the boudoir, my love," she said. "Why don't you lead the way?" I took her hand and led her toward the bedroom. Judy suggested we take turns stripping, which sounded like a fun idea even though I was a bit apprehensive. She could sense that and went first. My blood began to boil as she seductively slid out of her confining dress. She put in a few extra wiggles to get it off her flaring hips and abundant arse.

I let my eyes feast on the sight of her luscious body as she turned slowly to show off her long legs, still clad in those foxy white stockings, garters with matching see-through white bikini panties and a skimpy flesh-colored bra that was barely able to hold up its ample cargo. She quickly unhooked her bra to let the giant, fleshy orbs spill out. The love juices

flowing within my pussy were already soaking into my panties and pantyhose.

It was my turn now and I did my best to be seductive, despite my inexperience. I was really enjoying the striptease and was turned on more by my new friend's complimentary "oohs" and "ahhhs." After I had peeled off my pantyhose, Judy moved into my arms. We resumed the tender French kiss, but this time my hands were free to explore another woman's body for the first time.

Judy's breasts were larger than mine, though not quite as firm. My eager fingers rolled the warm flesh around, paying particular attention to the giant nipples. Her expert hand-and-tongue play was bringing me near the first of what would be many orgasms.

We soon found our way to the bed and I sat down so that Judy could help me remove my soaking panties. I watched in fascination as the shapely sexpot, now kneeling in front of me, drove her face into my anxiously awaiting pussy. In order to provide her better access, I lay back on the bed and brought my legs up to rest on her shoulders.

Judy really went to it, licking up the droplets of pussy juice as fast as they appeared. Her flicking finger found every sensitive hot spot, stabbing frequently at my throbbing clitoris. It didn't take me long to realise that my husband was an amateur pussy-eater, for this leggy bank teller had me moaning in ecstasy as I continued to pop off more orgasms. The sight of her blonde curls bobbing in and around my heated crotch served to keep me at a fever pitch.

After a while, Judy scissored her legs up on to the bed and we slid into a position where both of us could lick some pussy. I stared excitedly, for the first time, into the delicate folds of a wet pussy. Then I took the plunge. Delicious! I made up in enthusiasm for what I lacked in experience, tongue-fucking the lovely lady to a few sensual climaxes of her own.

We made love until 2am that eventful night, and without a doubt, they were the best hours of sex I've ever experienced — that is, if you don't count the other three times we've gotten together since. I would recommend lesbian love for any woman out there who might be curious. I'm willing to bet you'll enjoy it as much as I do.

As I recently told my lady lover, I still like it with my man, but I love it with her. —
Name and address withheld

Private service

I am a senior public servant and spend a lot of time at meetings. Often I am the only woman present, so I was pleased to see another female face at a special meeting held recently in Canberra. While I am now in my late thirties, my figure is still good. The years of sensuality with the partner of my choice have honed my sensuality to the point where I can turn on instantly on the

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way for people to adjust their lifestyles. Incorporated into this, are facilities like the jacuzzis, saunas, massage rooms, aerobics classes, gym, pool and hydro-therapy, jogging tracks and full health management and medical centre.

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"What we provide is an all-round resort holiday which shouldn't end when you check out.

"I mean, here at Coolum we're as wrapped up in our work as the people who come here; we just happen to have a slightly different approach.

"Ideally, it should have long-term results, so that guests continue to be involved with their well-being as much as they are involved with anything else they do long after they leave."

"We build a healthier pattern into our daily routines, so that fitness is as much a part of our day as getting up in the morning to go to work. It's as much a mental attitude as it is physical. We point out a more creative

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FORUM

basis of the most casual touch or glance.

The group at this particular meeting included John and David, whom I had met before, Maria, who turned out to be a beautiful, super-intelligent and capable young girl of about 25, and two other men, Mark and Paul. John was chairman and the meeting got quickly under way. After about half an hour, I became aware of Paul's hand on my knee. Naturally, I thought he had made some mistake and I gently placed my hand on his to move it away without any disturbance. What happened next I can't explain, but in some way I seemed to pull Paul's hand up the inside of my thigh until it rested on my cunt, which was protected only by a pair of silky briefs. Paul's fingers sought and found a gap and soon I was revelling in a light finger touch on my clitoris which threatened to bring me to a climax before we had even considered the third item on the minute paper.

I glanced across the table to make sure no-one else was aware of what was going on. It was then that I realised Maria was experiencing the same treatment and enjoyment at the hand of either John or David. After a few minutes, Maria let out a soft moan and said something to the chairman which sounded like, "For Christ's sake, fuck me you bastard — don't just play with

it." In the next few minutes she was on one end of the table with her legs gaping wide and I was on the other end receiving the detailed attention of the hands and tongue of Paul and Mark. I reached back over my head and found Maria's hands at the centre of the table. Our hair flowed together as we silently enjoyed our passion and excitement.

Paul was the first to fuck me. His prick was as smooth as silk as he thrust it in my cave. I gripped his tool with my cunt muscles and thrust upwards to ensure that nothing of his length was free of me. Meanwhile Mark was sucking my tits and I lost myself in a shattering orgasm which left me more than ready for the next prick. Soon Paul was replaced by Mark.

Mark really caught me by surprise since I was not expecting such a monster of a tool — and he could really use it. It must have been the biggest fuck of my life as he drove it into me, past the soft lips of my cunt and stretching my tunnel to its full depth. I could feel his balls slapping against the cheeks of my arse as he screwed his glorious weapon with a sideways thrust into me. I knew that if I held back my climax it would intensify it and I wanted to hang on to that prick for as long as possible. Paul was now kneeling astride my tits with his hard prick thrusting against my mouth. I could hear Marie calling out for more as I took Paul's manhood deep into my mouth. The sweet taste of

come was the reward for my effort and I had barely enough time to enjoy it when I felt the most deep climax building in my thighs.

I raised myself up to meet the great thrusts of Mark's tool, who exploded in a frenzy of come. I could feel the impact of it against the walls of my tunnel time and time again.

Soon the chairman called us to order and we took our places again at the table for the meeting. Later, I took Maria back to my hotel room where we made exquisite love during the evening before meeting up with the boys for an all night session at Paul's flat. I returned to my office in Sydney the next day with a cunt sore from fucking and a copy of the minutes of the meeting covered in come stains. — *Name and address withheld*

Birthday bash

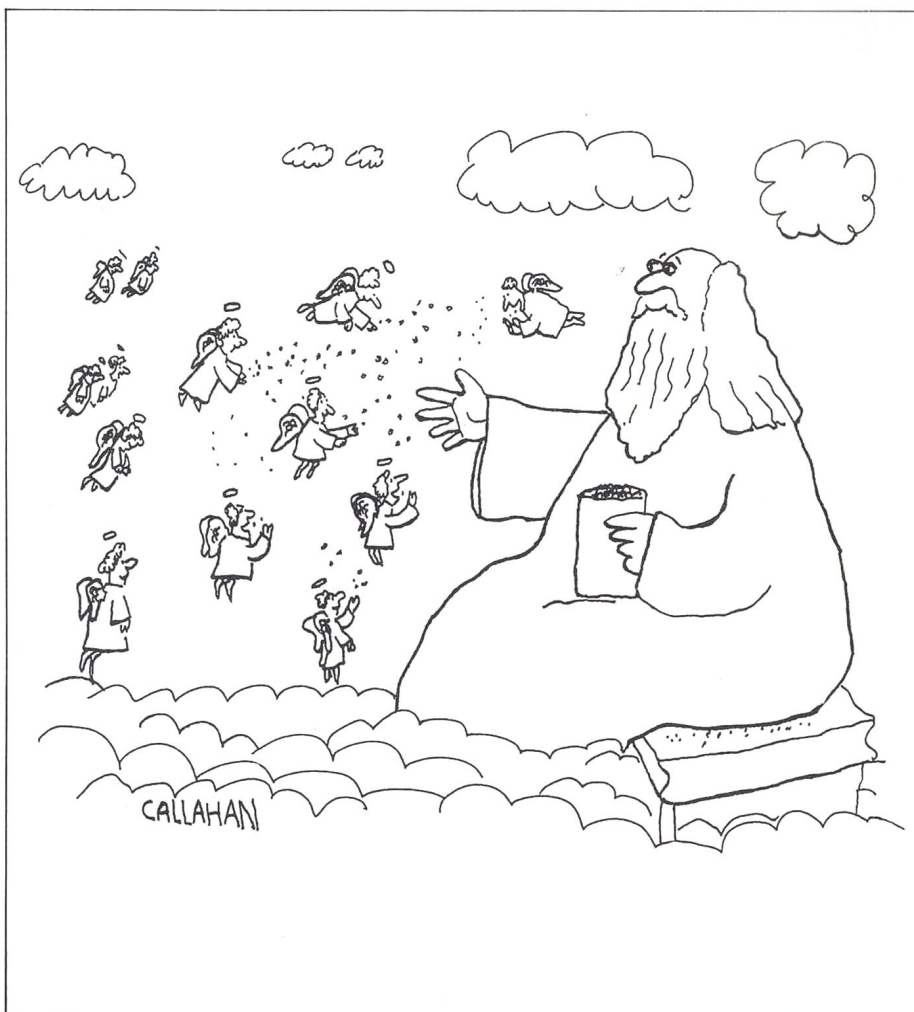
I had just about given up hope of convincing Jo, my wife of ten years, of enjoying the pleasure of a two girl-one guy threesome. We have been swinging for about five years and threesomes are part of our regular sex life — threesomes, that is, with two guys and her, but no other women had so far been invited into our bed. Anyway, last Saturday was my 34th birthday, and I had thought that we would be going out to tea and perhaps a night-club after.

About 5pm Jo took our two daughters to the babysitters for the night. We had planned a family barbecue the next day but tonight was for us. When she got back I was just getting out of the shower. She came into the bedroom as I was getting dressed, a scotch and coke in one hand.

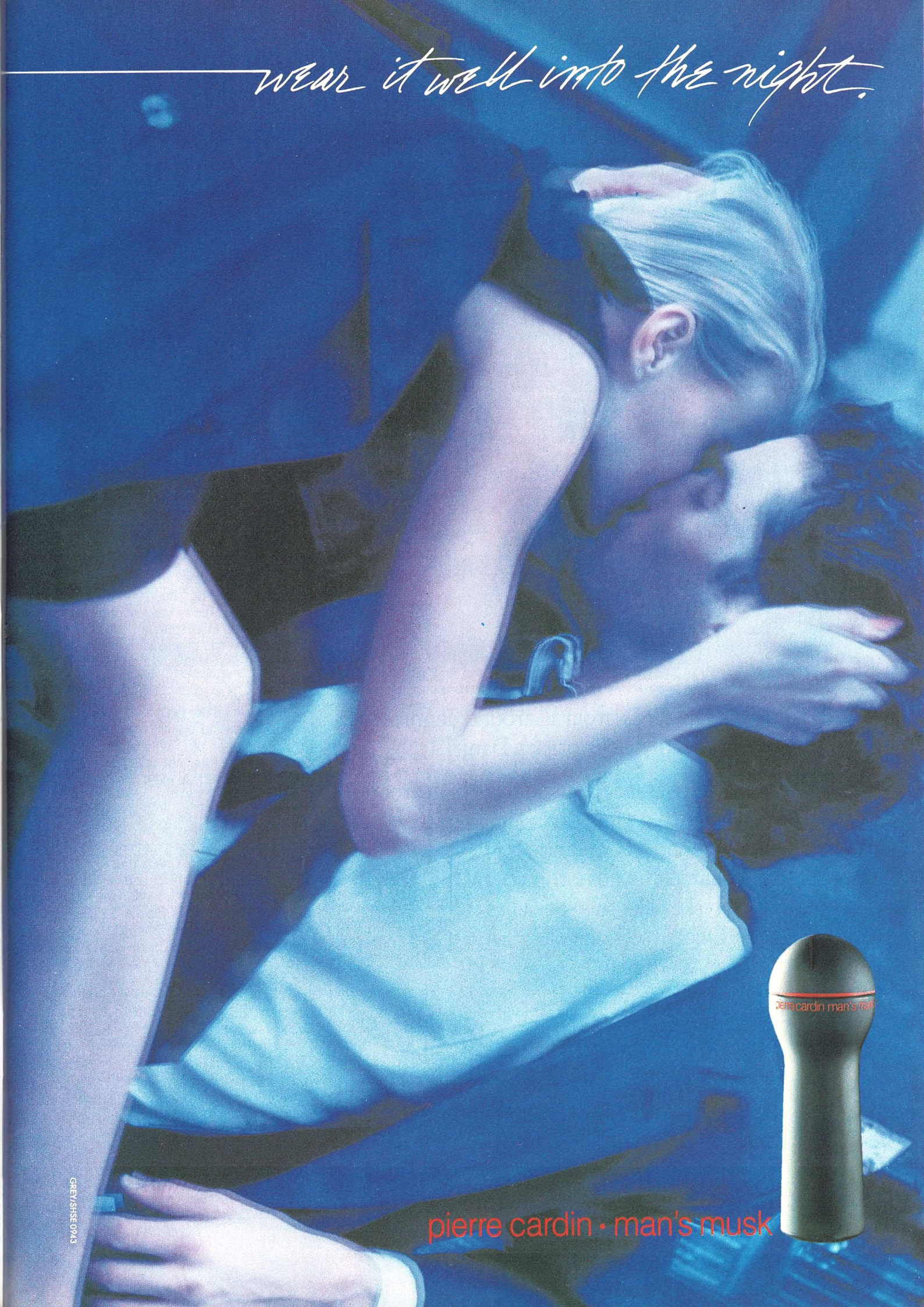
"I've got a special birthday present for you, but you have got to promise to do everything I tell you, okay?" I took a deep hit on the scotch, feeling it go right to my toes. "Okay, but you had better get dressed or the night will be gone." Jo just smiled and dropped to her knees in front of me.

"Plenty of time yet. Besides I thought you might enjoy a little head before we go out." She nibbled her way down one thigh and up the other, then engulfed my by now rock hard cock in her mouth and proceeded to suck it like only she can. Let me tell you, when this lady gives head it feels like she is sucking the very life out of your cock. Fantastic. The sight of her on her knees dressed only in black garter belt, stockings and black G-string with her blonde hair cascading over her shoulders was too much. I soon exploded in her mouth.

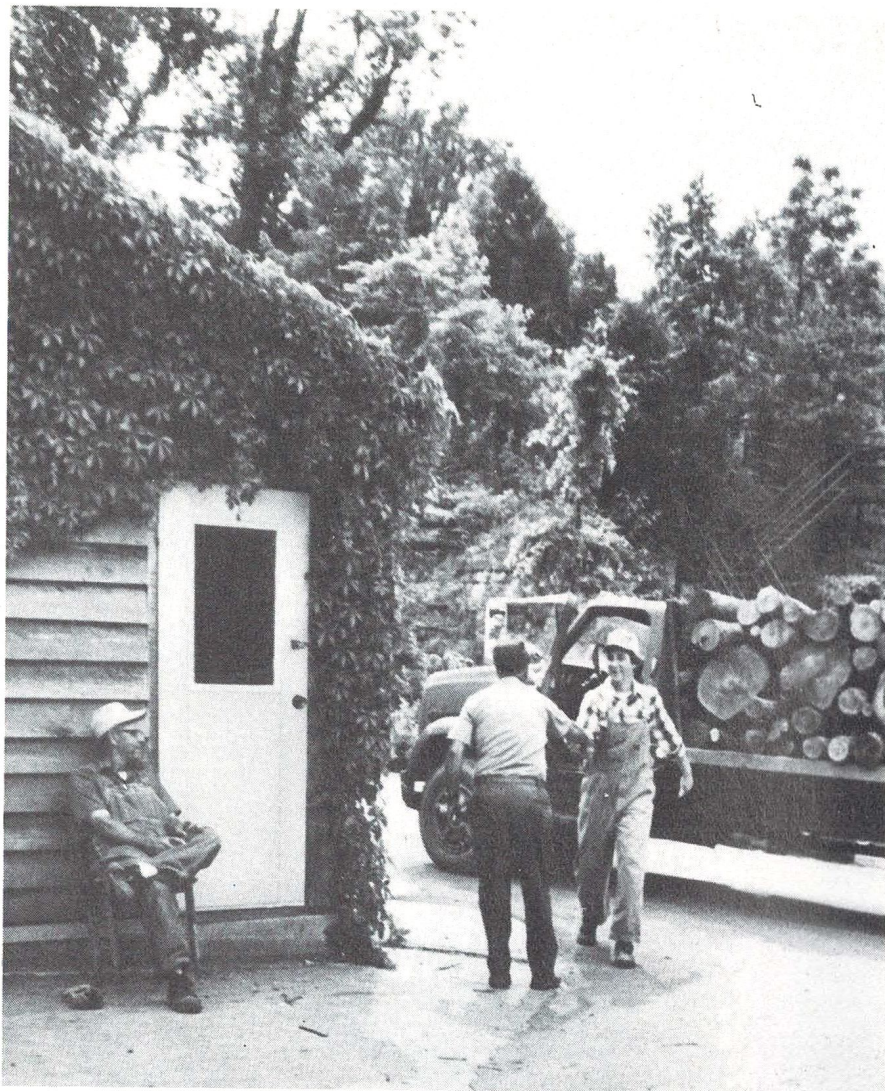
"Now get dressed and let's go," she said. We got to the restaurant about 8.30 and were sipping pre-dinner drinks when Joe excused herself to go to the restrooms. I relaxed and enjoyed the surroundings. I must have been miles away because I nearly jumped out of my skin when a warm silky voice murmured "Happy Birthday" in



wear it well into the night.



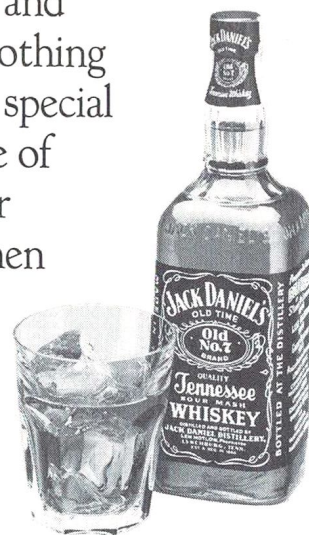
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my ear. The lady in question slipped into the chair opposite Jo.

"This is Sarah, and she is your birthday present." My mind was trying to get back to some semblance of reality but for once words failed me. Between them they explained that Jo had placed an ad in one of the magazines that we subscribe to and Sarah had answered it.

After a great dinner we went back to our place. Jo made drinks and we sat around and talked for a while.

"Now remember you promised to do everything I tell you to," Jo said as she put Fleetwood Mac on the stereo. I nodded although I could hardly sit still. "You just stay right there, drink your scotch and watch."

Sarah began to gently massage Jo's shoulders, then replaced her hands with her mouth. Jo moaned softly as Sarah's tongue traced little circles across her neck and down her back. Slipping the dress off Jo's shoulders, Sarah reached around and cupped my wife's tits in her hand. Gently she rolled the nipple of Jo's left breast between thumb and forefinger, while continuing to work on Jo's neck with her tongue. Sarah helped Jo out of her dress and pants, leaving the garter belt and stockings on. By now I was lust crazed and went to get up to join the fun.

"Sit down. You promised, remember?" Jo gasped as Sarah's tongue found her nipple. I sat back down, reluctantly, and watched my wife squirm as Sarah really went to work on her tits. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Jo had always refused my requests of female-female-male threesomes before, not that I was complaining, mind you. Jo must have read my thoughts.

"This is just for you," she moaned as Sarah nibbled her way down to her pussy. "I wanted to give you something that you have always wanted. Christ, that's good." Sarah was gently nibbling and licking her way into Jo's pussy. As her tongue found that most sensitive of places Jo almost screamed her pleasure. She reached forward and pulled Sarah's dress up over her hips. "Has she got a nice arse, darling?" she asked as she moved her legs wider apart to allow Sarah better access to her pussy. All I could do was nod as I sat spellbound, watching the most beautiful woman in the world experience her first taste of head from another female. "Would you like to eat her pussy, baby?" Would I? "Ah-ah not yet, just watch a little longer first." I groaned, but I had promised, although for how much longer I was capable of keeping that promise I didn't know.

Sarah now had her hands on Jo's tits, squeezing and kneading as she continued

Continued on page 122

Sins

LUST

Men Who Own Women

A document from the past recently sifted up from the sediment of nostalgia and memory, a bulletin that I wrote over a decade and a half ago. It set off a chain of associations which made me realise afresh that there is a crisis in male-female relations today. The battle of the sexes has escalated into a cold war. Men and women are split into opposing camps, separated by a frozen no-man's-land of distrust and anger.

The only thing worse than a problem, however, is a bad solution. And one solution we're seeing proposed more and more by women baffled by the Big Chill is truly a lousy idea. Very simply put, they want men to become more like women. They want men to lose whatever testosterone-driven individuality they have and metamorphose into stricken dronelike creatures. They want a world full of Truman Capotes and Quentin Crisps.

In the face of this, my first reaction is to snarl. I want to throw down a gauntlet, and that's where the age-old editorial I wrote comes in. And I quote: "I've been asked many times (yesterday by a drunken cab driver) just what the male attitude toward women should be. Do we favor them? Should they be spayed? Declawed? Only kept by people with large backyards?"

"I feel that to own a woman is to love a woman. This premise depends, however, upon the owner and his woman."

"Women make wonderful bureaucrats and pets. Women are the perfect buffer to every man. Give a woman an order and, come hell or halitosis, she'll stick to it! Why, some of my best friends are chicks, and I've even attended some gatherings with members of that species."

"I am not, by any means, suggesting at this moment that the faithful woman should be

abandoned in favor of another pet. I am heartily opposed to lack of loyalty to cunts of the world. They have been companions to the male too long to be abandoned on the scrap-heap of history. No, indeed. As a matter of fact, when test-tube pregnancy eventually obviates the necessity of the female entirely, I emphatically implore the powers that be to keep women active! With practice and patience she can be a useful tool in the home, and in the extreme emergency of a manpower shortage, an excellent replacement worker, over and above the chimpanzee."

That's only part of it, but you get the idea. Never mind the impulse behind this screed (I think I had a little trouble getting laid that week). The point is that this chauvinistic, uncompromising attitude represents the real truth behind how men think about women. Forget the raised consciousness of the New Male. Forget a caring, thoughtful, compassionate approach to gender. Whittle away at all the bullshit and rhetoric and you have a perfect, uncomprehending view of another species. We're all strangers on this train. The gulf between the penis and vagina owners of this world can't be paved over by the crumbling asphalt of idealism.

Proof of what I'm talking about is the currency, lately, of a female chauvinism as virulent as the male one I just urged. Women have come out of the closet to declare the new age — but it's not an age of the new human, it's the age of the new woman. The note on the clubhouse door has been rewritten, from "No gurls" to "Boyz not allowed." But not "Everybuddy welcome." What a mighty step forward we've taken behind the banner of feminism! To replace old prejudices with new ones shows that there's nothing really new under the sun.

Feminists can claim righteousness of their cause, but it's the same rotting corpse dressed in new glad rags. Gloria Steinem and her ilk are just Professor Henry Higgins dressed up in drag, wondering, "Why can't a man be more like a woman?"

If my diatribe of over a decade ago offends your precious ideals of humanity, tough. I could match it stroke for stroke with screeching man-hating rants from female separatists who believe the only good penis is a severed penis; from women who call themselves "wimmin" because they hate even spelling the word

"man." And that same "misandry" prevalent in large segments of fringe feminism is trickling down to our everyday reality. All hail the new age. Now we get to shit on men.

There is a whole industry, lately, that feeds off anti-male sentiment. Coffee mugs are imprinted with the catty witticism: "There's only two things wrong with a man: Everything he says and everything he does." Notepads yuck it up with sentiments like: "If man is God's gift to women, then God must love gag gifts." Women laugh at such gems with total impunity. No-one



Illustration by Christine Haberstock

is going to accuse *them* of sexism. Like a coven of cackling Don Rickles clones, feminists have belatedly discovered humor.

Diluted versions of this vulva-uberalles attitude crop up everywhere. Take a seemingly innocuous story in a determinedly innocuous magazine: "Five Sex Secrets Women Wish Husbands Knew," printed in no less an august venue than *Reader's Digest*. Here're the fab five: "1. Great sex — for a woman — begins with her life as a whole. 2. Many women find talk a turn-on. 3. Women, too, have performance anxiety. 4. Warm affection after sex can be vital to a woman's satisfaction. 5. Women need nonsexual touching and tenderness."

Notice one curious thing about these precepts? They don't have anything to do with sex! With the possible exception of number three, they all talk about stuff outside the act itself. Well, my reaction is to tell *Reader's* fucking *Digest* to go stuff itself, for five very good reasons. 1. I don't give a flying fuck about a sackmate's "life as a whole." I just want to get it on, not hear about her mortgage payments. 2. Shut yer yap and let's screw. 3. Tough. We all got problems. 4. Yeah, well a 15-minute snooze is vital to my postcoital satisfaction. 5. Tough. "Nonsexual" sex is doublethink.

These are "secrets" women wish their "husbands" knew? Let me clue you in, lady. Men do know those secrets all too well. They've been pounded into us by the vast apparatus of female agitprop. We can't help but know them. But even with that knowledge, where does it get us? Men like to fuck, women like to talk. Men like to fuck, women like to hug. Men like to fuck, women like to talk. Men like to roll over and go to sleep, women like to cuddle and nuzzle and coo. So what? You're telling me the answer is for men to learn to hug and talk and to cuddle and coo? I'm not falling for it.

I'm not one to get into arguments about "reverse sexism." Outside a few wickedly antiquated divorce laws, I think for

men to cry about discrimination and prejudice is pretty pathetic. The progression is from the idiotic to the asinine, ad nauseam.

I would prefer to step outside the whole circle. Instead of making men like women or women like men, I think we should recognise our differences and chalk the whole thing up to experience.

What is so terrible about admitting you are a man and ruled by Lord Testosterone and you want to get laid and after you've spent your gallon or so of genetic gold within the female repository you prefer to roll over and go to fucking sleep? Yes! That's all there is to it. No moral choice, no guilt. This is what men do.

We have to recognise that there is a tremendous pressure toward sameness in this society already. The woman's bafflement with the male may lead her to suggest some slight changes. Resist them! Androgyny is already on the march without your contributing to it by caving in. Maybe she will tell you, out of her inability to inhabit a male body and thus see a male's point of view, that the pornography you

notepads, since we've had our laughs since time began. Men and women face each other over an open wound, and I say, let the salt fly. You are not going to heal that gash by pretending it doesn't

exist. Maybe someday we'll be able to respect our differences and act like human beings. Until then, men are pricks and women are cunts, and so be it. — Al Goldstein

AVARICE

A Moral Dimension

Last summer I was idling on a beach watching three ten-year-olds disporting themselves in the shorebreak on their surfboards. Not your cheap polystyrene foam jobs from K-Mart, but brand-new fibreglass surfboards. The three lads each had lurid three-quarter length wetsuits and two were wearing watches.

Waterproof watches! Now why does a ten-year-old kid need to tell the time when he's mucking around in the surf? So he can catch the midday stock market report? Has he an appointment at 2.45pm that he must not miss?

No. We all know why they wear watches: because their mates do. Their parents didn't say: "Just

are no less stupid than their ten-year-old sons.

Now, for years we have been told that all this overconsumption is a good thing. If cars didn't fall apart after ten years what would we do with all the unemployed car builders? And if kids didn't want to wear wetsuits and waterproof watches what would we do with all the unemployed wetsuit and waterproof watch makers?

Well, I dunno — but I do remember when I was a kid if I wanted to have a whale of a time in the surf, all I needed was a pair of Speedos and a towel. No wetsuit, no watch, no surfboard, no Mum picking me up in her own car. If I wanted luxury I'd have a



Illustration by Simon Bosch

are so loyally devoted to is filthy, politically incorrect smut. Patiently explain to her that no, it is simply an aid to masturbation. Let your motto be, *vive la différence*.

The rise of female chauvinism is only to be expected. Let the gals chuckle over their mugs and

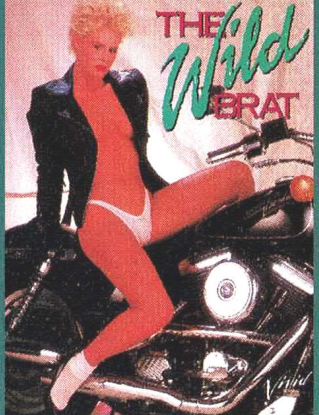
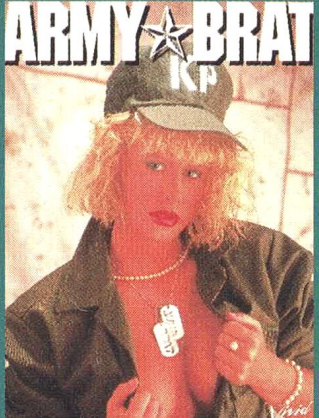
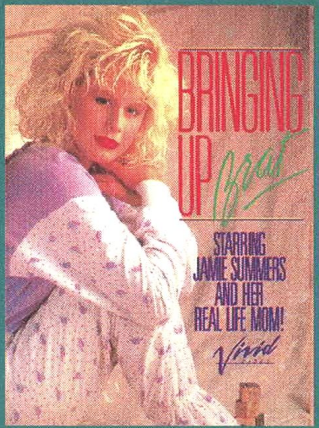
because little Johnny Jones has got a watch waterproof to 500 fathoms and is stupid enough to wear it that doesn't mean you should, son." And the reason their parents didn't say that is because, having mortgaged themselves to the hilt in order to keep up with the Joneses Senior, they

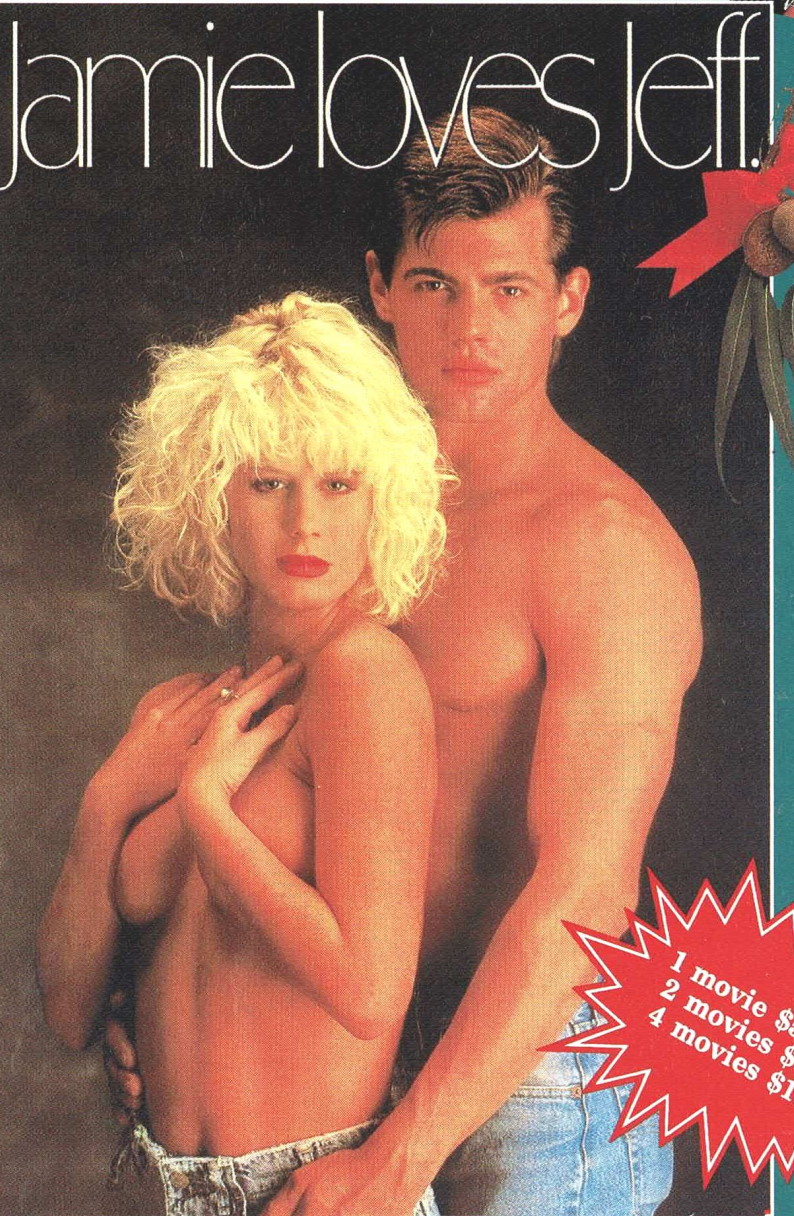
pair of thongs to wear while crossing the boiling bitumen roads.

In those days unemployment was less than half the level prevailing today. And there were fewer huge holes in the ground whence was gouged the iron ore to make the steel for all the rust-

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buckets around the place; more trees, less pollution; sliced bread hadn't been invented and grown-ups could still bump into Mr Menzies on the streets of Canberra and have a ten-minute chat.

This bigger, better, brighter, newer, flasher consumerist mentality permeates all of society. I must have an office and a sec-

Sea herring. (Why a nation with the world's biggest maritime economic zone should import more fish than it produces itself is another story.)

Eventually, of course, there'll come a day when the brains trust we know as our leaders will, in response to the problem that there isn't any iron ore or bauxite or oil left in the world, encourage us to

so how's about this: you pay us \$100 a litre for water or go swim in the ocean, which we might add is, despite the best intentions of industry, still a good deal cleaner than any chemical-packed pool."

You can imagine the hue and cry as thousands of video-starved citizens descend on Canberra insisting on the right of every free citizen to watch the

moron food of their choice. Or would they?

Would you really miss the pool? As much as, say, electricity? Would you really miss the VCR, as much as, say, your health? And how deep would be your suffering if you couldn't afford to replace the carpet every ten years?

Of course I'm not suggesting we return to the Middle Ages or to the Soviet Union, but I don't think we'd have too much trouble adjusting to a way of life that was maybe a little less profligate.

Perhaps we could use the unemployed car builders and wetsuit makers to fix up our highways or clean up the beaches. And perhaps if we strove a little less for the spurious accoutrements of the consumerist society and spent a little more time thinking, we might just be better people living in a better country.

Well, I must dash. I've got to catch a cab to return the video before the shop shuts and charges me for an extra day. See, I'm doing my bit already. — David Quicksilver

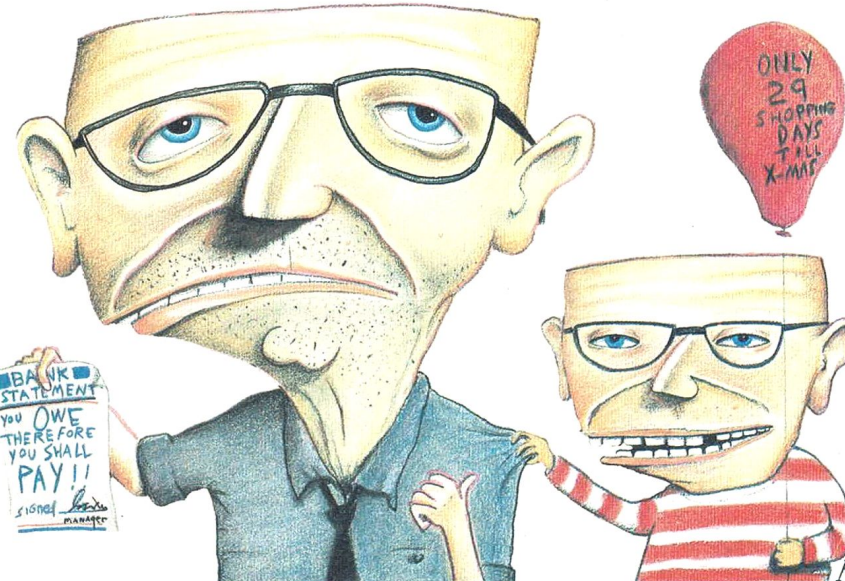


Illustration by Simon Bosch

retary; if I get promoted I want a lounge suite as well. You must have a tranny, an FM tuner, a color TV, a video recorder and a hi-fi stereo. Little sister can't just dry her hair with a towel but must have an electric blow-dryer. Even the dog must have a flea collar, vitamin supplements and gourmet food.

Now all this consumption provides work and wealth and thus, we're told, is a good thing. But what of the other side of the equation? Remember, it all has to be paid for: by us as consumers and by us as a nation. The average wage earner needs overtime to afford half the luxuries which seem to be classed as "necessities" these days. The mining companies must dig ever bigger holes in the ground to earn the foreign exchange the importers need to pay for the Japanese electronic goods and the Baltic

consume less. "Why do you need an \$800 VCR to watch great works of art like *Rocky XVII* or *Three Men, A Baby And A Creature From Outer Space*? Take the next six months off — without pay — and join the local library. It's free.

"And you there — you live two minutes walk from the railway station and drive your car into work each day. Well cop this: registration fee of \$5000 — pay up or catch the train."

And, maybe: "Ah, Mr Millionaire. You've just paid half a million dollars for a passing fair version of a Housing Commission *pie* a terre smack bang on the waterfront at Sanctuary Cove — but between you and the ocean, you have (I can scarcely believe it) a swimming pool, exactly like the swimming pools of your 40 neighbors. Now, the government's a bit skint at the moment

VANITY

The Mark Of A Man

As they have set about writing *The Book* on the battle of the sexes, socio-psychologists have commonly reported that one of the first things women check out on any potential suitor are his hands, unconsciously detailing evidence of attention to hygiene (it's in their blood). Yet this curious breed of academics is yet to report on one of the last but potentially most crucial criteria for women's fickle peace of mind — the notion that underwear and the attention paid to it reveals the "mark" of the man in the same way dirt under the fingernails is an instant turn-off...

The trouble is, dammit, that the

world of undergarments these days is a double whammy — as much as hygiene, women are appraising the nerd factor as applied to style choice. For years, generations, blokes have known that the most comfortable underdaks were the classic grandpa style — the Y-fronts; yet few who have made any claim to style have dared to wear them, choosing to avoid the uncomfortable possibility that their appearance in those vital few seconds before joining their mate in the sack should remind the relevant femme of her old man — and be met with hysterical giggles. Rather disconcerting.

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Sins

last decade: we have been implored to wear everything from the skimpiest of briefs — with accompanying sterility scare — to the boxer short; and we did, though with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Anything to avoid the ridicule women deem fit to heap on wearers of the Y-front.

The curious thing is that once over the hump, so to speak, of sensitivity to such trivialities, blokes are back into them at the drop of a pant. The Y-front has always been the mainstay of the U-dak market. Now, after 50 years — yes, 1988 is the Golden Anniversary of the classic Reg Grundy — it seems the inventors, Jockey, have got a tad touchy about them too. And they're pouring millions into an ad campaign to reclaim the Y-front for the style-conscious Man of the Eighties. The "What The Big

Boys Wear" campaign is Jockey's education drive; the irony is that it is the women who need the education.

That wasn't always the case. When the Y-front first appeared, it was the men who had to be sold. And the points in favor appealed in a big way: "No buttons to come off"; "needs no ironing"; while the "Y-front opening never gapes" — obviously the absolute clincher is a surefire sales pitch. They were *sensible*, not to mention a bit daring. An early Thirties French swimsuit provided the inspiration for the masculine support where he needs it most; before then the splashing of the boots was a major operation with rows of buttons to negotiate.

The current trend in fashion nostalgia hasn't quite reached to embrace those button-up relics of the Victorian era, when an anti-

eroticism was the theme of underclothing, if anything. And while some would argue that the Y-fronts *do* fit this bill, Jockey is hoping that black and white images of Bogart and Gable (The Big Boys) will be enough to win them over. Consequently, the color range has been expanded from the traditional flesh, white, navy and cool blue to include fashion colors such as turquoise, aqua, cameo blue, ocean green, emerald, sunflower and California red. The idea has been

to revamp the original garment to produce a brief familiar in silhouette and comfort but to make it more palatable in look and fabric. The new mark is the Comfort Rib, made from 100 percent cotton needle out rib fabric.

After all, comfort is the bottom line. Some dudes will no doubt insist on tucking their shirt into their undies and let them ride up to expose the waistband. Take comfort. It's probably on its way back into vogue too — if in a decade or three... — *Graem Sims*

LUST

Sin City?

The IATA city code for Singapore is SIN. It's a dirty lie. How can a city roughly mid-distance from Manila and Bangkok be so *pure*? How can a place populated mostly by Chinese, the world's most populous race, not be more into *doing it*?

If you want to know the answers, read no further. I haven't a clue either.

It's even crazier when you consider the geography. Port cities are traditionally rough and tumble places where anything goes, right? Well, Singapore is a port country... and it still ain't happening! What passes for local nightlife makes the Bolshoi Ballet look downright pornographic. When Singaporeans really want to let their hair down, they must cross the causeway into *Muslim* Malaysia. That should give you an idea...

Malaysia? Ah, yes — Penang, 1982. I remember it well. The swingingest ethnic joint in town was a darkened bar that absolutely reeked your most orgasmic fantasies of the mysterious East. And what were all these inscrutable Orientals doing? Sucking Anchor Beer and getting off on Space Invaders machines, that's what! But sure enough, up traipses the token hooker. And this was, it must be said, *not* your run-of-the-mill bar girl. She was remarkably ugly. Ratty hair, wrinkles, mole on the ear, deflated tits, scar on the kneecap,

lipstick on the remaining teeth. The works. Just an ordinary working girl. If I'd been able, I might even have shouted her a one-way ticket to Nepal, where she would have made better money as a leper.

And then my mind leapt to the conclusion: My God! She wouldn't *still* be doing this if she weren't scoring — off *somebody*! Men were actually paying her money to... to *aarrghh*! Who were those poor bastards?

Well, folks, come to Singapore and find out.

Are you beginning to get the picture? The republic's last spontaneous display of anything remotely resembling the erotic was the Bugis Street midnight transvestite parade. The police closed down Bugis Street in 1981. Supposedly the weirdos had just been dispersed to other neighborhoods; but when I told a local colleague I was looking for Singapore sleaze, he obligingly drove me around the main haunts: Purvis Street, Ophir Road, the Geylang district. Zilch. Not one creature with bra and hairy legs to be seen. Oh well, not my cup of tea anyway.

Escort services do exist. But bring money. We're talking up to S\$1000 here. It's cheaper to fly to Thailand, so why bother?

I decided to bother, and visited the long-established High Society agency, located in a crumbling walk-up in a driveway off bountiful Orchard Road. Opening



Illustration by John Mitchell

the door, I was blasted by perfume. Inside the converted three-room flat sat maybe 15 girls ranging from not bad to ho hum. I was offered a beer, on the house, and seated in Nathan's office. Alone. For ten minutes.

Nathan was the manager. He was on the phone elsewhere. Lining the far wall on a bookshelf were snapshots of his children

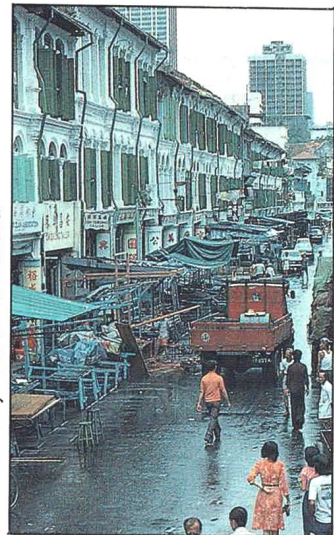


Photo courtesy Austral International

along with a row of vitamin pill bottles and a year's supply of Benson & Hedges. Pride of place was a picture of Ganesh fronted by burning incense. Nathan was a Hindu. On the desk sat a recent "order" for one S\$120 girl from someone at the Shangri-La Hotel, Singapore's finest. I copied down the client's name in case I ever feel the need to blackmail someone.

Finally, in came Maria to get acquainted. Maria was Chinese. Nice to meet you, Maria. What's the bottom line?

(Ready?) Chinese, Malay and Tamil girls cost S\$100 just to get

them out the door. Filipinas go for S\$120 and Europeans — which can mean Australians — are S\$150. That's close enough to \$100 in real money to look at what we all see everyday. (And who says Singapore isn't racist when Caucasians command a 50 percent premium? In fact, the single "European" present was a slightly embarrassed Londoner, age 30 going on 50. You don't want to know.) But that's just the beginning. The coach turns into a pumpkin at 1 am and the contract says you've got to wine, dine and disco them until then. A quick trip to Burger King and back to the hotel isn't good enough. Not that the hotel will necessarily let them in anyway. That's another C-note gone for transport and entertainment. The price for extra-curricular overtime starts at S\$200.

I'd had dinner. I hate discos. Nathan was still on the phone. I didn't date Maria.

Anyone wishing to pick up where I leave off is welcome to try the Rasa Sayang Bar at the Tropicana where, rumor has it, every so often Thai prostitutes are quietly rounded up and deported back to Patong. Or perhaps the Red House or the Golden Paradise Bar if a hand job in a dreary cubicle for S\$50 will make you happy. Or one of maybe three dozen doorways punctuating narrow alleys along Desker and Rowell Roads, if you don't mind risking the wrath of the Triads.

Better yet, buy a bargain duty free VCR and order some new video tapes from the ACT. — Mark Sutherland

GLUTTONY

Breakfast Is Best

During the festive season, breakfast really is the most important meal of the day. At this time of the year, only teetotalers and paid porno stars have the energy and wherewithal for a roll in bed with honey to start the process of living. Enthusiastic revel-

lers and those suffering from severe alcoholic poisoning need real sustenance and the hair of the dog for the slow crawl back to a semblance of normality.

Lesley "Wilder Shores Of Love" Blanch, the romance junkie's guru, once wrote that her father breakfasted on very strong



Illustration by Skye Rogers

coffee, which he brewed himself, and a handful of nuts. He read Defoe's *Journal Of The Plague Year* over and over again. He said descriptions of such horrors made life and the daily news more bearable. Buy the book for Christmas to soften the blows of your own brand of morning pain, certainly, but pass on something as plain as nuts — including your own. Christmas Breakfast Rule One: *Never be cheap.*

The worst Boxing Day breakfast I ever had was at a Tex-Mex restaurant in the Lone Star state of the US. I didn't have an immense hangover from gallons of Corona beer but my journalistic colleague did. Nobody was allowed to order from the menu; the Mexican waitress simply held up two gnarled fingers to indicate two orders of the house special. Out came *Huevos rancheros* — eggs fried sunny side up in lard, topped with blood-red chilli sauce and grated Monterey cheese, accompanied by a pile of steaming flour tortillas and mugs of thick black coffee. My companion barely made it out the door to disgorge the contents of his alcohol battered stomach. I spent the following week wondering when I would finally digest everything. Christmas Breakfast Rule Two: *Don't overdo it.*

If you're only slightly wounded, breakfast is best — despite what I said earlier — when it is a meal shared with a loved one, especially when the chafing dish is still hot. The most memorable New Year breakfast I ever enjoyed was at the Hotel de Crillon in Paris. Nothing fancy, if you exclude the fact that the establishment is a palace. Ignore the antiques and Berber thick bathrobes. Just perfect croissants, brioche, immense cups of cafe au lait and homemade preserves overlooking a ravishing 18th Century courtyard. From memory, I think we left the room at 2 pm. Christmas Breakfast Rule Three: *A good atmosphere is absolutely essential.*

This talk of not overdoing it and the ambience is a roundabout way of getting to the point that festive weekend breakfasts with

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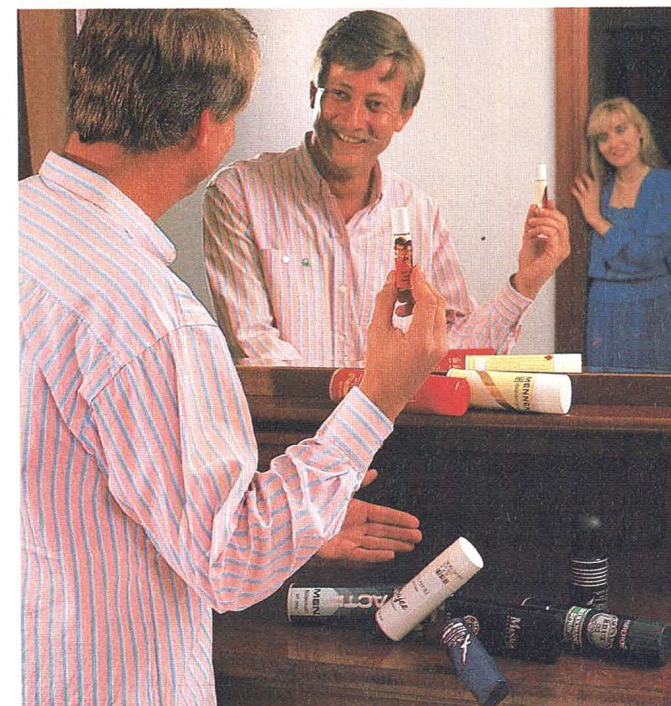
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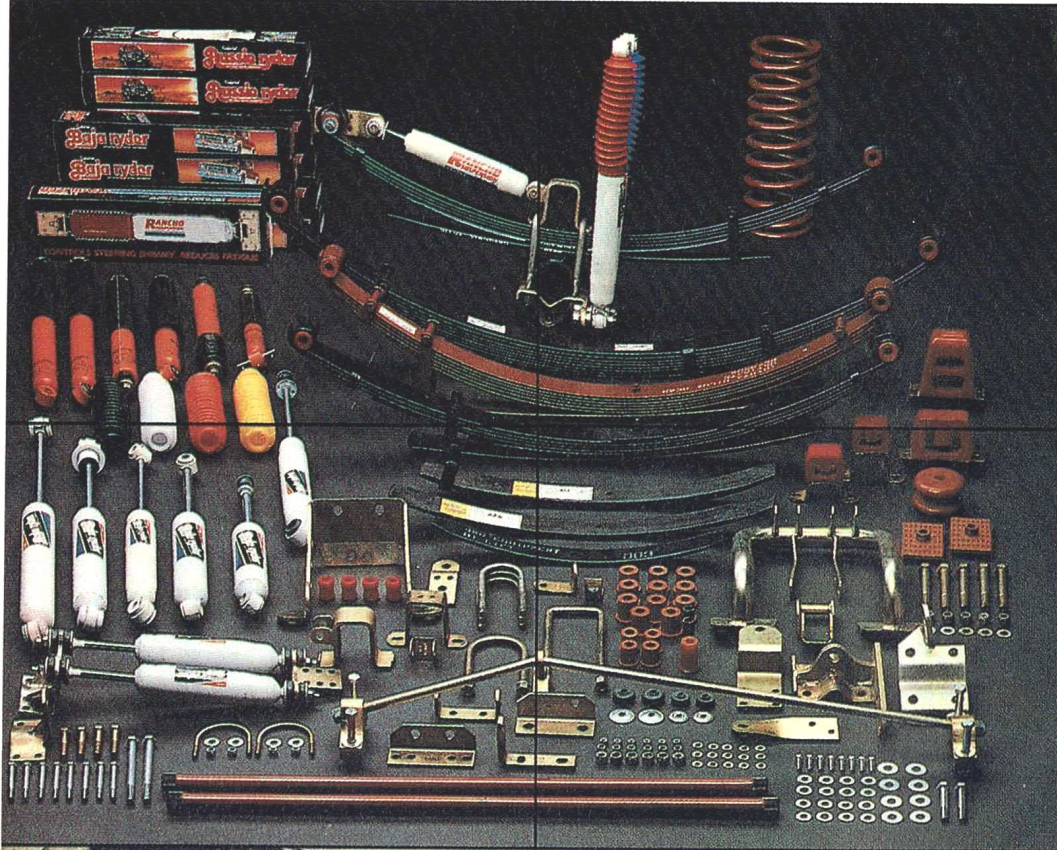
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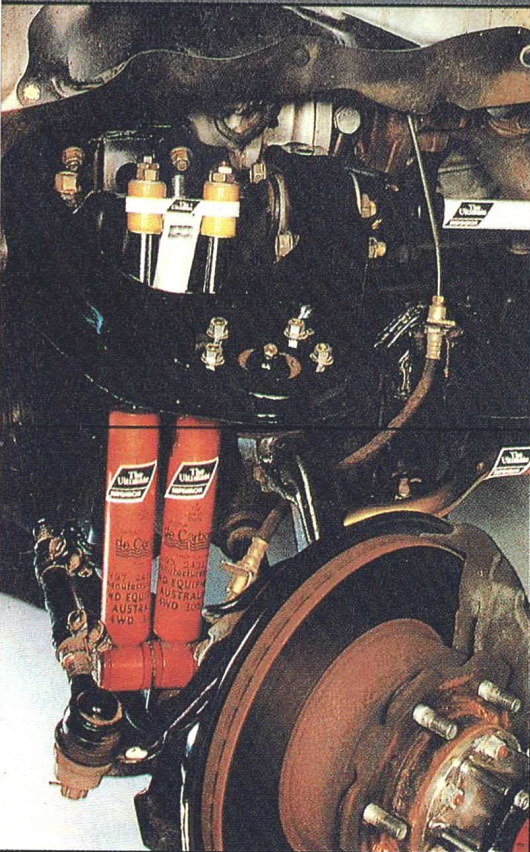
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SUSPENSION

a few equally afflicted companions is one of your few rays of morning hope. Nobody wants or expects you to pull out all the culinary stops — least of all yourself. A little imagination and shopping nous is all that is required. The best formula is simplicity and expense, or the mere illusion of the latter. Here's some expert advice.

Jill Heaven is one of Adelaide's most entrepreneurial restaurateurs. "The best breakfast I ever ate was taken on a balcony at the Royal Champagne hotel in Ay (the main town of the Champagne district in France). All around were the Champagne vineyards and the drink was Krug Grande Cuvee (about \$150 a bottle). The usual French duo was there — cafe au lait and croissants — but the standout was poached fresh salmon. It was extra special then because we couldn't get salmon in Australia. Now, with Atlantic salmon on the scene, a slab of this king of fish is the ultimate in summer breakfasts. I also frequently serve caviar for a mob of friends. Malossol, of course. What other kind is there?"

As a leading player at Tucker and Company, arguably Australia's most famous wine and spirit importers, Judy Hirst's favorite solo breakfast is a bottle of Bollinger RD champagne. "But I like entertaining large numbers with breakfast — it's casual, more fun and easier than any other meal. I put flowers everywhere, but nothing too bright, for obvious reasons. For even more obvious reasons, I call in a caterer.

"Last year, I had a breakfast for 60 people. Bollinger Special Cuvee and blinis (tiny buckwheat pancakes) with Beluga and sour cream started things off. Even the most delicate followed through for the poached quail eggs on toast, sugar-cured tuna, warmed leg ham off the bone, tiny sausages, brioche, croissants and red jam with rum stirred in."

The minute you walk on to the colonial verandah at Yarra Burn winery, you know that Chris Fyffe serves breakfast there. A prerequisite for a breakfast party is a bracing walk through the

vineyards and up to the surrounding Yarra Valley hills. Chris and husband David believe in hearty meals, whatever the time of year and/or state of the diners.

"Like everyone else, the standby breakfast is sparkling wine, orange juice and croissants. The wine here is naturally Yarra Burn Pinot Noire Methode Champenoise — a big fruity Australian number, a long way from French austerity. I have to buy the croissants in Mel-

bourne and freeze them; there's no darling little patisseries round here. "On Boxing Day we usually have leftover Christmas ham, fried eggs and stupid conversation. Or sometimes I serve porridge soaked overnight in whisky and then cooked in a crockpot. I serve it with King Island cream but people say it's great even with no frills evaporated milk."

Jo Glynn is the owner of Passello's, one of the pioneers of Sydney's fresh pasta boom. "I

had what I consider my milestone breakfast in Milan. The airline had lost our luggage and my business contact in Italy wisely said there's no point going to the hotel — so come and eat. I was really miserable until the proprietor of the small cafe we went to served up two beautifully fried eggs cooked in extra virgin olive oil. Young parmesan had been grated over the top and we were told to dip foccaccia (Italian flatbread) into the runny yolks. That something so simple could be so good ...

I've been serving it as part of a brunch menu ever since. "I always serve espresso or cafe latte for breakfast; even if you feel disgustingly healthy cappuccino is too sickening early in the morning. When I first saw some Italians eating brioche topped with ice-cream for breakfast, I thought they were mad. They weren't. Buy a plain sweet bun or brioche, cut off the top and fill with a mixture of ice-cream and runny cream. A real heart-starter." — Elisabeth King



Illustration by Skye Rogers

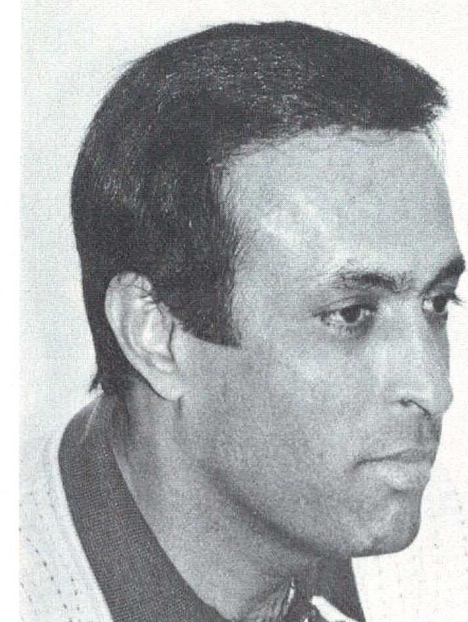
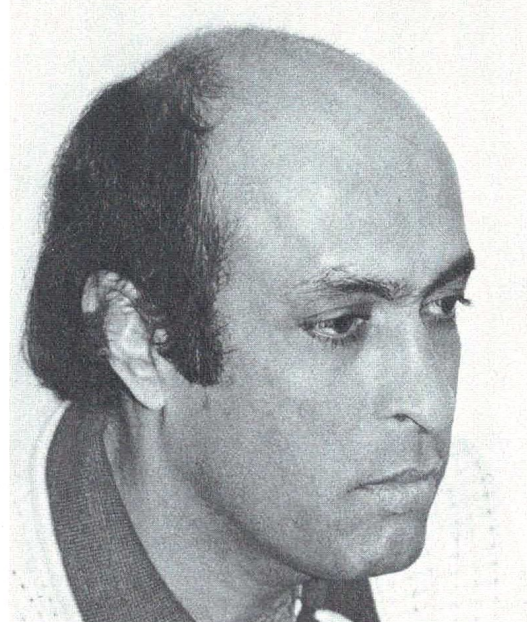
SLOTH

The Legendary Chelsea

A flint-eyed woman in a blue dressing gown battles her way clear of the lift that's supposed to be haunted by Sid Vicious and stamps across the lobby of New York's Chelsea Hotel. She pauses at the noticeboard to inspect a new dodger from a faith healer called the Rev

Goddard: "... His eyeball was hanging out of his head ... all gushy, like meat. So I went up and caught his eye and ..." Blue Dressing Gown turns away, disgusted. She grinds out a cigarette with her slipper, balefully regarding a line of people with snow in their hair who are waiting to

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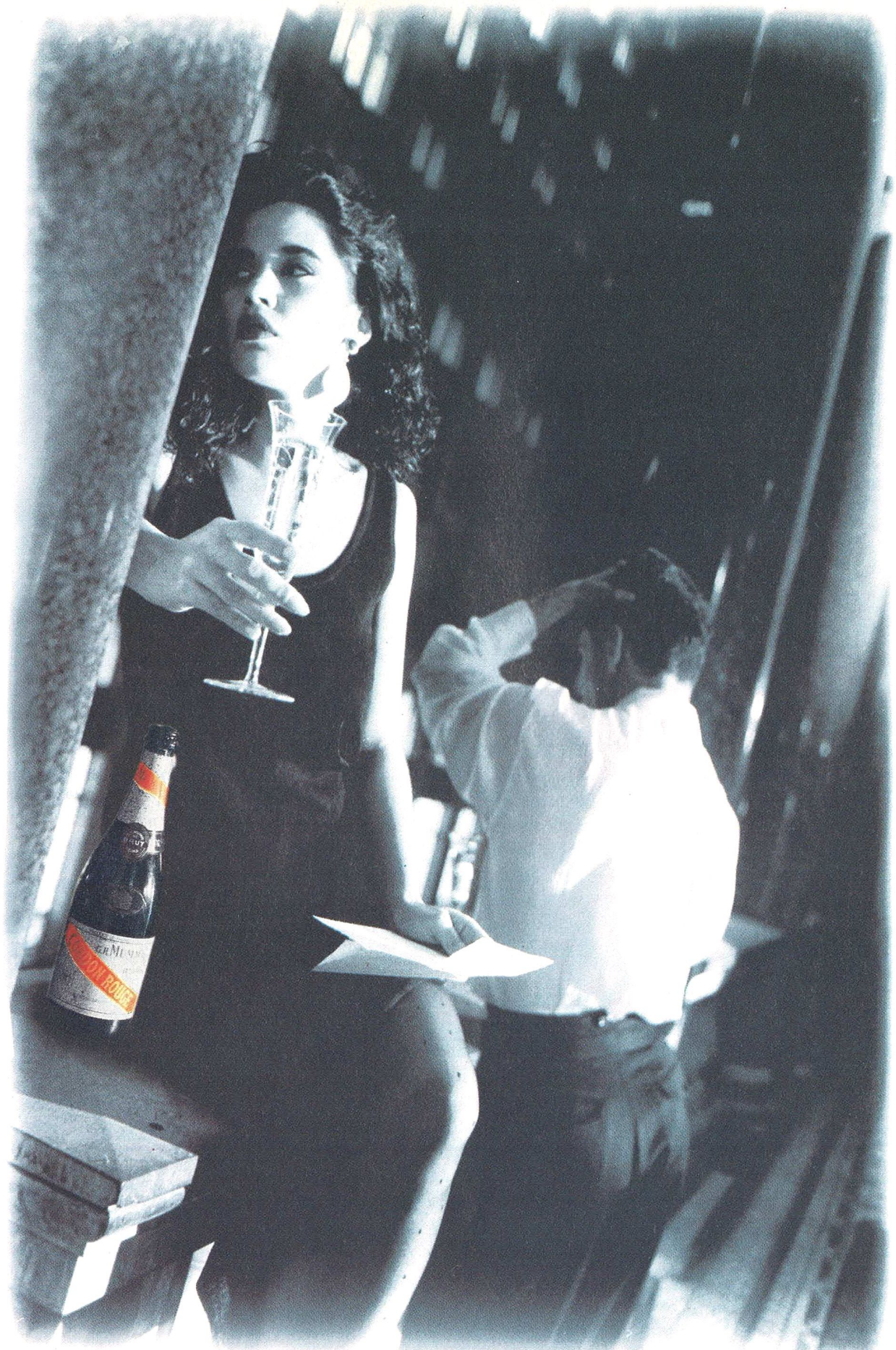
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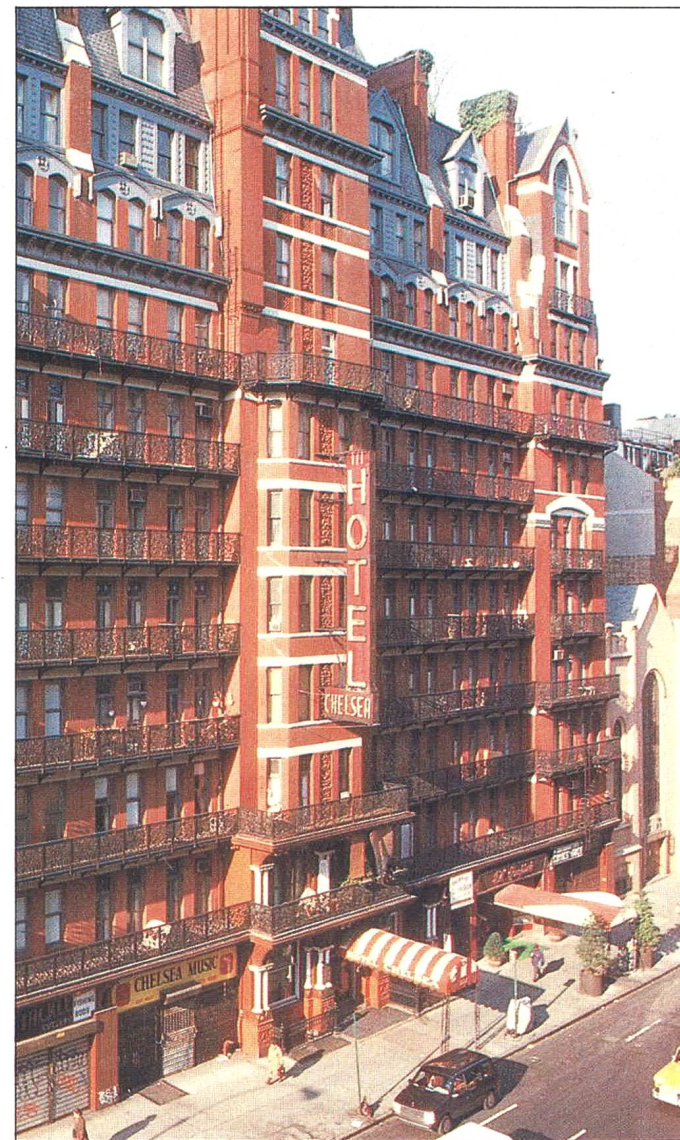


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Le Passion Rouge

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Sins



check in.

One of them, clutching a cheap suitcase, is gazing at a big Brett Whiteley painting above the desk. He's miles away, thinking about all the brilliant artists and movie stars and writers who've lived here, who've thrown up and fallen down on this very spot, when — *wham!* — Blue Dressing Gown barrels into him with such force that he almost goes down himself.

"S'matter?" she snarls, fists clenched. "You could see I needed more room, goddammit!" The victim, ahead of me in the queue, is too stunned to respond. Also, he half-believes he's been assaulted by someone famous. "Shit," he says, watching her depart. "Who the hell was *that*?"

And the answer is ... almost nobody.

By Chelsea standards, the woman is a nonentity, which probably explains her state of mind. At one stage, almost half the Western world's best-known creative talents lived in this towering, vaguely spooky 400-room Victorian-Gothic landmark on West 23rd Street. Dylan Thomas drank himself to death here in room 829; Thomas Wolfe produced some of his best work; Mark Twain held court in the opulent dining room and O. Henry kept checking in, drunkenly, under different names. At various times the place has quartered Sarah Bernhardt, Nelson Algren, Vladimir Nabokov, Jane Fonda, Sidney Nolan, Germaine Greer, Arthur Miller and William Burroughs — and so many others that the manager's bookshelf groans with autographed best-

sellers produced by famous tenants.

Hostile women in dressing gowns? Dime-a-dozen. So, it turns out, are most of the other peculiar figures who haunt the Chelsea's surreal lobby. Many of them, shocked to find that genius is not contagious, are attacked by little worms of envy.

"They see the lobby as their stage and develop their own little acts," says painter Francesca Barad, who lives with two affectionate Airedales on the eighth floor. "If you're a busy person, the lobby crowd becomes a bit tedious." One night, though, when she objected to him constantly taking her picture, a strange, fat lobby-lizard grabbed Barad by the neck and tried to choke her. She broke his hold (using karate) and later got a court order keeping him at bay.

Another time, Barad watched a huge drag queen run amok in the lobby after the management impounded his underwear during a rent dispute. "He was throwing people all over the place," she recalls. "To me it proved you should never mess with a drag queen's dainties ..."

Despite all this, the Chelsea — after a week in residence — turns out to be surprisingly quiet and homely. Even better, it's cheap (a studio apartment for three costs \$600 a week — \$1250 a month for regulars) and, in the exotic bar and Spanish restaurant downstairs, whole Maine lobsters can be purchased for just nine bucks.

Since 1883, when the Chelsea was opened by a co-op of rich, artistic New Yorkers, its convenient location (between Times Square and Greenwich Village) and roomy, sound-proofed apartments have attracted Bohemian talent.

"West 23rd Street has long been the centre of a kind of purgatorial chaos," says Francesca Barad. "There's a strange energy in this building that occultists like ... it's a sort of twilight zone."

Drawn by the energy in the late Sixties was a wild gypsy band of rock stars, junkies and freaks that included Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Andy Warhol stars Edie Sedgwick and Viva (still a resi-

dent), the Grateful Dead and Bob Dylan, who penned his classic "Sad-Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands" in an upstairs room.

In 1978, Chelsea resident Sid Vicious was charged with killing his girlfriend with a Bowie knife in his room. "Mr Vicious", as the New York press faithfully referred to him, died of a heroin overdose before he could be brought to trial.

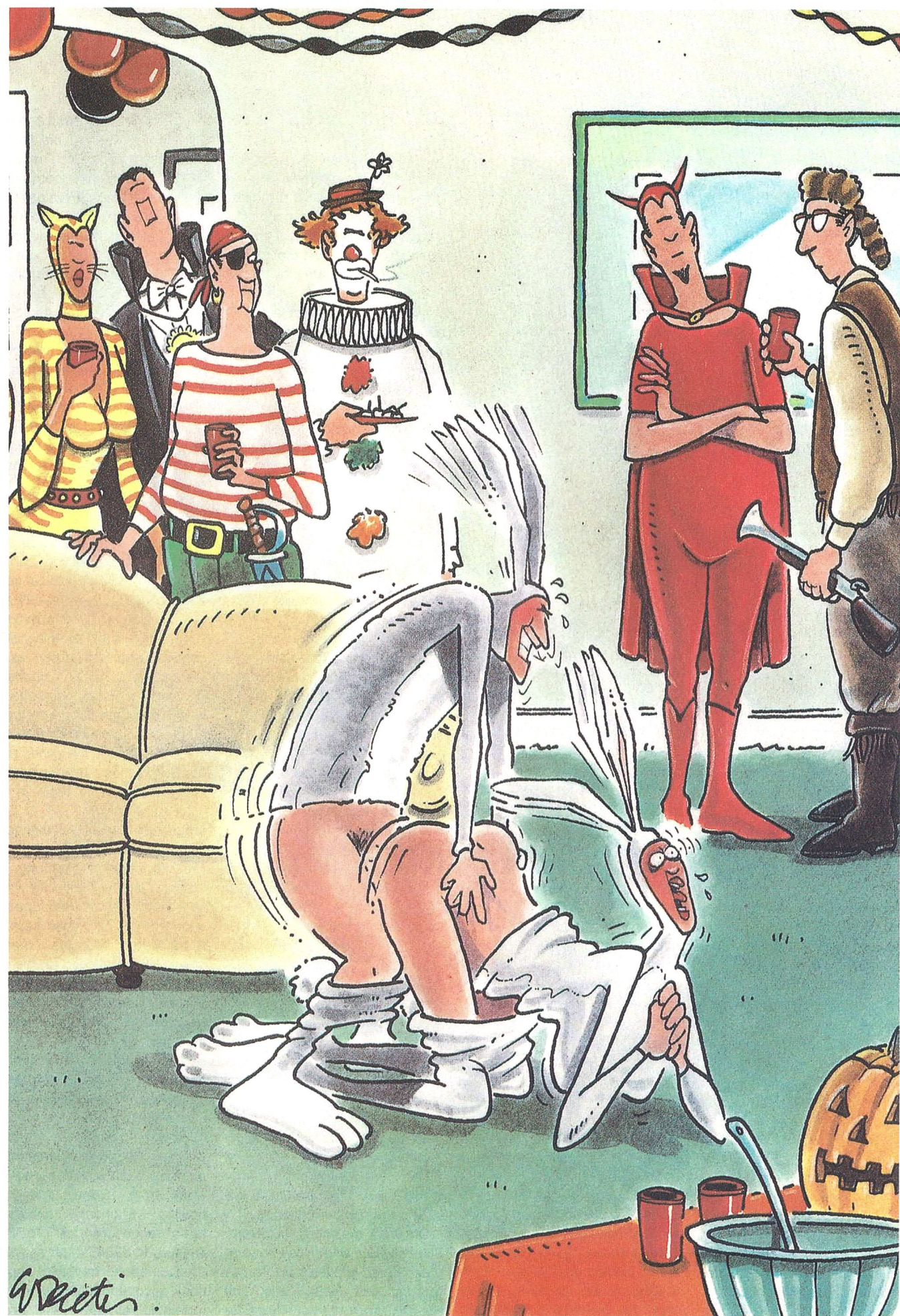
Excited by Warhol's prediction of a time when fame would be democratically apportioned, the first band of live-in Chelsea fame groupies sat in their rooms or draped themselves aesthetically about the lobby, waiting for inspiration to strike.

The idea of some sort of creative mist oozing from the walls still raises a chuckle from the hotel's longest-dwelling permanent, the revered classical composer Virgil Thomson — 91 and still working — who arrived in 1940 from Paris. "Nothing is as conducive to creativity as a reasonable rent," counsels Thomson in his famous squeaky voice, his ninth-floor apartment crammed with the keepsakes of a lifetime. "As for the other residents, I've never known who they are. I just bow to them in the elevator."

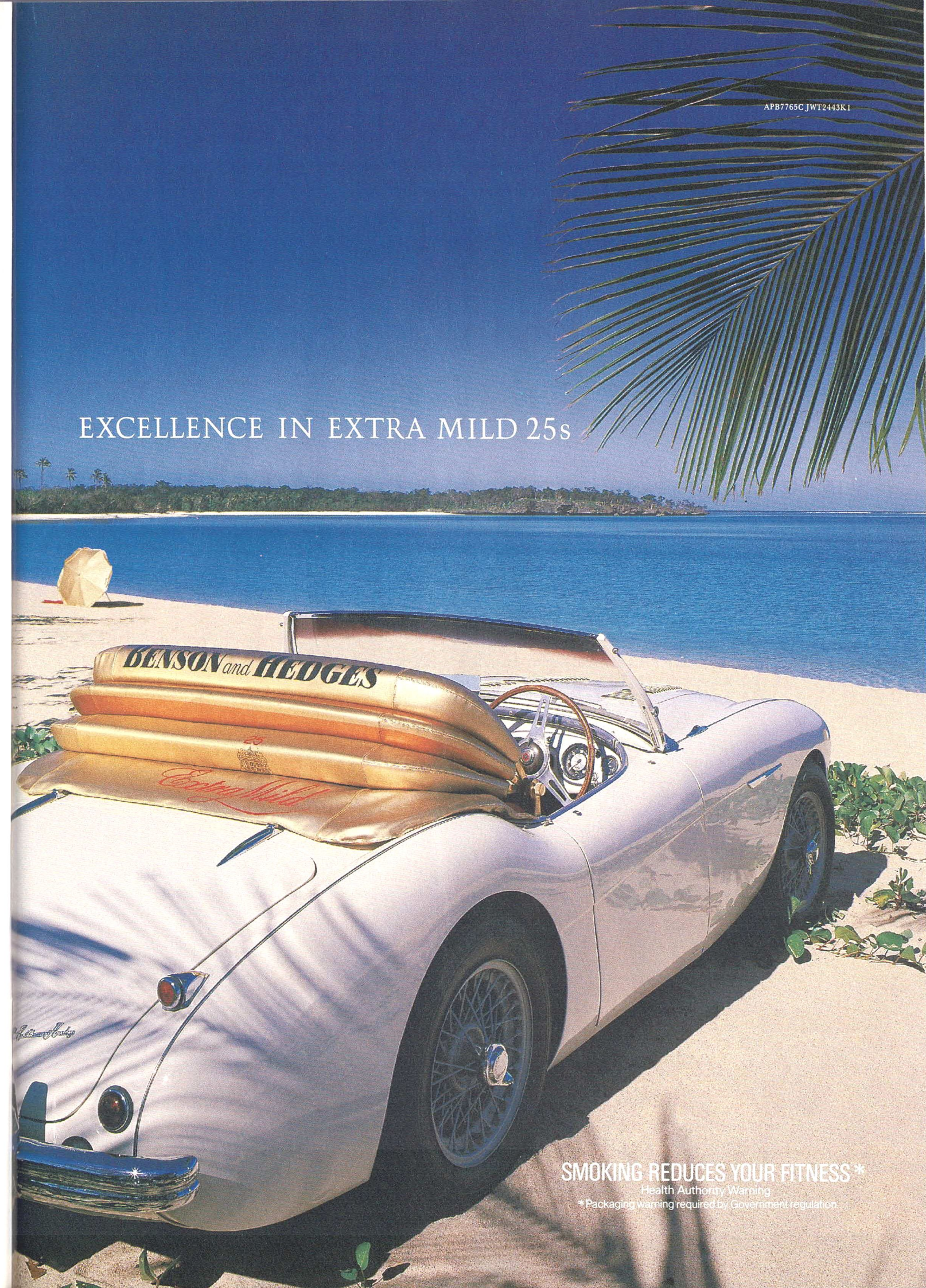
Not so the hotel manager, Stanley Bard, who counts most Chelsea celebrities among his friends. Described by one writer as having the worried appearance of "an insomniac parrot", Bard fusses over his creative guests and is adored for his obsession with the nuances of their comfort. Sometimes, though he won't discuss it, Bard even lends them money.

"I feel responsible for them," he explains. "My job is to keep the atmosphere kooky but nice, eccentric but beautiful."

How to get there: Qantas flies one-stop to New York six days a week from Sydney and Melbourne. Economy excursion fares range from \$1778 (low season) to \$2346 (high season). Chelsea-bound travellers should book accommodation at least a fortnight ahead. — Frank Robson



G. V. Dietz



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BY GREG HUNTER

LAND OF THE



LONG BLACK CLOUD

PART 1

New Zealand's race relations time-bomb is set to blow the country apart

On the surface, New Zealand seems pretty much like a journey back in time. A journey to a cleaner, cosier, more civilised, more coherent world: a world something like the one we Australians knew as children. The countryside is postcard-perfect, as if maintained by an invisible army of landscape gardeners. Even in the cities, weatherboard houses nestle benignly on beautifully manicured lawns; even in the cities, people of all ages come running over to the car to give a stranger directions; even in the cities, shop attendants greet you with a smile and an observation about the weather. In the afternoons, kids kick rugby balls around quiet streets until they're legless, or until the ice-cream man pulls up in his van.

Inside, on the telly, a man delivers the news in a clipped BBC accent. Much of it is rugby. Then there's the weather lady: no bouncy blonde bimbo, but a kindly middle-aged matron in a nice woollen jacket and matching skirt. By ten o'clock, after the evening soaps, the lights are going out all over the nation's capital. This is a conservative country, a staunch, solid, damned decent sort of country, a country that you might imagine broke away from the mainland of Australia circa 1965 and drifted slowly eastward in splendid isolation, finally coming to rest on the very rim of another world and taking up its proud position as the farthest-flung outpost of Empire.

But to imagine New Zealand in this light is to ignore one sixth of its population, and the Maori people will no longer be ignored. A new power is

stalking the land — Black Power — and the white settlers, the *Pakehas*, are running scared. The veneer of civilisation, so fastidiously woven over two centuries of European dominance, has worn dangerously thin; the race relations time bomb is set to explode. Many who have the wherewithal to make good their escape are already pulling up stakes and heading across the Tasman, the majority to settle on the fabled sunny shores of Queensland. In the past two years no fewer than 33,000 New Zealanders bought one-way tickets to Australia. Middle class Kiwis are currently bailing out at a rate of 500 per week. It's the beginning of what will undoubtedly become a mass exodus.

The bottom line is that white New Zealanders have long been living a lie — or at best, a massive self-delusion. The delusion was to the effect that race relations in their country were exemplary: the very model of peaceful bicultural co-existence founded on mutual tolerance and respect. They shouted that message to the world, and in the process managed to convince themselves it was true. But as far as the Maori were concerned, it was *never* true. And now, in the face of escalating violence on the streets, increasing Maori radical activism, stupendous Maori land claims, and the continued growth and politicisation of the feared Maori gangs, the *Pakehas* are being forced to pull their heads out of the sand and acknowledge, finally, that the comfortable existence they have painstakingly constructed is falling around their ears.

The man selected by the Labour Govern-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE WALKER



BLACK CLOUD

ment to bear these awful tidings was the Minister for Overseas Trade, Mike Moore. On July 13 this year he told a Community Newspaper Conference in Christchurch that race problems had the potential to make New Zealand "ungovernable", and added: "If New Zealand fails to fix its race relations problems, other issues such as inflation and unemployment will become meaningless by comparison."

Despite the fact that they are a proud and physically strong race — a race not beaten and bowed by the ravages of alcohol and introduced disease — the Maori still suffer staggeringly low life expectancies, high infant mortality rates, and the typical profile of an exploited people: they form the majority of the unskilled workforce and the unemployed, and more than half of the prison population. Now they are demanding radical change: the return not only of their lands, but of the *mana* — a word which means power and prestige and influence — of the *tangata whenua*: the people of the land. They want control of such resources as forests and fisheries, and the means to preserve their language, culture, heritage and spirituality.

This is not empty rhetoric. Unlike the Australian Aborigines, who were ripped off unceremoniously, the Maori entered into a treaty with the British Crown, the Treaty of Waitangi, back in 1840. In return for handing over sovereignty of the country (according to the English version) they were promised "the full exclusive and undisturbed possession of their lands, estates, forests and fisheries and other properties." But the Crown quickly pulled the plug on its treaty partners and in the 1860s unleashed its military might on the population in the Maori Wars. The outnumbered Maori fought valiantly, in accordance with their potent warrior tradition; they chased the Imperial forces up and down the country and pulled off some spectacular victories. But many tribes were forced to flee their lands; that was followed by appropriation of land under Acts of British Parliament.

In 1940 the Privy Council ruled that the Treaty was not part of New Zealand law. But the Maori never accepted this bastardised version of British justice. Their resentment festered; in *hui*s (meetings) around the country they railed at the injustice they'd suffered. And finally, in the Seventies, the Maori started to flex their muscles. A Waitangi Tribunal was set up to hear grievances under the treaty, but it can only make recommendations to the government and little headway was made in the National Party years. With the ascension of David Lange's Labour Government in 1984, the tables began to turn. The precedents have recently been set for

land claims that could eventually involve no less than 70 percent — maybe even 85 percent — of the entire country.

Until 1985 the Tribunal operated in a quaint legal backwater. But in that year the government voted it the right to consider claims going right back to 1840 — a decision which is now causing Labour severe embarrassment. Then a High Court ruling last year breathed life into Article Two of the Treaty, which promises to preserve the Maori's right to fisheries. The government was forced by a court injunction to stop selling any more quotas for commercial fishing rights and now has to negotiate on who owns the rights for the whole of New Zealand's coastline. We're talking about a billion-dollar industry here. The commercial fishing lobby became apoplectic last June when the Tribunal recommended that fishing rights for the whole of the Northland — a huge stretch of coast — be returned to a group of five

“
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”

local Maori tribes. The government is desperately trying to backpedal on that one by setting up another talkfest, but with no success.

Shortly after the High Court decision the Court of Appeal brought down this momentous judgement: "The principles of the Treaty of Waitangi over-ride everything else . . . those principles require *Pakeha* and Maori treaty partners to act towards each other reasonably and with the utmost good faith . . ." So, quite suddenly, the government is being required by the courts to actively honor a treaty which many *Pakehas* fear could eventually lead to them being kicked off their own legitimately bought land, thrown out of their own homes, dispossessed in exactly the same way as their forefathers dispossessed the Maori. Their fears are fuelled by statements from radical Maori activists like Atareto Poananga, who announced: "We want all the land back — every inch of it" and added that the Maori would resort to the barrel of a gun to achieve that goal.

Most sensible people on both sides of the debate recognise this as an absurdity — but no-one can confidently predict the

outcome. Will the Maori eventually settle for a nominal sort of sovereignty — *rangatiratanga*, defined as "evidence of greatness; dominion"? Or a lump sum payment — say, \$NZ 1 billion — in compensation? Or will they come calling for the rent?

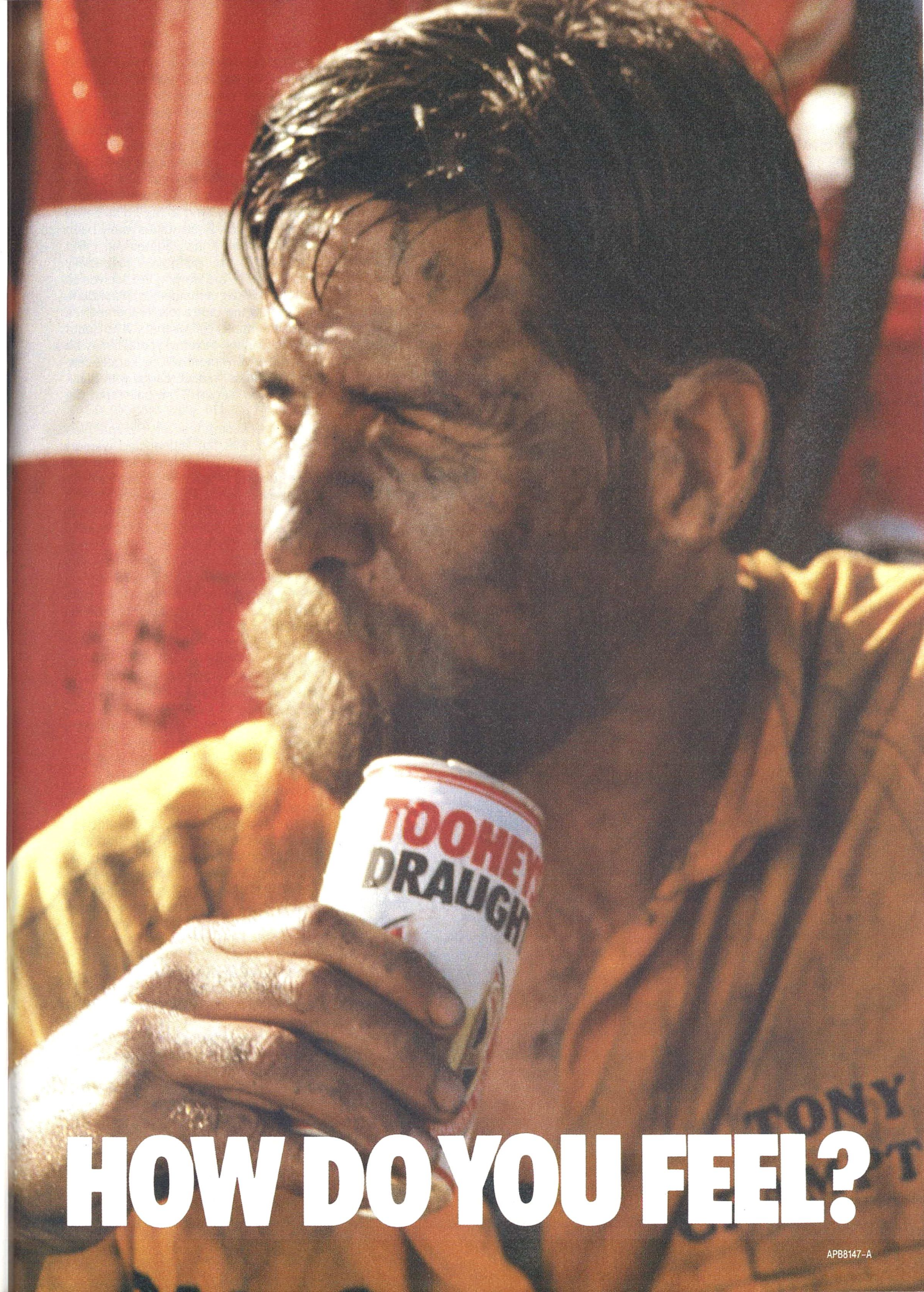
In any case, the Tribunal is now staggering under the weight of about 200 separate claims. First in line was the Ngati Whatua tribe, who in July laid claim to the Port of Auckland, all Auckland Crown land as far as 50 kilometres up the coast, and compensation for all private land in Auckland. Only a year or two ago, the average *Pakeha* would have laughed at such a claim. No-one is laughing now. At the time of writing, the Ngati Whatua had been awarded a prime piece of Auckland real estate and \$3 million in compensation. Former Prime Minister Robert Muldoon articulated the widespread sentiment when he described the Tribunal's recent decisions as "a tragic recipe for tearing us apart."

As far as a large slice of Maoridom is concerned, that's exactly what's required. This is a new ballgame; the old script is headed for the trash can. Dr Rangi Walker, a Maori academic and leading voice in his people's cause, has summed up the position this way: "The Maori people have been in this country for thousands of years. They are not about to give up. It is the coloniser who has to change. It's going to cost the people of New Zealand a lot of pain over the next 20 to 30 years in paying reparation for the sins of their ancestors . . . Those who can't hack it are going off to Queensland."

There is fear and loathing on New Zealand streets. This is one of the most dangerous societies in the Western world. The latest Interpol statistics rank New Zealand very high on violent crime, especially street crime and sexual offences. The incidence of reported rape is the second highest in the West. Seventy percent of all violent crime is committed by Maoris.

During the 12 months up to March this year, violent crime increased by 16 percent and sexual offences by 15 percent over the previous year. The number of kidnappings and abductions almost doubled, serious assaults were up 30 percent and grievous assaults up 45 percent. Those are heavy numbers, confirming a pattern of rapidly escalating violence, and an 81 percent increase in all serious crime, since 1980. Police resources are stretched to the max and beyond.

A relatively small number of people are responsible for a hell of a lot of the trouble that goes down in this country. They are the gang members. New Zealand has a gang for just about everybody, from the Ku Klux Klan to Hell's Angels, from Sinn Féin to the Tongan Mafia. In fact there are 48 registered gangs in New Zealand — 28 biker gangs and 20 ethnic gangs, compris-



HOW DO YOU FEEL?

BLACK CLOUD

ing a total of 3940 patched-up members, "prospects" and associates. (That's the Police Intelligence figure. Other estimates put the total at around 7000.) Between them they account for 23 percent of all homicides; between them they account for 31 percent of the entire prison population. Most of the gangs, both ethnic and biker, are highly organised. They are the very public face of "organised crime" — or what passes for organised crime — in New Zealand.

The two that really matter are Black Power and the Mongrel Mob. Black Power boasts about 1000 patched-up members; the Mob weighs in with 1100. Both consist almost entirely of underprivileged, undereducated young Maori males. The vast majority are products of institutions. The vast majority have already done time in jail, either for theft, rape, assault or murder. They are not to be messed with under any circumstances.

Every day in New Zealand a gang member is charged with a crime. Every week a gang-related issue features in the news. In the week I spent there, the focus was on the maximum security prison at Paremoremo, outside Auckland, where Mongrel Mob inmates took to throwing their own shit at warders as a protest at being refused automatic visiting rights by

Maori elders. The shit-fight continued over a period of weeks while other Mob members and supporters camped outside the jail, scaring the hell out of the prison officers, who manned a roadblock into Paremoremo village to prevent the picketing Mobsters from getting anywhere near their wives and families. Eventually the authorities backed down and granted the request of a committee to hear inmates' grievances. At the same time, a 61-man white vigilante group threatened a Mongrel Mob member with baseball bats and a protester's van was firebombed. Visiting rights are still on the agenda.

When the "bros" go off, they really go off. They profess no fear of police or any other authority, and they mean it. In April this year the Wellington suburb of Ngaio hosted a five-hour siege between police and visiting members of the Christchurch chapter of a Maori gang. When the police tried to put a stop to a party at about 2am, they were allegedly greeted by a hail of bricks and bottles, then with a barrage of molotov cocktails. At the height of the siege there were several dozen cops armed with handguns and rifles, unable to make any headway and ready to load up the teargas, before the situation was defused by a social worker and Black Power member, Dennis O'Reilly, who arrived at 7am and convinced the bros to surrender. By that time a policeman had allegedly been stabbed, a police van had

been partially wrecked, a neighbor's shed had been razed to the ground, and warning shots had been fired by police.

Traditionally, Black Power and the Mongrel Mob — along with two smaller ethnic gangs, Headhunters and Stormtroopers — have fought an interminable series of bloody territorial battles among themselves. Apart from the police force, which they tend to regard as a rival gang, white New Zealand has rarely been the focus of their aggression. But increasingly, the gangs — especially Black Power — are viewing themselves as part of the wider community of Maoridom. Increasingly they see a role for themselves in the tumultuous events that will no doubt take place in the next few years. It may be that their involvement will be largely confined to politics, in accordance with Black Power's new slogan: "The ballot, not the bullet."

But the secret fear of *Pakeha* New Zealand is that the leather-clad warriors could form a ready source of stormtroopers in the confrontation ahead. In that event, a statement issued back in 1980 by Maori Liaison Officer Stan Hunt, although astray in timing, would turn out to be prophetic: "New Zealand's time bomb, gang violence, is set to explode five years from now. At the moment they're fighting among themselves, but it could get more dangerous. As jobs dry up the situation will worsen as gangs take out their frustration on society."

This is how it happens: On a warm Saturday night in December 1986, a young Maori woman — an ordinary citizen — is out walking her dog through Auckland's suburban streets when a black car containing five Maori men cruises alongside her.

One of the men asks directions. She moves closer to the car. The man grabs her by the cardigan and pulls her through the window. Another gets out, grabs her from behind and throws her in the back. When she learns that her captors are headed for a Mongrel Mob convention at nearby Ambury Park, she has a good idea what's in store. It will not be a pleasant evening.

Along with the leather jackets and patches and similar regalia, the Mongrel Mob have adopted some other aspects of the biker cult that sent Middle America into a reign of terror back in the Sixties. One of them is putting women "on the block" — the old-fashioned gang-bang. Usually the "block" will be one of the pack of women who hang around the fringes of the Mob, offering the odd fuck in exchange for the thrill of belonging. But sometimes the block will be a "present" — an innocent hauled off the street and thrown into the gang's midst, a plaything for the lads.

During the next six hours at Ambury Park the young woman is raped, by her ac-

count, at least 15 times. She continually fights to escape, and at one stage makes her way, naked, on to the floodlit stage, only to be dragged back to a white Bedford van for more punishment. Each time she struggles the men holding her legs force them further open, or punch her in the face. One man sticks his dick in her mouth and orders her to suck it. Another pisses in her face. They pour kerosene in her hair. They stick a beer bottle up her. They try to sodomise her. And they take pictures of the whole affair — pictures that will eventually be presented to a jury almost stupefied by the ordeal this victim endured.

Ultimately it is a chance discovery — a reel of film found by police under a station wagon — that proves decisive in the conviction of five Mongrels on counts of rape and sexual violation. Four others have earlier pleaded guilty. At least six have escaped justice.

During the course of the trial, which takes place in June 1987, one of the bros — a fully patched-up member of the notorious chapter of the Mongrel Mob — becomes incensed at being charged with the rape and denies his patch. For the rest of the proceedings he has to be protected from the other members by two prison officers: vilifying the patch is an offence punishable by death. At one point the jury requests another reading of the evidence of the victim and one of the defendants, Eddie Te Whaiti. As the language becomes more explicit, the jury foreman breaks into hysterical giggles. Throughout the trial a collection of wives, de factos, mothers and aunts sit in the public gallery, making signs of love and devotion to the Mongrels in the dock. Totally unjudgemental of their men, they blame the victim: "She shouldn't of been there in the first place."

After the verdicts are delivered, one of the five remanded in custody for sentencing, Derreck Ngaheke, turns to the gallery at the back of the court and delivers, for the bros, the Mongrel Mob salute. Raising his right arm, he shouts: "Sieg Heill!"

Or, alternatively, this is how it happens: In the small rural settlement of Ruatoria, in the wild north-east of the North Island, the fires begin back in 1985. From then until July last year, this community of less than 1000 people watches in horror as the bulk of its civic institutions — the police station, the court house, the fire station — are razed to the ground, one by one, along with the local garage, the local bookshop, several farmhouses and haybarns and many other buildings as well. Along with the fires, there are numerous incidents of fence-cutting on *Pakeha*-owned farms.

The locals are in no doubt about the culprits. Ruatoria is the centre of a Maori Rastafarian community who have made it clear that they want all the "boorheads" — police, businessmen, farmers — out of

Ruatoria and all the land returned to the local east coast Maori tribe, the Ngati Porou. But the Rastamen aren't admitting anything, and the police investigations, which have netted two arrests (and subsequent convictions) for arson, are proceeding as usual when a current affairs outfit, *Close Up*, airs some disturbing allegations by the Rastafarian leader Dicky "Diesel" Maxwell and several others. These men claim they've been picked up by police and driven to isolated areas where they were beaten up, threatened with firearms, or in the case of Maxwell, forced to submit to the cutting of their dreadlocks, allegedly as a means of eliciting information on the spate of arson attacks.

An internal police inquiry is launched and eight police officers are suspended from duty on July 13, 1987. All are eventually to stand trial on charges of kidnapping and assault, and over an eight-month

“There will be the emergence of hit squads. My knowledge of police is that discussions along these lines are beyond bar-room talk.”

period culminating in March this year, all are found not guilty of any offence.

Now that the cops are back on the case, a policeman's house has burned down, an enormous woolshed has been destroyed, along with a shearer's quarters and a musterer's house, and a helicopter has been wrecked. Ruatoria is once again under siege. At the time of writing, the most recent arson attack occurred on May 4. No doubt it won't turn out to be the last.

Ross Meurant is a National Party politician who writes a column in the *New Truth* newspaper — a slightly downmarket version, believe it or not, of its Melbourne namesake — which purports to tell it like it is for the punter in the street. His popularity among the solid burghers is evidenced by the fact that since last Christmas he has performed four speaking engagements every week in venues across the country. Meurant is the finger on the pulse of conservative New Zealand.

In his maiden speech to the House in October last year, Meurant created a furore by naming under Parliamentary privilege a group of 18 Maori radical activists

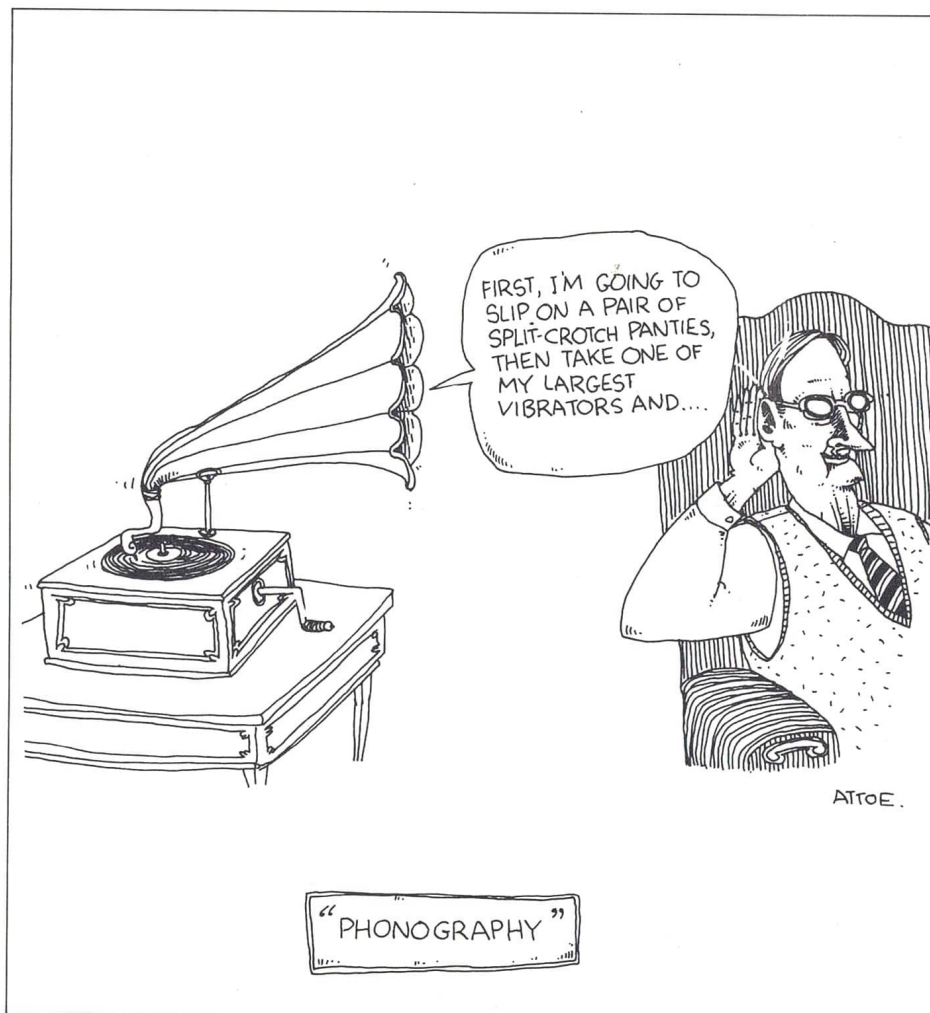
who he claimed had dedicated themselves to the violent overthrow of the New Zealand Government, and demanded an inquiry into the distribution of \$1.5 million through the Maori trusts they had infiltrated. He claimed they had received training and assistance from various communist states and Third World countries, had approached the PLO for firearms and explosives, and had infiltrated the Maori gangs to incite them to violence for their own political ends. On the following day, Meurant's car and garage were firebombed. (It has been jokingly suggested by some that Meurant lit the place up himself.)

Nor was it a message the media wanted to hear. The new Member for Hobson was pilloried in the press, but at least some of his information — obtained in his former capacity as Auckland Police Inspector — was clearly on the money. White New Zealand sat up and took notice in April this year when activist Hana Te Hemara, invited to speak at Auckland University to welcome new law students, urged Maori youth to "kill a white person before you die and become a hero." White New Zealand took further notice when activist Syd Jackson went with Michael Mansell to Libya in July to advocate a boycott on trade with New Zealand.

Meurant admits that this radical element is small — "probably no more than 100 in the country, and the core conspiratorial element is probably only 20 at most" — but adds: "Wherever I go in the country, there is outright hostility toward Maori nationalism and the claim that they own the whole country, and greater concern now because traditional moderates such as Sir Graham Latimer [President of the New Zealand Maori Council] are now leading these land claims — and I suggest that's because they've been forced to take a more strident stance because of the impact of the radical element."

Ross Meurant's wanderings in the New Zealand wilderness have led him to believe that "at least half" of all *Pakehas* would happily set fire to the Treaty of Waitangi.

Referring to the state of siege in Ruatoria — a situation which has parallels (involving gangs, not Rastafarians) in towns around the country — Meurant said: "Local people have written to me saying they're going to start creating vigilante groups to sort these people out. I don't for a minute think they will, because that's not really the farmers' scene — and if you only shoot 15 out of the 30 [Rastafarians], then you've got a big problem. But I do suggest that there will be the emergence of hit squads. My knowledge of police is that discussions along these lines are beyond bar-room talk. The situation has deteriorated to the extent where people — probably police officers — will go out and solve the problem themselves."



BLACKCLOUD

And there is yet another joker in the pack. The Lange Government's economic policy, dubbed "Rogernomics" after the Minister for Finance Roger Douglas, has set up the purest free market in the world in an attempt to overcome a massive foreign debt and soaring inflation. Tariff protections have been lifted and inefficient industries "rationalised" out of existence. The social impact of Rogernomics has been so severe it makes Thatcher's England look like a workingman's paradise. Unemployment will reach 150,000 by the end of this year — more than 11 percent — and could peak at 200,000. The gap between haves and have-nots has become a yawning chasm. Thirty percent of New Zealanders now live below the poverty line.

And of course, the people most affected are the young Maori and Islanders. They are the faces in the lengthening dole queues — the country's new poor. Half the Maori workforce is unemployed. You don't need a mess of statistics to know that massive unemployment leads to massive violent crime. The population shift will only exacerbate the problem, as educated, capable and moneyed people — the entrepreneurs who have the ability to create jobs — continue to bail out, only to be replaced by hordes of under-educated Polynesian immigrants who'd have more chance of winning *Sale Of The Century* than making good in a cut-throat white economy, and whose own racial disagreements only add fuel to the fire. They've quickly assembled into their own gangs — outfits like SOS, King Cobras and the Tongan Mafia. Last May, in a scene that might have been lifted from *Colors*, a young Samoan out for a Saturday morning stroll through a South Auckland market was bailed up by a gang of Tongans and hacked to death with a machete, while his companion was seriously wounded. Such incidents are increasingly common in South Auckland's Islander and Maori enclaves.

Leather jackets are very expensive items. They are also the uniform of the gangs, many of whose members are not in a position to buy a jacket. To walk around a New Zealand city — especially Auckland — in a leather jacket is to invite a mugging at best, and possibly a murder.

You need to take account of all these factors before you can get a handle on the gang phenomenon and the authorities' attempts to deal with it. It has to be seen in the context of a *Pakeha* society wracked with equal measures of fear, anger and guilt, and a Maori minority which has to a large extent come to the conclusion that there is nothing more to lose. And you need to understand that there is much goodwill on both sides. This is a very small

and intimate society, and in such a society there can be very strange bedfellows, odd conjunctions of people, and new understandings.

Here's an example — quaint, but not atypical of life in New Zealand. Towards the end of 1976, early in the reign of Robert Muldoon's National Party, the gang situation is going through one of its more explosive periods and the PM decides to get an insight into the Black Power mentality by getting down and dirty with the boys.

Accompanied only by the head of the PM's Department and his driver, Muldoon gets into a serious drinking session at a local pub with the Wellington chapter of Black Power. Unaware of the august presence in his midst — Muldoon is not very tall — the publican organises a police raid to get the Blacks thrown out. When the cops arrive there is much confusion all around. "We thought it might get

“One of the boys was continually flicking the Prime Minister in the face with beer while everybody stood there and watched.”

embarrassing for the Prime Minister if a horde of photographers turned up," Black Power member Dennis O'Reilly recalls, "so we took him to a party at one of the boys' houses."

Picture the convoy: a line-up of battered Mark II Zephyrs (the car of choice for Maori gangs — easy to get parts for, easy to steal, go like the clappers) chock-a-block with pissed and stoned Black Power members in full regalia, followed by the Prime Ministerial limousine, wending its way through the suburbs of the nation's capital.

The PM's driver normally doesn't get much of a look-in on the social scene, but in the Maori culture he has strong *mana* — he's the guy who drives the big, fast car. So throughout the party he and Muldoon are given whisky to drink, while the rest of the boys have to drink beer. "At one point Muldoon did one of the coolest things I've ever seen," says O'Reilly. "He was very unpopular amongst our guys at that time because he was always ripping into the Maori, and there was a fair bit of: 'Who is this Piggy Muldoon?' sort of thing. So one of the boys was continually flicking him in the face with beer while everybody stood

there and watched, just waiting to see what his reaction would be. The old man took a swig of his whisky, then hurled the rest of it into this guy's face — and the whole room just cracked up laughing. He killed it."

The Prime Minister had demonstrated his *mana*. That was the beginning of an interesting relationship between the National Party leader and the country's most underprivileged group. Throughout the Muldoon years there were numerous meetings between gangs and officialdom, sometimes within the hallowed halls of Parliament House — "tea and bickies sessions", as detractors called them. In 1981 Muldoon made an unannounced visit to the headquarters of Black Power in Wellington. In 1983 he confirmed that his department had found the Wellington Mongrel Mob its new headquarters in government-owned property after the gang house had been demolished by a fire. Muldoon told the press that he and his department had been working with the gangs "with some success" since 1976. He had even been invited, along with the Minister of Maori Affairs Koro Wetere, to attend the Mongrel Mob convention at Ambury Park in December '86. Fortunately he declined that invitation.

Had Muldoon been a Maori he'd probably have been a patched-up gang member. The style of Labour PM David Lange has been a shade more distant, yet it would not particularly surprise any New Zealander if he turned up at a Black Power or Mob convention to rub a few noses and chew the fat with the bros. That's the way it happens here, and there are many people who believe that this intimacy, this readiness to talk and listen and try to understand, could be the factor that eventually saves New Zealand from tearing itself apart.

Dennis O'Reilly is my go-between. An Irishman married to a Maori woman, he's one of a handful of *Pakehas* who are patched-up members of Black Power. "Come down to the club on Thursday night and you'll get the buzz," he tells me. The club is Black Power HQ in the factory district of Wellington. Thursday night is social night — a time for the bros to pull on their patches, get nicely ripped, and reaffirm their relationships within the *whanau*. The word means "family", and the gang is family: a place for people who don't belong.

"Howsit, Bro? What's the buzz?" The buzz is friendship, warmth, ritual. Black Power's emblem is an upraised, clenched fist with wings — symbolic of the struggle, and of the strength and unity of the *whanau*. The boys make the fist in greeting, then run through an elaborate series of handshakes, then an embrace and the offer of a joint. Marijuana is the drug of

Continued on page 112

PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

Take your time. This isn't going to be easy. Here they come, the contenders for the prestigious Pet of the Year title. And this year the competition is hotter than ever. Who will walk away with the award — not to mention the tens of thousands of dollars worth of luxury prizes? You be the judge. It is your daunting task to help choose which of the finalists will become the 1989 Australian Penthouse Pet of the Year. In this special pictorial, we review the spectacular attributes of the 12 finalists. Cast your eyes and then cast your vote by turning to the coupon on page 54 — where you'll discover that something special is in it for you, too.

There's a lot riding on your choice, so don't leave the girls up in the air. No doubt you'd agree there are plenty less exciting decisions to make in your day — but you won't find many choices more difficult...

1989





January 1988

"With the fashion accessories in my *Penthouse* pictorial, I'd have to be an actress," said the hauntingly beautiful Virginia as she opened the array in '88 in sensational style. Virginia says she demands creativity in a man — and certainly fired creative imaginations in a big way with her sizzling appearance.

**VIRGINIA
FOX**

JULIA BEAULIEU



February 1988

Julia is one of that special breed who thrives on a challenge and meets it with everything she's got — a tenet she applied fully to her first foray into nude modelling in the February edition. She frankly confessed that she didn't know what attracted her to the idea of appearing nude — the best kind of puzzle.

DIANNE CAROLAN

March 1988

"I'm attracted to a man who is stronger than I am," revealed stunning Dianne, offering something of a pointer as to why she is still single. Her giddy beauty makes men weak, a phenomenon widely reported after her March debut. Still, there is no shortage of contenders for her affections . . .



JULIET CAREY

April 1988

Juliet revealed herself in April to be a girl with a mission: cram in as much excitement and adventure as she can in as short a space of time as possible. It seemed to be a case of mission accomplished — but for the fact that her thirst for fun and games is as equally boggling as her scintillating looks.

GERALDINE HART

Geraldine's appearance offered an exotic touch to the line-up in '88 — looks which she's already put to profit as a much sought-after model. Geraldine hoped her sensual spread in *Penthouse* would increase her exposure . . . and what she gave is what she got.

May 1988



MARTINA WALTER

June 1988

Gorgeous Martina wowed everyone when she exposed all back in June. With *Penthouse*, she stepped back into an era when romance was the keynote, when faithfulness wasn't generally seen as a chore . . . These were sentiments she warmed to, but with a style that no doubt stirred even the most faithful of readers.



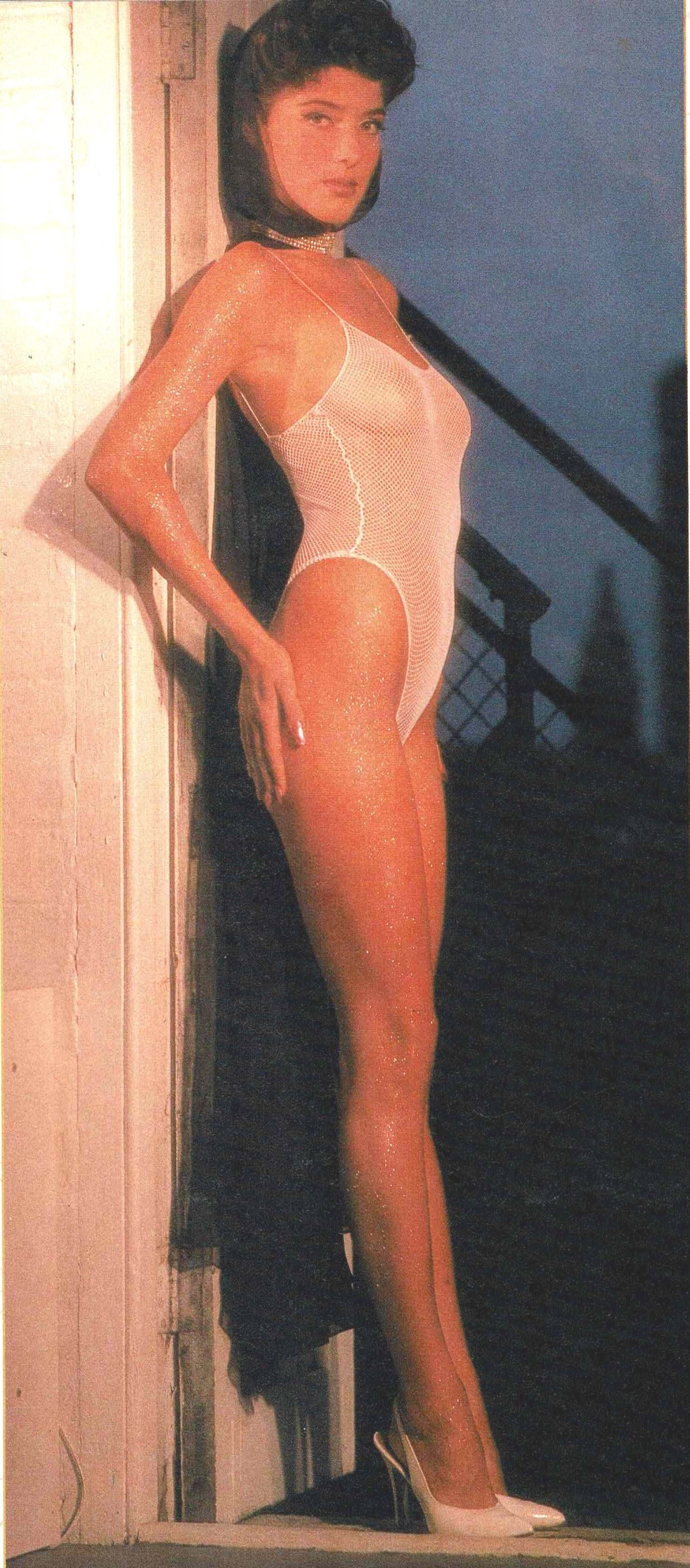
July 1988

Luscious Danielle is a Swiss import whose presence in Australia definitely puts the balance of trade in our favor.

Since leaving her homeland, she said that she's never looked back — though

Penthouse followers are sure to be grateful for the chance to look back over her ample delights.

DANIELLE SCHNEIDER



ISABEL MONRO



August 1988

Her cherubic charms may have given the impression of youthful innocence, but Isabel's appearance, as sizzling as it was, suggested she is not as starry-eyed about the world as she might at first seem. Isabel described herself as an idealist — and few would argue her charms are as ideal as you can get.

BRIDGET BLOXSOM



September 1988

Bridget Bloxsom went wild for the *Penthouse* cameras, finding herself a primitive castaway. Readers well related to that kind of reaction, natural instincts coming to the fore — though Bridget offered the thought that one of her first instincts was to see the humor in it all. Robinson Crusoe fantasies were rewritten.

RACHEL BYRNE

Something in Rachel's nature led her to *Penthouse*, even though she's the first to admit she has a soft spot for the quiet life. Rachel said in October that her shyness sometimes makes it hard for her to break the ice — but it was more a case of meltdown with the heat of her appearance in these pages.

October 1988



November 1988

Opening the centre pages of last month's edition was something like stepping on to a rollercoaster with the appearance of sensational Dominique. This livewire knew only one way to go — and the pace was full tilt. Just when you thought it was safe to take a breather, she's back as a contender to take the breath away yet again.



DOMINIQUE



TERRI BOWIE

December 1988

Much has been made of Terri's striking similarity in looks to Brigitte Nielsen — maybe not enough has been made of her beauty exclusively in her own right. Terri exudes total charm in her manner — and exudes a healthy radiance from all the attention she pays to the toning of her awesome figure, making her yet another hot candidate for Pet of the Year.



PET OF THE YEAR POLL

So there's the lineup of contenders for the title — 12 of Australia's most beautiful women. Now it's time to cast your vote for the *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year on the coupon on this page — and at the same time put yourself in the running to win this superb example of the latest in hi-fi excellence: the Sanyo CP M1000 Compact Disc player. The CP M1000 offers even more than the usual standards for which Sanyo is famous. It sports a whole new concept — a remote-controlled compact disc autochanger that permits the loading of ten CDs simultaneously to provide the listener with a host of convenient and flexible playback possibilities. For example, up to 32 selections can be designated for playback in any order — or program it to pump out the decibels uninterrupted. Also a feature is the microphone mixing capability for sing-along enjoyment. There's more features — which the winner of this prize will find out about. The first voter whose name is drawn out of the barrel by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win this superb unit. Pick your favorite *Penthouse* Pet, tick the box next to her name below, and send the completed coupon or facsimile of the coupon to *Penthouse*. But don't delay.

Mark your selection with a tick, complete details below and send your entry to:
Pet Of The Year Poll, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062

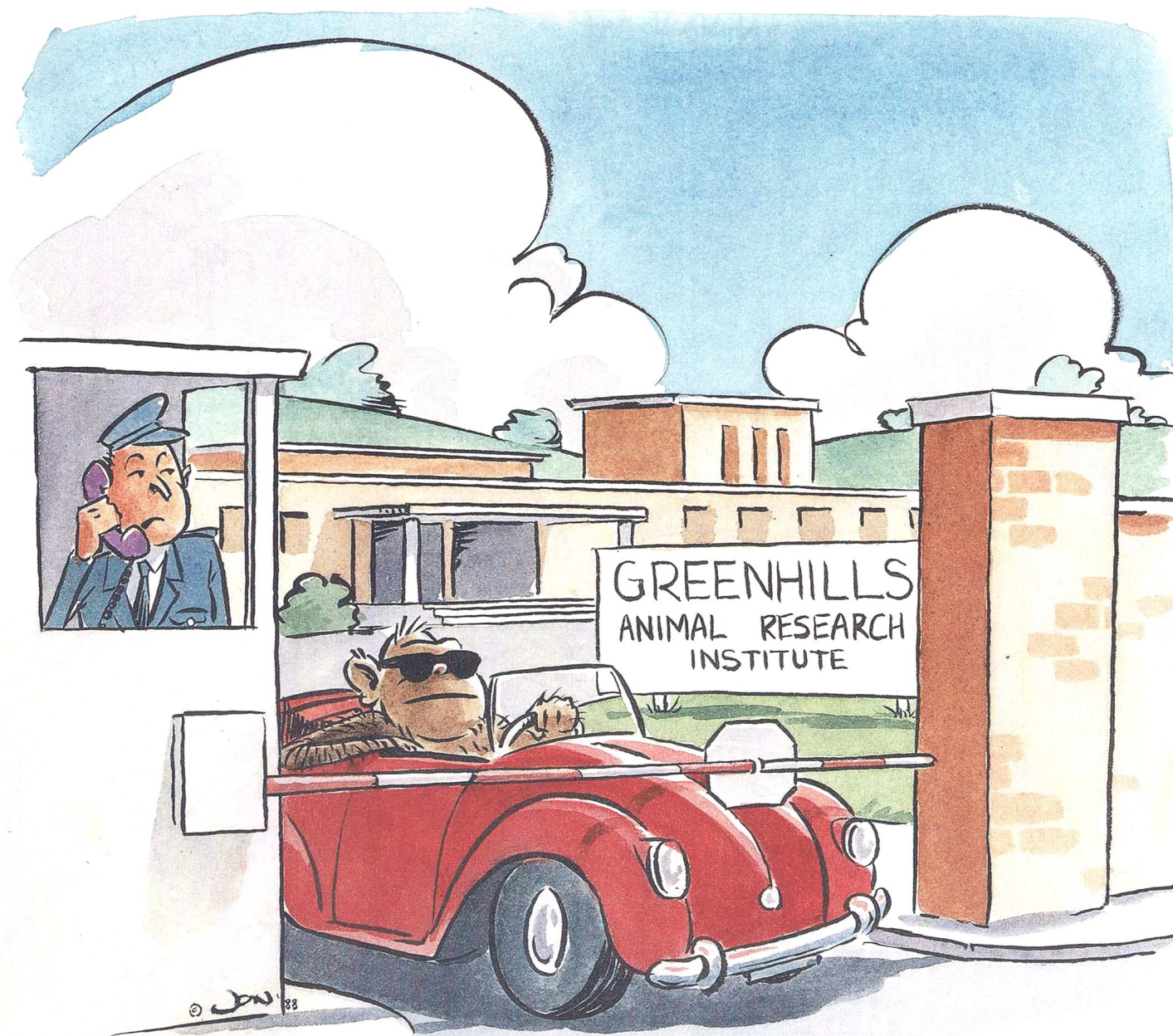
- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ Virginia Fox | ☐ Danielle Schneider |
| ☐ Julia Beaulieu | ☐ Isabel Monro |
| ☐ Dianne Carolan | ☐ Bridget Bloxsom |
| ☐ Juliet Carey | ☐ Rachel Byrne |
| ☐ Geraldine Hart | ☐ Dominique |
| ☐ Martina Walter | ☐ Terri Bowie |

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

POSTCODE: _____ TELEPHONE: _____

Discs in photo not included



HE SAYS: "OF COURSE I'M DOCTOR WEBER; I JUST FORGOT TO SHAVE THIS MORNING"

MONKEY *business*

a cartoon feature by
JON BERKELEY



© Jan '88





HEY FELLAS - FRANK HERE RECKONS THERE ARE PINK MONKEYS WITH NO HAIR, WHO HAVEN'T LEARNED TO WALK ON ALL FOURS!

TART!

NICE DAY! I THINK I'LL GO OUT AND MAIM AN ANIMAL BEHAVIOURIST.

USE YOUR OPPOSED DIGIT, SON!

© DON '88



HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES

the PALESTINE INCIDENT

The Willesees were a couple of millennia too late for this nice little human interest yarn

It began one night in December. No-one knows exactly what took place. Even today, after countless investigations, the events are still shrouded in mystery. Strange lights were seen in the sky. Some people claim to have heard voices and seen ghostly figures who prophesied future events.

The one thing that is certain is that whatever happened in that tiny Middle Eastern village, repercussions were felt right around the world. The massacre of scores — perhaps hundreds — of babies a few days later is thought to have been a direct result of what has become known as The Palestine Incident.

Experts dismiss many of the reports as pure fiction. Yet not all of the accounts can be discredited so easily; several respected government leaders are numbered among the eye witnesses.

So what really *did* happen? We set out to find the truth.

The couple at the centre of the controversy were Joseph and Mary Christ. They were well known in the tiny community of

Nazareth. Neighbors said that apart from one occasion, when they saw a bright light and heard a deep, booming voice coming from inside the house, the Christs were very quiet and kept pretty much to themselves.

Rachel, begat of Abraham, went to school with Mary.

"She was a nice girl," Rachel recalls. "A bit 'holier than thou' at times, if you know what I mean. But nice."

She remembers when the family decided to make the move from Nazareth to Bethlehem: "It was a bad time for them. Mary was pregnant — they hadn't been married long, but that's none of my business — and Joseph was out of work. He was a carpenter you know, and around that time there was a recession in the market for corner cupboards.

"Then Caesar Augustus announced that there was going to be a world-wide census. Everyone had to go back to the place they were born. Personally I think it was a bit unreasonable; my neighbor came to the Holy Land on an assisted passage from Ireland. I didn't see him

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

the PALESTINE INCIDENT

again for years."

Another couple, Zachariah and Elizabeth, also got to know Joseph and Mary well after meeting them at pre-natal classes. They were drawn together by common interests such as righteousness and being Jewish, and the fact that they were the only couples in the class who had had personal discussions with the Angel of the Lord.

"They seemed like quite a nice couple," Elizabeth remembers. "Although maybe a little unconventional. Homebirths were the fashion then but I remember they insisted they wanted to have their child in a stable. Evidently they'd read books on it and it's supposed to be better for the baby."

"They had names all picked out. Jesus for a boy, Deidre for a girl."

"You could have knocked me over with a feather when I picked up the scroll one morning and there was their names all over the front parchment. They were the last people you'd think would get involved in any sort of scandal. I mean — they were so nice."

Elizabeth later gave birth to a boy, even though she had been told by doctors that she was much too old to have children. She named him John The Baptist. However both Elizabeth and Mary were later criticised for the extraordinary lengths

they went to in order to have children, against all odds. "Some people will do anything for a prophet," one doctor told us.

Joseph and Mary Christ left Nazareth on a second-hand 10BC donkey Joseph had earlier bought for his business. They arrived in Bethlehem on the night of the 24th of December.

An innkeeper, Abraham, begat of Herod's 34th Assault Regiment, remembers it well: "It was snowing. That's pretty unusual for the Middle East, you know. Oy, vay. Anyway, I remember this guy coming in and asking if there was any room at the inn. I said you must be joking. This is Christmas, I'm full up."

"Well, I remember his wife was really pissed with him. She had these back pains and everything and she was worried she was going into labor. Joseph said to her: 'Don't be stupid. Gabriel said it wouldn't be till the second week of January.' I suppose Gabriel was their obstetrician."

"Anyway, she had a bit of go at him about not booking ahead. I felt sorry for them so I said if they liked they could have the lowly cattle shed."

The innkeeper let Joseph take the room on a deferred payment basis but regretted the decision later: "I told them no visitors after 9pm, no loud music, no parties. I run a respectable establishment. Then next morning I found out they'd had people

tramping in and out all night. All the guests were complaining the next morning. Then the cows stopped milking. All the cattle do now is low."

What exactly happened in the stable remains a matter of conjecture. But something important must have taken place for Joseph and Mary did indeed receive visitors to their room that night.

It's now taken as gospel that there were at least three heads of government present after the birth. It is believed that they were, in fact, Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar, three kings of the Orient who had travelled from afar. What could have been so important to have inspired three leading political figures to meet with an obscure carpenter and his wife in a rundown Bethlehem hotel?

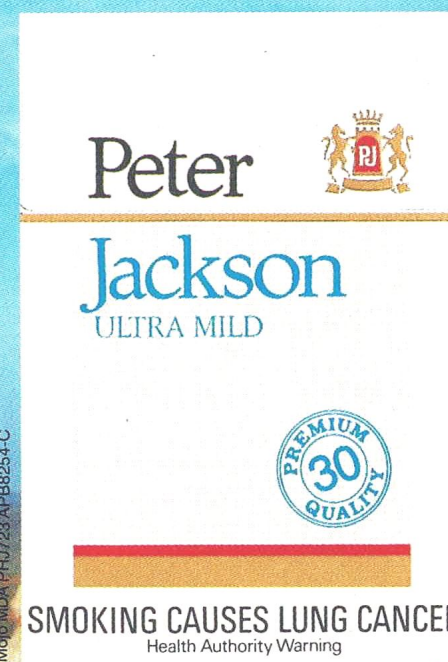
Melchior, in his memoirs *I Never Smoked Camels* (Centurion Press \$29.95), devotes a whole chapter to the incident. In the book, Melchior claims that he, Caspar and Balthazar were all contacted secretly by a mysterious underworld figure called Gabriel and told to meet at a certain hotel in Palestine. They imagined it was to be the first Middle East summit.

"Gabriel didn't tell us where the meeting was to take place. He just told us to follow the Yonder star, and that we'd meet the next President of Israel directly underneath."

Continued on page 102



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*Source: ABC Audit, 1st October, 1987 - 31st March, 1988.

Jacka 1659 A



MORE OFFENSIVE JOKES

It was Malcolm Muggeridge who said that humor and good taste are a contradiction in terms, like a chaste whore. Who are we to argue with such profound insight? And not only was the old bugger right on the money, he's also provided us with the traditional pathetic justification for presenting our third Christmas compilation of offensive jokes. There's not a skerrick of good taste to be found in the gags assembled

hereunder. Vulgarly? Sure. Bigotry and sexism? Right on. Idiocy and gutter talk? You bet your arse. And humor? Well, there may be a couple here that'll raise a giggle wherever intoxicated souls are gathered in festive cheer. The drunker the better. Preferably blind. And deaf. Helen Keller would piss herself if she could read these jokes. Heartfelt thanks to the *Penthouse* readers who submitted appalling contributions.

Yes, we're afraid so

Q. What's the difference between anal sex and a microwave oven?

A. A microwave doesn't brown your meat.

Q. What's a Maltese Falcon?

A. A Ford with venetians.

Q. What do you call a three-legged cow?

A. Lean beef.

Q. What's the miracle of AIDS?

A. It turns fruits into vegetables.

Q. What's the difference between a Pommie and a QANTAS jet?

A. A QANTAS jet stops whining when it reaches Australia.

Q. Why is Vietnam so flat?

A. Because all the slopes are over here.

Q. What's brown and walks up stairs backwards?

A. A corgi with a hard-on.

Q. How do you get 100 Vietnamese in a shoebox?

A. Tell 'em it's seaworthy.

Q. What's the latest Irish invention?

A. The solar-powered torch.

Q. What's the difference between a Lebanese woman and a catfish?

A. One's got fat lips and whiskers and the other one's a fish.

Q. What do you call a fly without wings?

A. A walk.

Q. What's worse than your doctor telling you you've got VD?

A. Your dentist telling you.

Q. How many Yuppies does it take to change a lightbulb?

A. Two. One to mix the cocktails and one to call the electrician.

Q. What do they call a female sex change operation?

A. Addadictomy.

Q. What's black and hairy and sits on a wall?

A. Humpty Cunt.

Q. What do you call six Aborigines in a jail cell?

A. A mobile.

Q. How can you tell if a woman is wearing pantyhose?

A. Her ankles swell when she farts.

Q. What are women good for?

A. Something to lie on while you're having a root.

Q. What's brown and sits on a tennis court?

A. Bjorn Bog.

Q. Why don't ants have balls?

A. Because they can't dance.

Q. How do you save a drowning Aborigine?

A. Take your foot off his head.

Q. What part of Popeye never rusts?

A. The part he puts in Olive Oyl.

Q. Why do Sumo wrestlers shave their legs?

A. So no-one confuses them with feminists.

Q. Why do Scotsmen have such long thin dicks?

A. Because they're such tight-fisted wankers.

Q. Who's the most popular guy at a nudist camp?

A. The one who can carry two cups of coffee and six doughnuts at once.

Q. Who's the most popular woman at a nudist camp?

A. The one who can eat six doughnuts at once.

Q. What's Tammy Bakker's idea of natural contraception?

A. Absolutely no makeup.

Q. When does a Cub become a Boy Scout?

A. When he eats his first Brownie.

Q. Why do they put wardrobes in police lock-ups?

A. More hanging space.



another line.

Q. Why do all Jews have double glazing on their house windows?

A. So their kids won't hear the icecream trucks.

Q. What's a specimen?

A. An Italian astronaut.

Q. What's the difference between circumcision and crucifixion?

A. With crucifixion they throw away the whole Jew.

Q. What's worse than a lobster on your piano?

A. Crabs on your organ.

Q. Have you heard about the latest German microwave?

A. It seats six.

Q. What do bulldozers and orangutans have in common?

A. They both fuck up trees.

Q. What's black and eats chips?

A. Half of England.

Q. Why do more Australian men than women have AIDS?

A. Because Australian women marry arseholes, they don't fuck them.

Q. How can you tell if a barmaid is pissed off with you?

A. There's a string hanging out of your bloody Mary.

Q. What do you call two Aborigines in a shoebox?

A. A pair of loafers.

Q. What's brown and has holes in it?

A. Swiss shit.

Q. Why do New Zealand horses run so fast?

A. Because they've seen what they do to the sheep.

Q. What do they call the Jewish Mafia?

A. The Kosher Nostra.

Q. Why was the Orange person blue?

A. His karma ran over his dogma.

Q. What's a pederast?

A. A sucker for little boys.

Q. What do you get if you cross a pit bull with a redneck?

A. An all-white neighborhood.

Q. How do you get an Aborigine out of jail?

A. Cut the rope.

Q. How do you avoid AIDS?

A. Sit tight and keep your mouth shut.

Q. What's the difference between Australian TV and a piece of shit?

A. You can't change channels on a piece of shit.

Q. What's the difference between a woman kneeling in church and a woman kneeling in a bathtub?

A. A woman kneeling in church has hope on her soul.

Q. What's the smallest room in the world?

A. The Polish Hall Of Fame.

Q. Why do they bury Aborigines 100 feet underground?

A. Because deep, deep down they're nice people.

Q. What's the paedophiles' favorite TV show?

A. Come On Kids.

Q. What goes in dry, comes out wet and gives warm satisfaction?

A. A teabag.

Q. What's 69 and 69?

A. Dinner for four.

Q. What's the difference between your mother-in-law and a vulture?

A. A vulture waits until you're dead.

Q. What do you call an abortion in Czechoslovakia?

A. A cancelled Czech.

Q. What's yellow and looks like piss?

A. Piss.

Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Tights and black leather by Merivale; Swimwear and aerobic wear by Running Bear; Shot on location at Aanuka Beach Resort, Coffs Harbor.



Terri



The Titillator

By day she's in her element stretched out on the sand at Sydney's Cronulla Beach working on that tan. In the afternoon she's sweating it out in the gym, a rigorous exercise program maintaining the peak muscle tone which is her trademark. Then, by night, 21-year-old Terri Bowie is The Titillator . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN NIKKOLA





Even though Terri has found herself compared in looks to Hollywood maneater Brigitte Nielsen more often than she can remember, she still takes it as a compliment. And Terri intends taking a leaf out of Nielsen's book: "I'll be sending Sly Stallone a Christmas present of this *Penthouse* edition — Black Label," she smiles — the famous ploy of Nielsen's which prompted Stallone to chase her up and make her his leading lady. Yet at just a shade under six feet tall, Terri's not sure what she'd do if he ever got in touch with her: "He's not that tall, you know. Maybe Rambo would have to stand on a milk crate or something."



Terri's no stranger to lights, cameras and action, having done her fair share of commercials and rock video clips. ("Someone might recognise my bum from a jeans commercial," she laughs.) But it's her nightclub exotic dancing where she has learned the thrill of applause — and where she has had her most intoxicating dose of the spotlight. Acting follows as her main ambition . . .





Terri won't be losing any sleep waiting for any movie role to appear. She's got plenty on her plate, with her dance career taking off in a big way — "And I'm really looking forward to working with the *Penthouse* girls," she says.





Sly Stallone might have his good points, she agrees, but Terri feels she's more attracted to an Australian version of that kind of hulk. "Tall, blond and strong — I guess I like the classic Bronzed Aussie with brains," she says.





TOP SECRET

BY BILL CHALKER

UFOs: THE ULTIMATE SECRET?

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SCOTT

Hoax? Urban legend? An exercise in disinformation and deception? Or a cosmic cover-up? You decide.

An extraordinary controversy is being played out. At its heart is the quest for proof of the Ultimate Secret.

The Ultimate Secret purports to be this: UFOs are real. They are extra-terrestrial in origin. The extra-terrestrials (or ETs) are already visiting us. Some of their craft have crashed and been retrieved into military custody. Some have landed at military bases and have had open contact with us. Governments, particularly the United States, know this and have kept it from us. There has been a concerted campaign by some of the parties involved in the cover-up to bring things out into the open. This process is gathering momentum. Extraordinary disclosures are at hand. The implications are mind-boggling.

Your rational reaction to all this will inevitably be complete scepticism or outright rejection. If it is not, you are presumably a UFO enthusiast who enshrines this sort of material like an article of faith in the litany of blind belief that pervades much of the popular interest in UFOs.

This story made headlines around the world during 1987. *The Australian* headlined: "US 'Examined Bodies Of UFO Crew In 1947'" and the *Sydney Morning Herald* carried: "Aliens Taken From UFO, top-secret papers claim" both on June 1, 1987. Since then nothing. What was it all about?

This whole controversy appears to have as its genesis an "event" that occurred in 1947. The event ostensibly took place near Roswell, New Mexico, on July 2, 1947. It was described by researcher Ted Bloecher in his comprehensive "Report On The UFO Wave Of 1947" (1967) as an "embarrassingly obvious mistake." A farmer had discovered a "disc" on his ranch at nearby Corona. Roswell Army Air Field got involved and, given the prevailing milieu of the new "flying saucer craze" sweeping the country at the time, things appeared to get out of control. The military identified the "disc" as the wreckage of a "high altitude weather device." There the story lay dormant for some 30 years.

Towards the mid-Fifties the idea of "crashed flying saucers" in military custody was thoroughly discredited. No self-respecting researcher was prepared to give such tales any currency. That's the way things continued largely until 1977, when researcher Leonard Stringfield resurrected interest in such stories. However, compelling evidence that was independently verifiable also eluded Stringfield...

UFO researchers William Moore and Stanton Friedman started to scrutinise one of the obscure "retrieval" tales, namely the incident near Roswell back in 1947. Evidence started to mount that it was more than an "embarrassingly obvious mistake" involving a weather balloon. Unlike most of the stories of this type, they were not dealing with anonymous informants. Friedman spoke with a Major Jesse

Industrial scientist Bill Chalker is one of Australia's foremost UFO authorities. He welcomes feedback on the local UFO connection. Correspondence should be addressed to him at PO Box W42, West Pennant Hills, NSW 2120

UFOs:

Marcel, who, as staff intelligence officer for the Army Air Forces at Roswell Field, had gone to the Corona property to recover the "disc" for the military. More than 30 years later Marcel was saying, "It was definitely not a weather tracking device, nor was it any sort of plane or missile . . . We just picked up the fragments. It was something I had never seen before, or since, for that matter."

Moore and Friedman, after eight years of investigation, found no fewer than nine first-hand witnesses who independently identified the object found as a spacecraft of some sort. In fact Moore and Friedman have located and interviewed 92 people who have provided information about the "Roswell Incident." Thirty of these people are first-hand witnesses who were at the time personally involved either in the discovery or recovery of the wreckage — or in the alleged cover-up that followed.

There can be little doubt that the reality of the "Roswell Incident" has been established. The difficulty is in determining just what was involved. Based on the first-hand witnesses subsequently interviewed, the debris was unusual. We are left with the distinct impression that something of extraordinary significance may have occurred near Roswell in July 1947.

Our story shifts to 1980, but remains in New Mexico. A series of sensational events apparently occurred at the acutely sensitive Kirtland Air Force Base. Kirtland's Manzano Weapons Storage Area is one of the largest nuclear weapon depositories in the world. The base also houses highly sensitive installations, including Sandia National Laboratories and the Air Force Weapons Laboratory.

August 1980 proved to be a bizarre month. Documents released via the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) revealed a series of apparent UFO intrusions and an episode of unexplained radar jamming on the Kirtland base.

Further FOIA documents make the whole Kirtland 1980 UFO milieu even more bizarre. A civilian, Paul F. Bennewitz, President of a local Albuquerque electronics facility, Thunder Scientific Laboratory, claimed he had evidence of UFO incursions over Kirtland, including film he had taken. Bennewitz's data was initially reviewed by USAF Office of Special Investigations (AFOSI) special agent Richard C. Doty and Jerry Miller, chief scientific advisor for the Air Force Test and Evaluation Centre at Kirtland AFB.

Late in 1982, a curious document surfaced in UFO research circles. It has become known as the Kirtland document. Bill Moore turns out to be the source of this controversial document. He told me, "That document was handed to me by an [Air Force] intelligence source and he told me flat out that it had come up on a computer

screen and that he had typed it and had to change certain things in it, in order to protect his own position in case somebody got back to him. But basically [it] was correct information. I was told that it was not a genuine [document], that it was a retype, but that I should use it for research purposes, but not disseminate it."

The document caused quite a stir. It was dated November 17, 1980, and addressed to AFOSI from HQ AFOSI Bolling AFB, Washington. It reviews ostensibly the Bennewitz film material, concluding that some of the negatives were "legitimate negative[s] of unidentified aerial object[s]."

The following quote is of central interest:

"F. REF. YOUR REQUEST FOR FURTHER INFORMATION REGARDING HG CR 44. THE FOLLOWING IS PROVIDED: CAPT GRACE 7602 AINTELG INS CONTACTED AND RELATED FOLLOWING: (S/WINTEL) USAF NO LONGER PUB-

The matter
is the most highly
classified subject in the US
Government, rating higher
even than the
H-bomb

LICLY ACTIVE IN UFO RESEARCH. HOWEVER USAF STILL HAS INTEREST IN ALL UFO SIGHTINGS OVER USAF INSTALLATIONS/TEST RANGES. SEVERAL OTHER GOVERNMENT AGENCIES, LED BY NASA, ACTIVELY INVESTIGATES LEGITIMATE SIGHTINGS THROUGH COVERT COVER. (S/WINTEL/FSA) ONE SUCH COVER IS UFO REPORTING CENTER, US COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY, ROCKVILLE, MD 20852. NASA FILTERS RESULTS OF SIGHTINGS TO APPROPRIATE MILITARY DEPARTMENTS WITH INTEREST IN THAT PARTICULAR SIGHTING. THE OFFICIAL US GOVERNMENT POLICY AND RESULTS OF PROJECT AQUARIUS IS STILL CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET WITH NO DISSEMINATION OUTSIDE OFFICIAL INTELLIGENCE CHANNELS WITH RESTRICTED ACCESS TO "MJ TWELVE."

As for the Bennewitz affair:

"RE YOUR REQUEST FOR TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE BECAUSE OF THE CHANCE OF PUBLIC DISCLOSURE, NO KNOWLEDGEABLE PERSONNEL WITH SPA WILL BE PROVIDED. CONTINUE TO RECEIVE ASSISTANCE FROM INDIVIDUALS MENTIONED IN YOUR MESSAGE, MILLER, FUGATE. BECAUSE OF THE SENSITIVITY OF THE CASE, REQUEST THEY BE DEBRIEFED AT REGULAR INTERVALS."

Bill Moore told me that "NASA" should read "NSA" — the super-secretive National Security Agency.

Because of the apparent inconsistencies in the document and the dubious circumstances surrounding its surfacing, most researchers viewed it with deep suspicion. However now, for the first time, the UFO research community had been exposed to the terms "PROJECT AQUARIUS" and "MJ TWELVE." Both terms would surface again and become the subject of bitter debate.

The next major development was a real sleeper. When it went public it caused a sensation. In the late Seventies, Canadian researcher Arthur Bray had gotten access to the Canadian government UFO files. One particular document, addressed to the Controller of Telecommunications and originally classified TOP SECRET, was entitled "Geo-magnetics." Dated November 21, 1950, it was a memorandum written by Wilbert B. Smith, then a senior radio engineer with the Department of Transport in Canada. The document led to authorisation for the setting up of Project Magnet, which in part explored Smith's theory that "flying saucers" might have operated on magnetic principles. Tucked away in the three-page memorandum was the following startling information:

"I made discreet enquiries through the Canadian Embassy staff in Washington who were able to obtain for me the following information:

- The matter is the most highly classified subject in the United States Government, rating higher even than the H-bomb.
- Flying saucers exist.
- Their modus operandi is unknown but a concentrated effort is being made by a small group headed by Doctor Vannevar Bush.

d. The entire matter is considered by the United States authorities to be of tremendous significance."

Dr Bush was the most powerful scientist-engineer in postwar America. He was the US President's chief science advisor.

After extensive searching Bray found three pages of handwritten notes amongst the late Wilbert Smith's research archives. They were identified as "Notes on interview through Lt. Col. Bremner with Dr Robert I. Sarbacher", dated September 15, 1950. Bremner turned out to be the Canadian Defence Attache at the Canadian Embassy in Washington, DC. The real revelation lay in the identification of Dr Sarbacher.

Dr Robert Sarbacher, an American physicist, was a member of the US Defence Department's Research and Development Board. Sarbacher was a scientist with impressive credentials. A successful businessman and scientist, he also served as "a dollar-a-year man" — a volunteer providing time and expertise to the Defence Department, which had the ben-

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efit for him of providing prestige and a security clearance.

Wilbert Smith's notes purport to describe an exchange between Smith and Sarbacher via Bremner. It seems clear these notes were the source of Smith's 1950 TOP SECRET DOT memorandum.

Researcher William Steinman secured copies of Bray's Smith/Sarbacher material, and to his amazement found Sarbacher was still alive and that he was prepared to talk. Sarbacher sent Steinman a letter dated November 29, 1983. Its contents were remarkable.

Dr Robert Sarbacher, described by the *Saturday Evening Post* as "a boy genius" and responsible for major contributions to the technical side of winning World War II, wrote:

"John Von Neuman was definitely involved. Dr Vannevar Bush was definitely involved, and I think Dr Robert Oppenheimer also... Although I had been invited to participate in several discussions associated with the reported recoveries, I could not personally attend the meetings...

"I did receive some official reports when I was in my office at the Pentagon but all of these were left there as at the time we were never supposed to take them out of the office...

"About the only thing I remember at this time is that certain materials reported to have come from flying saucer crashes were extremely light and very tough. I am sure our laboratories analysed them very carefully.

"There were reports that instruments or people operating these machines were also of very light weight, sufficient to withstand the tremendous deceleration and acceleration associated with their machinery. I remember in talking with some of the people at the office that I got the impression these 'aliens' were constructed like certain insects we have observed on Earth, wherein because of the low mass the inertial forces involved in operation of these instruments would be quite low."

When this letter started circulating amongst the UFO research community many thought it was some sort of hoax. Jerome Clark, a sceptic about crashed saucer tales, spoke to Sarbacher. He was impressed. Here for the first time was a highly credentialled US scientist (listed in *Who's Who In America* and *American Men Of Science*) admitting to the existence of crashed UFOs and aliens!

Dr Sarbacher died in 1986. His revelations and independent evidence had a lot of people convinced that there really was something to this Ultimate Secret story.

In April 1987, a "censored" portion of the 1952 MJ12 document appeared in Bill Moore's newsletter *FOCUS*, supporting

the existence of the mysterious MJ12, which until then was known only through the controversial 1980 Kirtland Aquarius document. Many researchers took Moore's release to be of a document censored by government sources. In fact Moore had censored the document himself.

These developments frustrated many researchers. What was Moore up to? Was this some sort of hoax?

In fact it seemed Bill Moore had something else in mind. His partial release in April 1987 was ostensibly done to see if anyone else was privy to the same document. It turned out someone else was.

Early in 1987, English UFO researcher Timothy Good, while preparing a book on the alleged worldwide UFO coverup, received a copy of the document from an intelligence source, he claimed. Moore insists it did not come from himself or his research associates.

Good showed the document to Martin Bailey of the *London Observer*, which carried the story in a front page article on May 31, 1987. It was widely reprinted throughout the world and caused a sensation. Bailey began his article, "Bodies of four 'aliens' from a crashed UFO were recovered and examined by a special American Government team 40 years ago, according to a top-secret 'document' obtained by a British researcher.

"A bitter debate is now likely to develop among UFO experts over the existence of a mysterious committee, code-named Majestic-12, which is supposed to have examined the aliens."

The controversy certainly did not do Tim Good's book any harm. *Above Top Secret — The Worldwide UFO Cover-up* appeared in early July 1987 and became a best-seller.

Bill Moore and his team released their copy of the document and some other findings on May 29, 1987, indicating they had had it in their possession since December 1984! The eight-page document, bearing the classification TOP SECRET/MAJIC: EYES ONLY, is entitled "Briefing Document: Operation Majestic 12, Prepared for President-elect Dwight D. Eisenhower: (Eyes only)." It is dated November 18, 1952. The "Briefing Officer" is indicated to be Admiral Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter (MJ-1).

What does the document say? It refers to "OPERATION MAJESTIC-12" as "a TOP SECRET Research and Development/Intelligence operation responsible directly and only to the President of the United States" and states that "operations of the project are carried out under control of the Majestic-12 (Majic-12) Group."

The Majestic-12 Group is listed as: Adm. Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter; Dr Vannevar Bush; Secy James V. Forrestal; Gen. Nathan F. Twining; Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg; Dr Detlev Bronk; Dr Jerome

Hunsaker; Mr Sidney W. Souers; Mr Gordon Gray; Dr Donald Menzel; Gen. Robert M. Montague; Dr Lloyd V. Berkner.

The document indicates that Secretary Forrestal's death on May 22, 1949, created a vacancy that was filled by General Walter B. Smith on August 1, 1950. John Keel, the maverick pioneer of "gonzo" ufology (of *UFOs: Operation Trojan Horse* and *The Mothman Prophecies* fame) wrote back in 1977 that Forrestal, a brilliant administrator during the Truman administration, became emotionally unstable and allegedly ran through the halls of Washington crying that we were being "invaded" and that we couldn't "stop them." He was placed in a mental hospital. A short time later he leaped to his death from a window.

The document states that a "flying disc-shaped aircraft" crashed in a remote area of New Mexico about 75 miles northwest of Roswell. On July 7, 1947, "a secret operation was begun to assure recovery of the wreckage of this object for scientific study. During the course of this operation, aerial reconnaissance discovered that four small human-like beings had apparently ejected from the craft at some point before it exploded. These had fallen to earth about two miles east of the wreckage site. All four were dead and badly decomposed."

The debris and bodies were removed "to several different locations for study" and "news reporters were given the effective cover story that the object had been a misguided weather research balloon."

The document describes details about the dead "aliens" and suggests they be termed "Extra-terrestrial Biological Entities" until such time "as a more definitive designation can be agreed upon."

The document speculates about the origin of the craft, stating: "Mars was and remains a possibility, although some scientists, most notably Dr Menzel, consider it more likely that we are dealing with beings from another solar system entirely."

References are made to unsuccessful attempts to decipher what appeared to be writing found in the wreckage, and to determine the method of propulsion. There is reference to clandestine connections between the public USAF UFO projects Sign, Grudge and Bluebook with the Majestic-12 group, and to a second crash on December 6, 1950 on the Texas-Mexico border. Finally the document refers to a "Contingency Plan" should circumstances require public disclosure, and to "the ultimate need to avoid a public panic at all costs."

Since the public disclosure of these documents an extraordinary controversy has raged. The UFO research community is divided over the legitimacy of the Majestic-12 affair. Barry Greenwood, co-author of the 1984 best-selling book *Clear Intent — The Government Cover-up Of The UFO Experience*, and editor of *Just Cause — The Newsletter Of Citizens Against*

UFO Secrecy, labelled it all as "a grand deception and consequently a giant black eye on the face of ufology." Bill Moore dismisses Barry Greenwood's assessment as premature and "an unfortunate rush to judgement" based on "woefully inadequate armchair 'investigation'."

Leading UFO debunker Philip Klass, author of *UFOs Explained* (1974) and *UFOs: The Public Deceived* (1983), has been the most vocal critic. Klass undertook an investigation on behalf of the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal (CSICOP), which released his findings on August 20, 1987. The alleged top secret documents were referred to as "clumsy counterfeits."

"The evidence clearly shows that these are hoax documents. This represents one of the most deliberate acts of deception ever perpetrated against the news media and the public," stated Professor Paul Kurtz, CSICOP's chairman. Many journal-

6
Finally the document refers to "the ultimate need to avoid a public panic at all costs"

ists took CSICOP's news release at face value. Very few, if any, bothered to examine the responses of Bill Moore and his associates to these charges. Klass went on to publish more detailed criticisms in the CSICOP publication, *The Skeptical Inquirer*. He alleged that numerous flaws and inconsistencies in the documents prove that they are fraudulent. Some of Klass's charges seem initially compelling. In response to the criticism of Klass and others, Moore and Friedman claim that "to date, not one single point has been raised which upon competent investigation shows these documents or the information therein to be a hoax! Indeed, objections which looked damaging at first glance have later proved to be solid evidence for authenticity rather than against it."

It is clear that should the Eisenhower briefing document be conclusively proven to be authentic, then the whole Roswell incident and the affair of crashed UFOs would be given a massive boost in credibility. Bill Moore and his associates would be seen as those who delivered unto us the Ultimate Secret.

However, Moore and his associates are

allegedly in deep with this story — deeper than you could possibly think.

Now to the heart of this tale. There are three main participants — Robert Emenegger, Linda Moulton Howe, and Bill Moore, who claim they have confronted the Ultimate Secret. What follows are their stories. I have spoken to each of these people to independently secure an account of their alleged experiences.

Robert Emenegger and Alan Sandler created a fascinating TV documentary entitled *UFOs: Past, Present And Future*, which first appeared in 1974. Emenegger also wrote a book with the same title based on the TV documentary. What surprised a lot of researchers at the time was the unprecedented level of official support given to the two. However, Emenegger claims that he and Sandler were made privy to much more than was told in the documentary and the book. Their key contacts were Colonel William T. Coleman, then a Pentagon spokesman for the US Air Force and former Project Bluebook head, and Colonel Winebrenner, head of Foreign Technology, USAF.

During 1972, Emenegger and Sandler claim they were taken to Norton Air Force Base, where they were given some extraordinary information. Emenegger told me that the Department of Defence (DoD) representative detailed a bizarre story of official alien contact — a UFO landing at Holloman Air Force base in May, 1971: "I was told that three aliens disembarked from a craft that landed at Holloman in May, 1971. They spent an undetermined amount of time [ostensibly months] with some of our personnel. Exchanges were going on." Emenegger claims he saw some still frame photos, allegedly from an 800-foot movie footage claimed to have been taken of the Holloman landing. While the images on the stills were not very clear, Emenegger claims they showed the "aliens." Each alien allegedly had vertical reptilian pupils with yellow irises, hardly any chin and a large nose.

Emenegger and Sandler were told that they would eventually get the film of the Holloman landing to use in their documentary. DoD's intent, according to Emenegger, was to allow the film-makers to present the facts about the Holloman landing.

However, other developments led to the suspension of this alleged exercise. The film was confiscated under orders of Colonel Coleman. The material was returned to the AF Foreign Technology Division at Wright Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio. It was suggested the time was now not right. Washington was paralysed by the Watergate scandal. President Nixon was in a state of siege.

Despite the setback with the non-release of the official film, Emenegger and Sandler claim they were permitted to pre-

Continued on page 114



"It's for you."



SECRETS OF THEIR SUCCESS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SCHOEN

Dark and mysterious, Robyn contrasted sharply with Janine, a warm, openly affectionate, sun-bleached blonde. But they were both top sellers at their real estate office. One Friday, the ace saleswomen decided to take a well-earned break from their business in the city. Conspiring like schoolgirls, they made their excuses and headed for the beach . . .

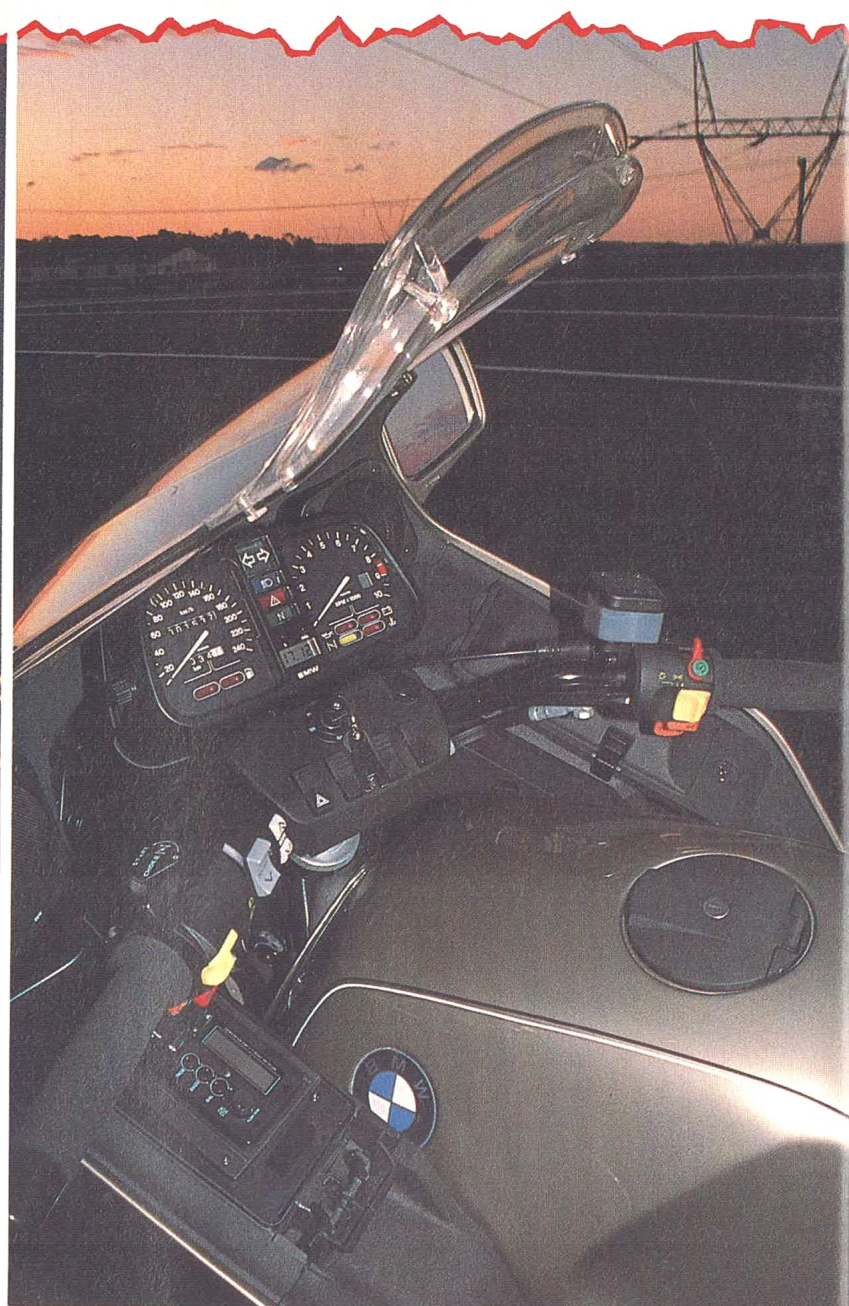
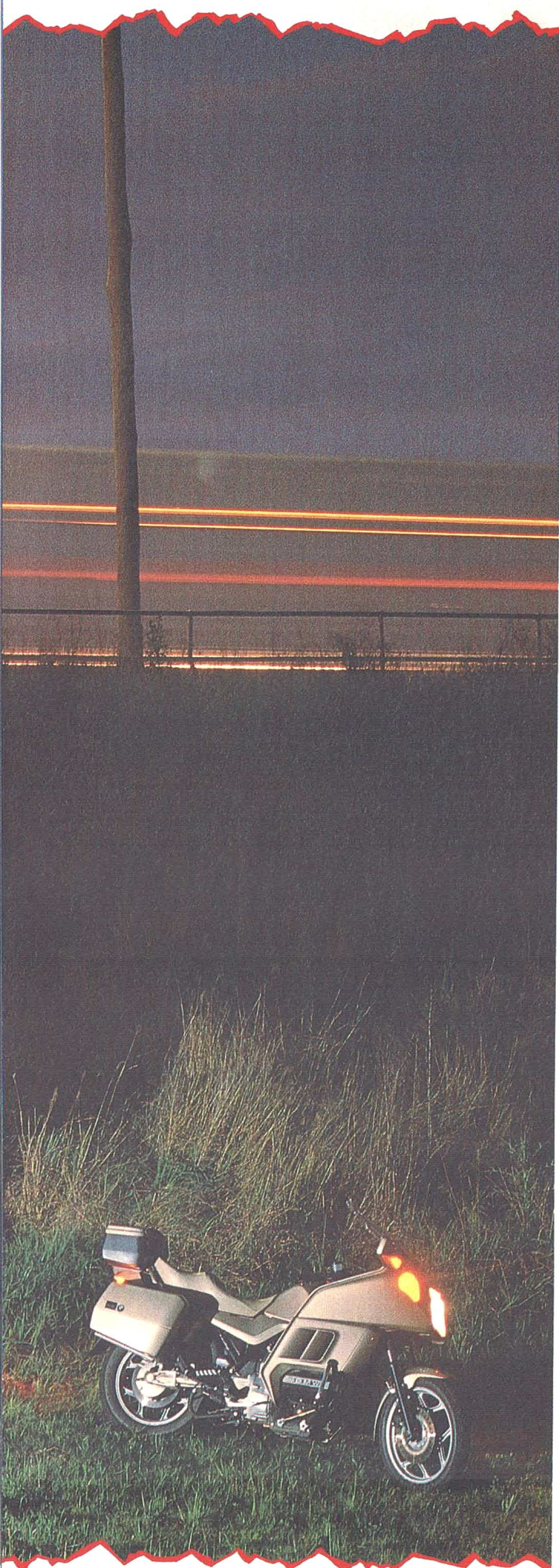


They jogged for a while, and built a little heat. As they collapsed together on the sand, Robyn reached for Janine . . .



At work they
were seasoned
pros who'd
sold a lot of
dirt. Now they
felt an electric
innocence,
breaking new
ground.





BY BILL McKINNON

HARD NOSE THE HIGHWAY

BMW's top of the line tourer offers the ultimate in two-wheel technology and comfort

Riding the 900-km Hume Highway from Melbourne to Sydney is not normally an experience to make the blood race. An over-saturation of uniformed revenue-raisers on both sides of the border turns what should be a high speed cruise into a tedious crawl. It's tolerable within the cosseted confines of a car, but a down-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHOTOBANK-ALLSPORT



right pain in the arse on most motorcycles.

But throw in a couple of interesting variables, like a cold, wet, winter night and a top of the line BMW tourer complete with AM/FM stereo cassette, and the Hume haul starts to assume the status of an interesting challenge, made all the more attractive by the fact that highway-based public servants, like bike journalists, don't usually work in the rain.

The 300 Victorian kilometres had been straightforward enough. It was a slow crawl up Elizabeth Street and out along Sydney Road, dodging Spiro leadfoots by the score and seeing people in the street stop dead to marvel at the sheer size, style and class of the big Bimmer. Just as I cleared Melbourne proper and wound the big four up to highway speed it started to rain. Typical.

The Victorian side of the Hume, especially around Broadford and the Benalla bypass, is normally littered with police waiting to bust transgressors, but on this

wet late afternoon I saw none. Most of the truckers were further north by this time, so the law had probably knocked off to count the day's takings.

Still, the night was young, so I parked the BM's speedo on 130 and settled into the evening's work.

At this speed the four cylinder, 988 cc, fuel-injected engine is silky smooth and whisper quiet. Introduced in 1983, the K-series BMW four has proven to be one of motorcycling's most successful powerplants. It offers top gear performance par excellence, pulling from as low as 1500 rpm (below 50 km/h) in fifth and, despite a narrow band of vibration at around 4000 (100 km/h), providing sheer, smooth grunt all the way to a top speed well on the high side of 200 km/h.

It's an unusual design, highly sophisticated. The in-line four is laid down on its side, with the cylinder head on the left and the crankshaft on the right, and features water-cooling, shaft drive, Bosch LE

Jetronic fuel injection and computerised ignition — basically a similarly impressive and efficient use of the sort of technology that makes the company's automobiles such formidable machines.

The K100LT, priced at \$15,970, is BMW's flagship motorcycle, designed specifically to take one or two people and their luggage as far as they want to go at speeds which most specialist touring bikes wouldn't want to know about. It's fitted with color-matched side pannier cases and a small topbox — all quickly detachable; for added storage capacity there is a compartment in the fairing and some underseat space as well. Loading the BM is simplicity itself, with no messing around strapping gear all over the bike required.

Added touches to make life as civilised as possible include soft foam rubber handgrips, a fuel level warning light which comes on when there's five litres left in the 22 litre tank, a digital clock, the best set of switches in the business, a tool kit that you

THE HIGHWAY

can virtually dismantle the bike with, a puncture repair kit for the tubeless tyres, and a small first aid kit.

Whereas most specialist tourers are designed primarily for comfort, handling and performance don't often rate too highly on their list of priorities. BMW has developed the K100LT to give the fast long distance man the best of both worlds.

As the rain continued to fall, and the freeway turned to two lanes near Euroa, my decision not to put on the wet weather gear was paying off. The fairing and wind-shield on the LT provides nearly total protection from the elements; it directs the wind and the rain above and around the rider, and as long as it doesn't bucket down, you stay dry. Your only exposure to the elements is some wind noise as the airstream just fails to clear the top of the helmet.

Metzeler tyres front and rear were handling the conditions beautifully, with the bike remaining rock solid apart from the odd slide on an occasional glassy patch. There are plenty of these around Albury, and also in the Cullerin Range near Goulburn, where the DMR's laughable repair jobs have been polished to a mirror shine by heavy truck tyres; when it's wet they can become so slippery that the back end of a bike can suddenly break traction

and snap sideways. By the time you're off the slick stuff and back on grippier tarmac, who knows where you'll be?

The golden rule is stay off the brakes and be ready to button off slightly then power on gently again when it happens. Good tyres, like the Metzeler, let go slower than inferior rubber, so there's more time to react. Apart from a brief flirt with the opposite lane the Metzeler worked perfectly all night.

Although there aren't many rutted or bumpy sections left on the Hume now, the wet conditions had created a few potholes and other hazards. The BMW, equipped with long travel hydraulic forks up front and self-levelling Nivomat suspension at the rear, disposed of these without fuss. While most motorcycles these days are equipped with firm, short travel suspension systems, which work well on the track and smooth roads but make life decidedly uncomfortable on your average less than immaculate Australian highway, BMW fits its bikes with fairly soft, long travel systems designed to provide the optimum compromise between roadholding and rider comfort.

All of the BMW K-series machines are now available with a factory-fitted anti-lock braking system. BMW ABS is an electronic system which works off sensors fitted to the front and rear wheels of the motorcycle. These sensors monitor wheel rotation, and if braking force is too large or

wheel speed is too low (ie there's a danger of locking) a computer immediately reduces braking pressure, increasing it again when the wheel is rotating in correct relationship to road speed. This cycle can operate at up to seven times each second.

It's the first time such a system has been available on production motorcycles (Honda has a mechanical equivalent in the works), and as a primary safety measure it rivals the introduction of disc brakes in significance. ABS is only available as an option on new K-series BMWs, and details are available from any BMW dealer.

In addition, the steering geometry on BMW motorcycles is biased more towards high speed stability than the capacity to change direction with a minimum of effort (all motorcycle chassis design is a compromise between these two characteristics) and as such they are first and foremost road machines, rather than racetrack weapons with lights — the latter being the dominant style of machine which has come out of Japan in the Eighties.

A wide, soft king/queen style seat has been fitted to the LT to keep the backside free from pain, and it does the job well. I normally fit a sheepskin for a bit of extra comfort on long hauls, but it wasn't being missed by the time I passed the halfway mark, and the hardened-with-the-years McKinnon butt remained content all the way to Sydney.

The riding position on the LT is just on the lean forward side of bolt upright, and with the fairing blocking the windblast completely it's simply a case of no aches or pains and a relaxed ride all the way. The footpegs are set well forward so the knees aren't bent at too uncomfortable an angle. The only complaint comfortwise is that, with a fairly heavy throttle action, a cruise control or a friction screw would be useful to relieve the right wrist occasionally.

The LT is one of the few bikes around to be fitted with an AM/FM stereo cassette (the others being Harley-Davidson's Electra-Glide and Tour Glide). While many motorcyclists would regard such an accessory as the ultimate wank, its inclusion on the K100LT suits the bike's image as the complete touring machine.

The unit is mounted vertically into the left side of the fairing, with a duplicate set of volume and radio scan controls positioned on the left side of the handlebars next to the left switchblock. Speakers are mounted on either side of the fairing, facing the rider.

It's equipped with an anti-theft code, and is easily removed by a couple of special prongs. Care needs to be taken in the rain, because while it stays dry behind the fairing at 100 km/h-plus, rain can get to it once the speed drops and the wind can no longer clear water from the fairing's edges. BMW recommends that the lockable cover be left in place when riding

Continued on page 138

HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES

CLASSIFIEDS

Ads that really pull

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JON BERKELEY

PUBLIC NOTICES

AND THE LORD

SAID: "Leave the money in a brown suitcase next to the Memorial in Hyde Park. And they were so afraid, for I still have the negatives." (Ecclesiastes 33:15-18)

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES:

Blood drive next Wednesday, Civic Centre, Renmark.

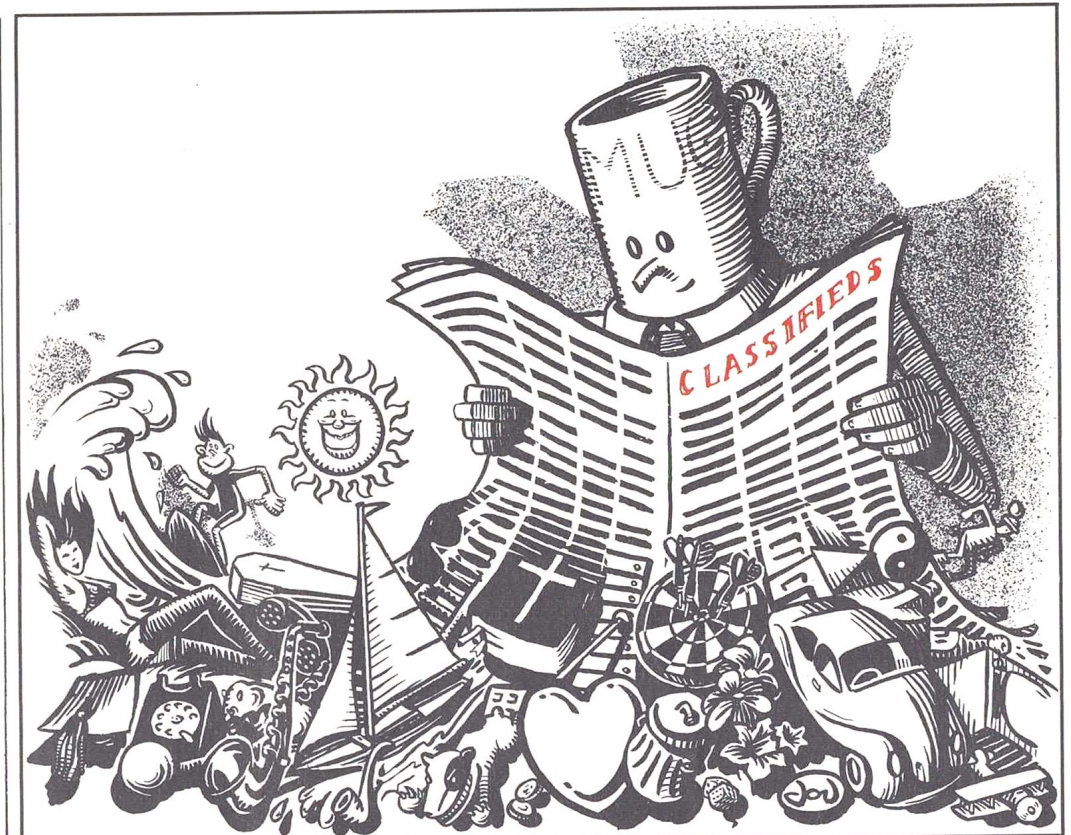
LOST in Melbourne. Pair of spectacles in blue case. Can't see a thing without them. If found, please call 6-blur-blur — I think it's a 3-blur-9 Adelaide. Adelaide ... What the fuck am I doing in Adelaide?

GOD SAID

"He that ask-eth, receiveth. Especially if he lispeeth." (Matthew 7:8). Jesus will answer if you believe. Try it. Call 123 666 and ask for Nigel.

MOSLEMS!! A must for every prayer mat! Anti-semitic whoopee cushion. Pray to Mecca then fart in the direction of Zion. Compass included. Write to: Religious Novelties, Hostage Street, Tehran

LOST. Pet sheep. Mainly white. Only distinguishing mark a dag on the right shank. Last seen wearing black suspenders and a rose behind the right horn. Answers to the name Coochie Pie. If found, call National Party Headquarters, Canberra.



POST AND TELECOMMUNICATIONS MUSEUM.

See original 18th Century mail sorting machines, some still in use at Redfern Mail Exchange! Collection of memorabilia etc, inc letters posted in 1978 we haven't got round to delivering yet. Also see *The World's Oldest Man* — he's been waiting to get through to Difficulties and Faults for 103 years. Post and Telecommunications Museum, Canberra.

VICTORIAN Women's Menopausal Association. The committee would like to apologise for the results of the raffle failing to appear in this magazine as advertised. We've run off to Brazil with all the money. Sorry about that. Winner drawn yesterday on Copacabana Beach was Mrs Prauhan, Radium Street, Geelong. She won a video. Or would have. We took that too.

FOR SALE

AIR TRAVELLERS!!

On our airline you get bigger seats, wider bodies and more room to move around inside! And that's just the stewardesses! Fly Aeroflot! (or else)

BEAT YOUR MEAT.

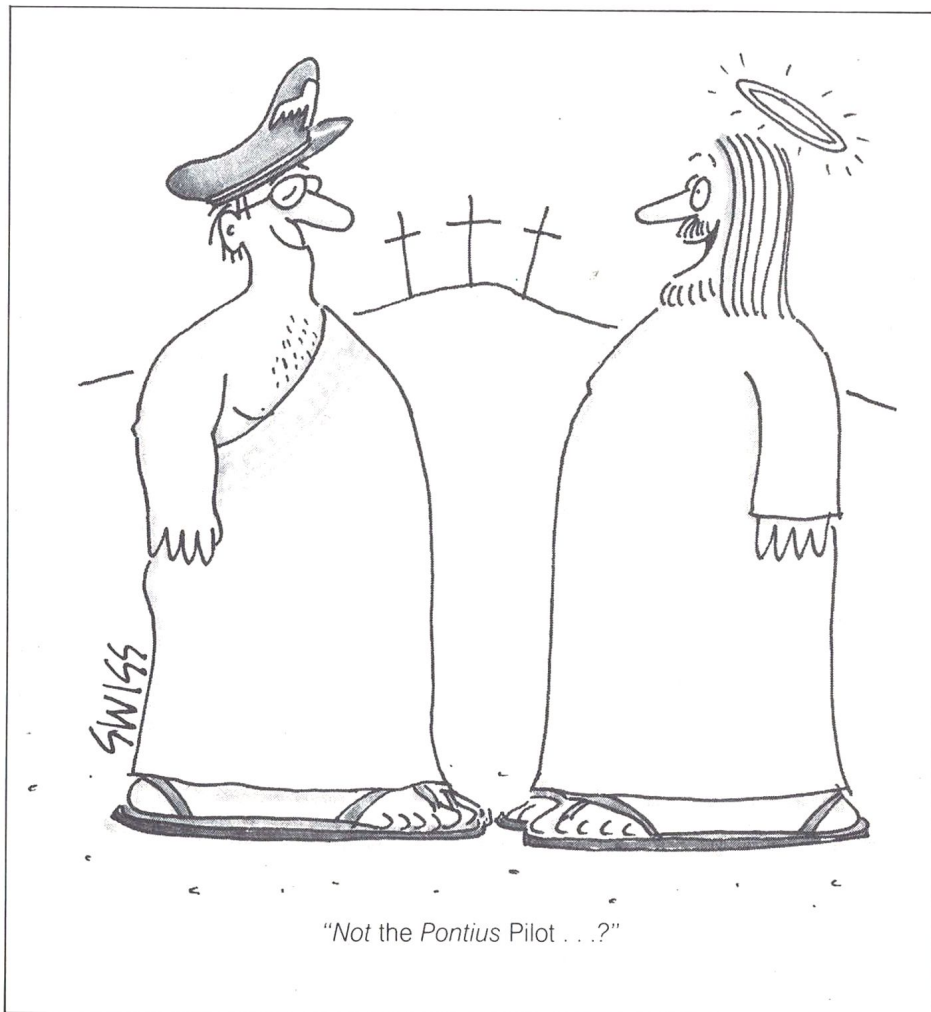
Tenderisers going cheap. Acme Clearance Centre, Darlinghurst.

THE consequences of too much drink is staggering! (This warning issued by Alcoholics Anonymous.)

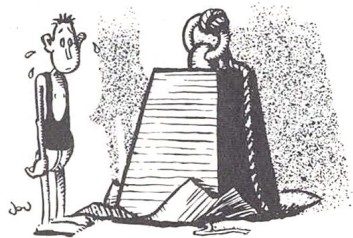


THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

Omnipresence is neither here nor there.



"Not the Pontius Pilot ...?"



WANT TO BE HUNG LIKE A NEGRO?

Want a cock like a black man? Now you can!! Complete DIY kit for the privacy of your own home. Includes pulleys, ropes and 10kg weight. Attach weight to penis and if your old fella doesn't turn black after ten days we'll send you your money back. Write to Jenny Talia, Parramatta.

TO THE LADY who removed my penis with the pinkish shears this morning at around 6.15am while I was asleep: Okay, a joke's a joke. I have a surgeon and an experienced medical team standing by. I just need to know where you threw it. Please call urgently before the ice melts. Percy c/- St Vincent's Hospital.

FIRE SALE: Due to recent holocaust we have some water-damaged budgerigars and slightly charred guinea pigs for sale very cheap. Also one dalmation with three legs (it chewed the other one off trying to get away.) Our famous talking galah, Joey Boy, is now available in urn form. Pat's Pets, Fitzroy.

GOLLY MAGAZINE — This month: Can you get AIDS from Boy George LPs? Acne And You — Why some men find big custardheads sexy! And Brooke Shields' 10 Tips on how to prevent skid marks on underwear! All in this month's issue of Golly. Out now. Golly!!

CLOSING DOWN SALE: Woodchips at bargain basement prices. Thousands of acres of rainforest must be cleared urgently to make way for important electoral job opportunities. We got rid of all the boongs but the bastards left their trees behind. Any offer considered. Call Tasmanian Wood & Pulp Liberal Company, Hobart.



MARITAL AIDS Sale!! Clitoral stimulators, broken (some with clitoris still attached), half price. Vibrators, 6-inch, 12-inch, 18-inch and Jumbo size with toothbrush at one end. Job lots. Also Stud Delay Spray — aerosol reduces sensitivity and delays ejaculation, sometimes up to five years. Also kills flies and cockroaches. Call in person to The Shag Corporation, Liverpool Lane, Darlinghurst and speak to the blow-up doll at reception.

MALE BUDDHIST wishes to sell enlightened German Shepherd. Attacks only Mormons, Jehovah's Witnesses and closet Liberals, inflicting wounds according to their karmic debt. Forced to sell as he shits on The Path.

SWAP. Life membership of Australian Liberal Party for 7/8 reversible spanner. — J.H.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES



IN A RUT? Stuck in a dead-end job? If you want a career where you really know you're alive, we have the job for you! Call Graves & Sons, Undertakers, Footscray.

GURU-IN-RESIDENCE NEEDED. Faithful followers require bearded gent, to 80 years, responsible, sober habits. Must be well groomed, beatific and have some ability to talk out of his arse. This is an important position with a growing organisation and offers an attractive salary package inc. as many vegetarian pasties as you can eat. No prudes please. Write: Orange People, c/- Ashram, Oregon State Penitentiary, USA.

PERSON REQUIRED

for position with Anti-Discrimination Board. All interested persons are invited to apply, regardless of suitability. Own car essential but consideration will be given to any person without one. Male or female person preferred. Must be over 18 or younger.

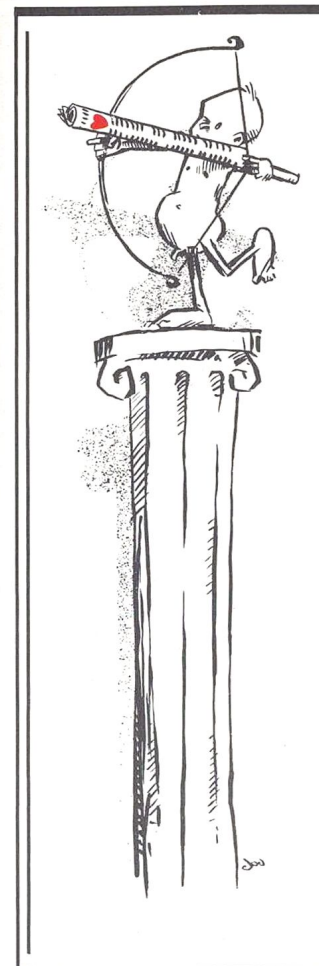
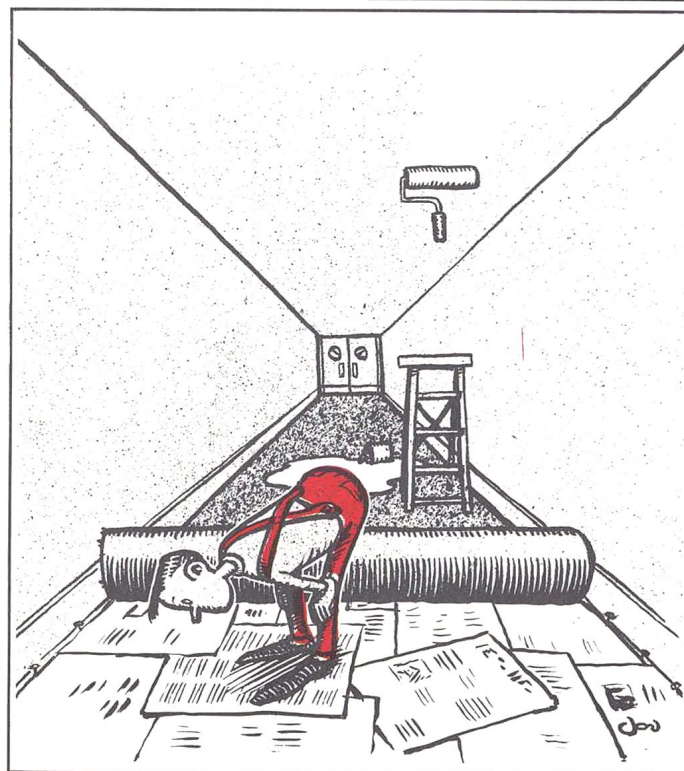
FOR HIRE

DIAL A NANNY

Nannies for hire. Little old ladies willing to be locked in attics for the weekend, made to sleep on rubber sheets or left on the porch to dribble and mutter about the Depression. Great family fun. Call Bodgie Enterprises, c/- R.H., Brisbane.

ONE-LEGGED

ACTOR with Devon accent and own parrot seeks work. Pirate roles a speciality. Also once played Lady Macbeth in an amateur production. Write: L.J. Silver, Polperro, Cornwall.



POLICIES wanted. Suitable for current Australian economic climate. Anything considered (except flat rate of tax). Top rates. Write: John Howard, c/- Liberal Party, Canberra.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE: 3 BRM, b/t on pen. Has BIRS, S/L gar. W/I DRS, B/g l/u w/i a/c cbrds. Suit anyone keen on anagrams. Sly Slvstn R/E, Mnwy Rd, Sztlwprdfgbklwrpt (the nmbr's in the bk).

PERSONAL

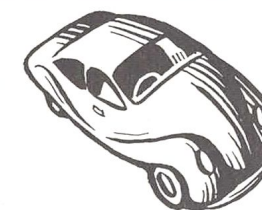
BALD, UGLY UNEMPLOYED GENT with no car, bedsit in Redfern, psoriasis, one testicle and haemorrhoids seeks friendship with slim attractive lady 20-25. Must have a sense of humor. Write Boris, c/- Post Office, Redfern.

BORED FEMINIST

wishes to meet working class male in a blue singlet who is only interested in beer and football. Must be argumentative and able to resort to violence.

BREAKAWAY Animal Liberation Lobby Society. Save the Shark, Stop Baby Funnel Web Clubbing, Prevent Potato Chipping, Say No To Numbats etc. For free bumper sticker, send \$5 to BALLS, Launceston, Tasmania.

BUSY Glebe girl, crew-cut, votes NDP even though they're no longer trendy, works for *The Morning Star*, would like to meet simple, warm-hearted girl to stay home, do the washing up and cook. Must be a feminist. Ring Les, c/- Peas In Our Time Vegetarian Restaurant, Glebe Point Road, Glebe.



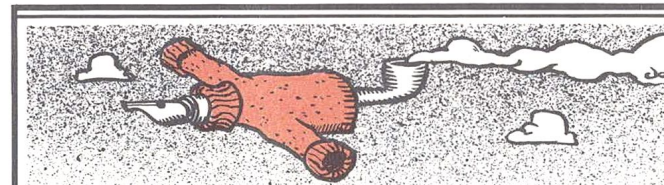
CHRISTIANS: A pilgrimage led by Bishop H. Rolla will leave Adelaide on December 24 for a short tour of Las Vegas, Bangkok, Manila and Rome. Experience the true nature of sin and then be forgiven by an expert. Optional excursion to Jerusalem for shopping. Walk in the footsteps of Christ and buy a pair of sandals!! Book now!!

SAVE MONEY!!

Be the envy of friends and neighbors!

Don't buy expensive garden ornaments — I am a genuine Aborigine with my own spear and I am willing to stand in your garden next to an ornamental pond

for a small consideration. I also have a friend who is a white dwarf. He can grow a beard if required and has his own fishing rod. Contact Morton and Shorty, Box 999, Darwin



Want To Be A Writer?

Want to wear polo-necked jumpers, tweed jackets and smoke a pipe? Become the owner of your very own profound expression? Travel the world, be adored by beautiful women and own a villa in the south of France? So do I, so send me \$500 and I'll send you a free booklet, "How To Make Pots Of Money By Writing Booklets."

— A. SCHLOCK, SCHOOL OF FINE RITING, MELBOURNE

DRINKING PROBLEMS? At our shelter there are many people who have come to seek refuge, their lives ruined by a constant need for alcohol. If you too have a drinking problem come round and we'll all get pissed together. Fallen Men's Benevolent Society, Gilbey's Lane, Darlinghurst.

GENTLE pagan femme earth cusp, poetic nature, left wing views, occult beliefs, non-smoker, wishes to meet cynical pragmatist, votes National Party, materialist, non-smoker, view arguments.



GENUINE GENT, retired, sober habits, likes gardening, reading and building corner cupboards. Wishes to meet nice sincere lady 30-50, non-smoker, preferably C of E, view sodomy.

I'M NOT GOOD-LOOKING, or sincere, and I don't believe in star signs. I'm not particularly interested in travel, food or conversation and I think mutual honesty is a load of crap. I'm not all that sensitive or caring either and the last thing I need is a sharing relationship when I've already got a mortgage and two kids to support and three new client pitches coming up next week at the agency. What I'd really like is a quickie with some blonde slut. Write: Cheryl, Creative Director, Bozo McEricsson Advertising, North Sydney.

GENTLEMEN:

I am a voluptuous blonde with large, firm breasts, long, tanned legs and an all-over tan. I am 25 and have a voracious sexual appetite. I am also a lesbian.

EAT YOUR HEART OUT FELLAS.

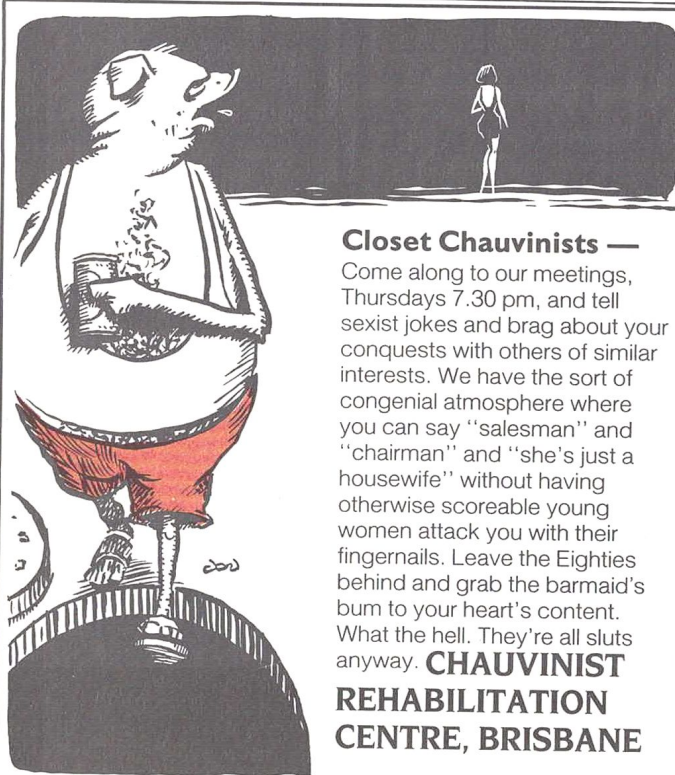
CLASSIFIEDS

LIFE'S GOOD in **PRETTY** Kundabung. There's wood to whittle, flies to swat and in the afternoon we can watch the roof warp on the Civic Centre. We're simple, happy folk who'd welcome a young female to our community for gangbangs. 1976 panel van supplied. Write to Jacko, Post Office, Kundabung.

I'M SIX FOOT TALL,

blond with blue eyes and a deeply tanned body. Friends tell me I look like Robert Redford. I love surfing, jogging on the beach, swimming, going to nightclubs, and looking in mirrors. I don't want to meet anyone, I just enjoy talking about myself.

ALEX is young, good-looking, outgoing but is too busy at work to meet a nice young lady. If you'd like to meet Alex, marry him, and then sit up at nights waiting for him to come home from the office write to: Executive Introductions, Melbourne.



Closet Chauvinists —

Come along to our meetings, Thursdays 7.30 pm, and tell sexist jokes and brag about your conquests with others of similar interests. We have the sort of congenial atmosphere where you can say "salesman" and "chairman" and "she's just a housewife" without having otherwise scoreable young women attack you with their fingernails. Leave the Eighties behind and grab the barmaid's bum to your heart's content. What the hell. They're all sluts anyway. **CHAUVINIST**

REHABILITATION CENTRE, BRISBANE

MAN with speech problems seeks understanding lady.

SERVICES



ORIENTAL GENTLEMEN!! Save money and cement old friendships. Cheap group rates for all your exotic desires. Ideal for coach parties from Osaka and boat people down on their luck. Kings Cross. Ask for Big Bertha.

RED HOT VIDEOS!!

Just released! *That's Entertainment*, features Dolly Parton with hiccups, R-rated Agatha Christie movies (everyone does it to the butler). Hottenjoosy Films, Canberra.

USUAL THING:

Single male, mid-thirties, Capricorn (for all the fucking difference that makes). Likes music, bush walks, conversation, wine etc. Believes in mutual honesty and commitment and all that shit. Wants to meet lady view mutually rewarding relationship. Must have big tits.

Write Bazza, C/- Post Office, Newcastle.

CRICKET LOVERS

with erotic fantasies catered for. The beautiful Natasha will read you the latest Test and Sheffield Shield scores while inserting a vibrator. Phone the Cricket Hot! Hot! Hotline!

EXCRETOGRAMS: It's the latest craze! Great for birthdays, divorces and random acts of vandalism. Just send us \$50 and the correct address and we will go round and shit on the lawn. Heaps of fun. Contact Anal Novelty Co, Collins St, Melbourne

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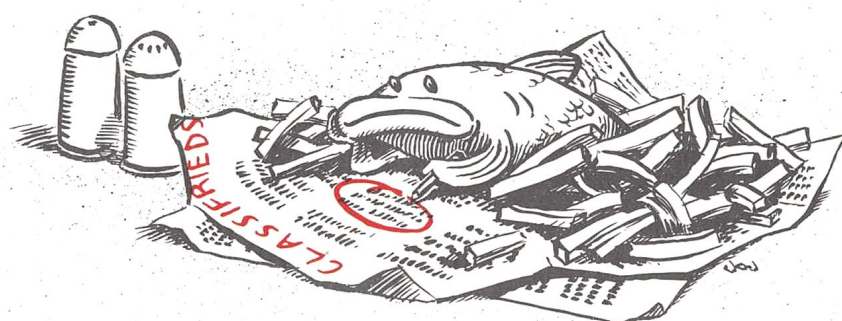
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MATTINGLY IMA 121 FR

the PALESTINE INCIDENT

Continued from page 62

"We didn't argue about these arrangements, although they seemed a little bizarre at the time. Security was pretty tight, as you can imagine.

"When we reached Royal David's City we decided to do some last-minute Christmas shopping. Caspar wanted to get the baby a pair of booties and a fluffy bunny but I said three men in our position ought to be able to do better than that. Balthazar suggested swaddling clothes, whatever they are. Then we thought about a halo-resistant bonnet, but we couldn't get any batteries. Finally we decided on a gift pack containing gold, frankincense and myrrh."

Protocol demanded that they pay an official visit to King Herod for frank and meaningful discussions before hurrying on to their clandestine meeting in the lowly cattle shed. "Much has been written about the incident but on sober reflection I consider it something of an anti-climax," Melchior writes in his book. "Joseph said Mary was pretty tired so we just popped our heads round the door, dropped off the presies and choofed off."

But Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar were not the only visitors to the stables that night. Three professional sheep supervisors were also witnesses to the incredible events that took place that evening.

We tracked down one of these sources, Ezekiel, begat of either Joshua or Daniel. Ezekiel is an old man by now, but although he is toothless and dribbles a lot he still retains a lively interest in sheep. He vividly recalls what happened that night.

"We were seated on the ground watching our flocks. It was quite dark but I suppose that's because it was night. Then, all of a sudden, I noticed a strange glow. One of the other shepherds, Jehosopha, begat of Habbakuk and Merino Shorthorn, pointed up and said: 'It's a Glory!' Well I'd never seen a Glory shine around before so I took his word for it. I must admit, it was quite impressive. And then it happened. The Angel of the Lord came down."

Mighty dread seized their troubled minds after that. Some experts have speculated that it was actually group hysteria or even a UFO. But Ezekiel is very definite about what he saw:

"I must admit I thought it was a joke at first. It was Jehosopha's birthday and when I saw this effeminate-looking bloke in the white robe with wings and everything, I thought it was some sort of kissogram. I expected him to read an insulting poem about Jehosopha's private habits and then sing 'Happy Birthday.'"

But the message the Angel of the Lord

passed on to the three shepherds was far more bizarre.

"He said his name was Gabriel and he had glad tidings and great news for us and all mankind. I thought perhaps he'd found a cure for baldness, or something. Instead he told us to go to Bethlehem and look for someone called Xavier all meanly wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a mangler. I think."

The apparition faded as soon as it had come, leaving the three shepherds afraid, bewildered and confused.

"For a start we were in Cyprus. We'd never heard of any place called Bethlehem. We didn't even know what swaddling clothes were. Jehosopha didn't want to go. 'Who does this bloke think he is?' he said. 'Jesus Christ?'"

"I must admit it did seem like a lot of trouble to go to. You would have thought his dad could have just put a notice in the paper, same as everyone else."

6
The incident
has attracted
the sort of public
hysteria reminiscent of
the Lindy Chamberlain
case
9

Despite Jehosopha's objections, the three shepherds finally decided to make the trip to Bethlehem. "We thought we might as well," Ezekiel explains. "After all, being shepherds and working late and everything, you don't get invited out all that much. We thought if we didn't go, we might not get asked again."

"Gabriel had told us we'd find the babe a-lying in a mangler but by the time we got there he was in third grade. Doing quite well too, I believe, especially in debating and religious studies."

"If you ask me Mary and Joseph made a terrible fuss over that boy. They made him think he was something special. Still, it was none of our business. We had a quick look through his baby photos, made all the right noises, passed on our regards and left. Oh, and it wasn't a mangler, it was a *manger*. Evidently it's something you put straw in, to feed cattle. You'd think Joseph being a carpenter and everything he would have built him a proper cot."

The only other person known to have prior knowledge of the events taking place that night was the local government ad-

ministrator, Herod, now a divorce lawyer in Toorak.

He denies having ordered the execution of children: "There's been a lot of unsubstantiated rumors in the media about this. But there's no way I was going to get involved in something like genocide. In fact I voted against it at the 39th Roman Empire Party Conference in Gaul."

But Herod does admit to having met the Three Kings just before the night of the 24th.

"Yes, but I had to meet a lot of government officials in my position. I remembered they showed up at the palace asking to see the King of Jews so I had my secretary show them in. They were all called Magi, which was pretty confusing. Funny name. Even for an Oriental bloke."

"We had a cup of coffee, chewed the fat for a while, issued a joint statement to the press and that's the last I heard of them."

"We definitely didn't discuss genocide. And there was no genocide during my term of office. Not to my knowledge, anyway. Perhaps one of my subordinates might have taken it upon himself to order some, but it was done without my prior knowledge or consent. That sort of thing can happen, you know."

So what does it all mean? What really happened that night in that obscure Middle Eastern city?

It is hard to sift fact from fiction. The incident has attracted the sort of sensationalist reporting and public hysteria reminiscent of the Lindy Chamberlain case. Even today the incident is mentioned in the same breath as Santa Claus, mistletoe, Good King Wenceslas, pine trees, turkeys and even Charles Dickens.

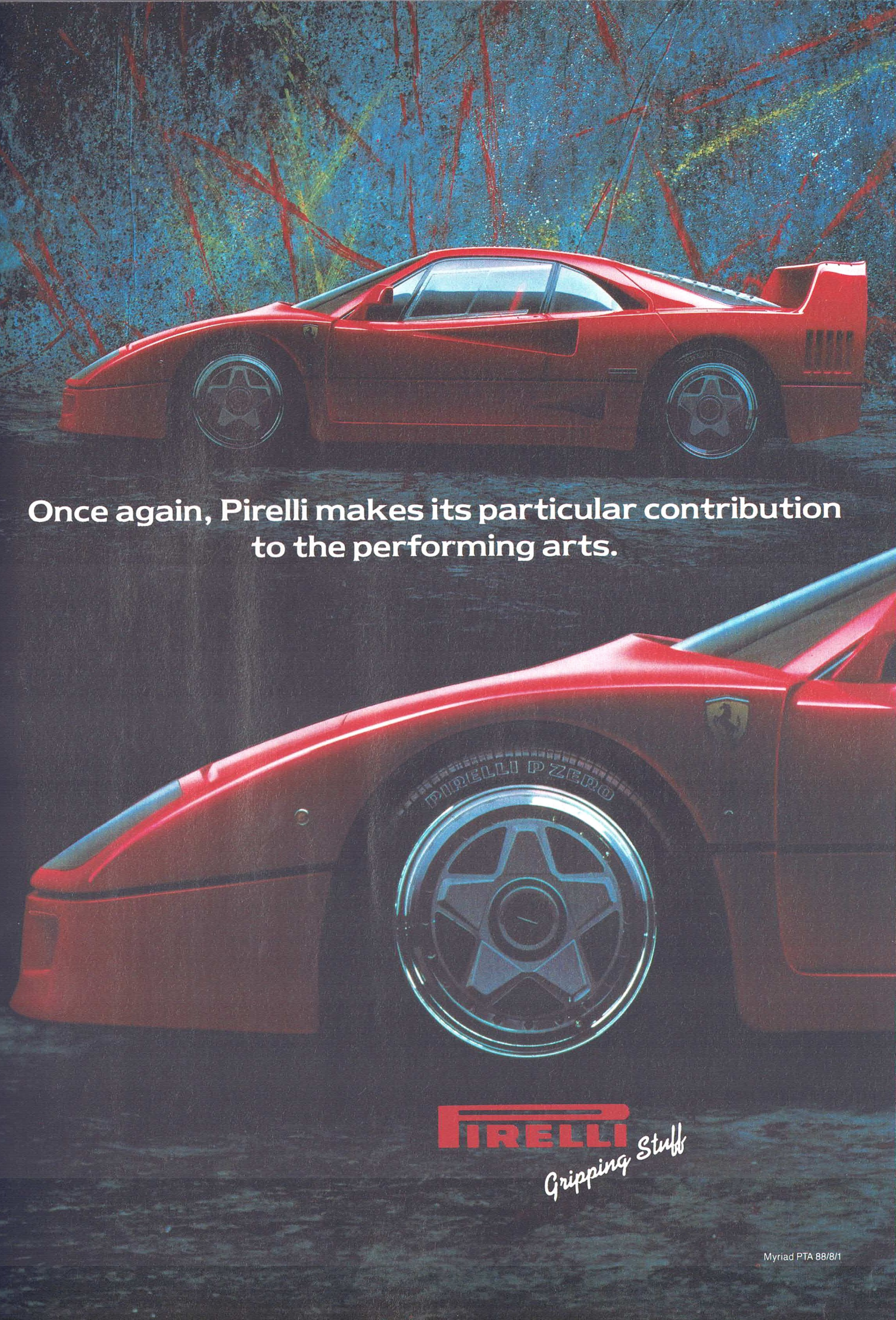
So many questions remain unanswered.

- Was Wenceslas one of the Three Wise Kings — and if not, is he relevant?
- Why is it always snowing in Christmas cards?
- What did the infant Jesus get for Christmas?
- If the child was the Son of God why did He have Him adopted?
- How did the fairy get on top of the Christmas tree?

These questions may never be satisfactorily answered. But one thing is certain: the real villain of the Christmas story is not Herod, who merely practised genocide — the effects of which are usually short-lived anyway — but Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar.

Yes, in the final analysis, those three smug old men have a lot to answer for. Because if you're wondering where all this crass commercialism came from, look no further than these supposedly Wise Men who initiated the practice of giving expensive gifts and damned the rest of us to an eternity of doing the same.

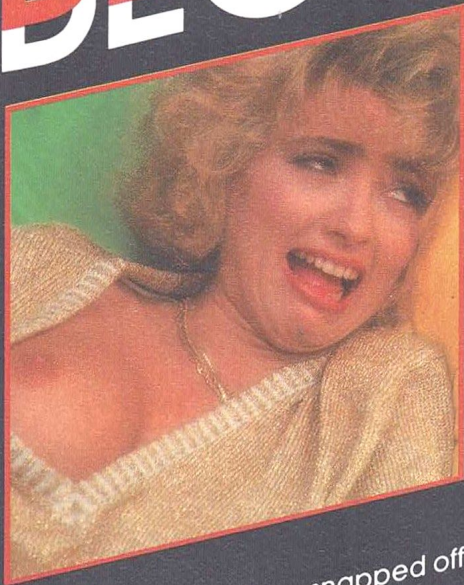
Caspar baby. Melchior, you klutz. Balthazar, you nong. Couldn't you have just sent a card? ☹



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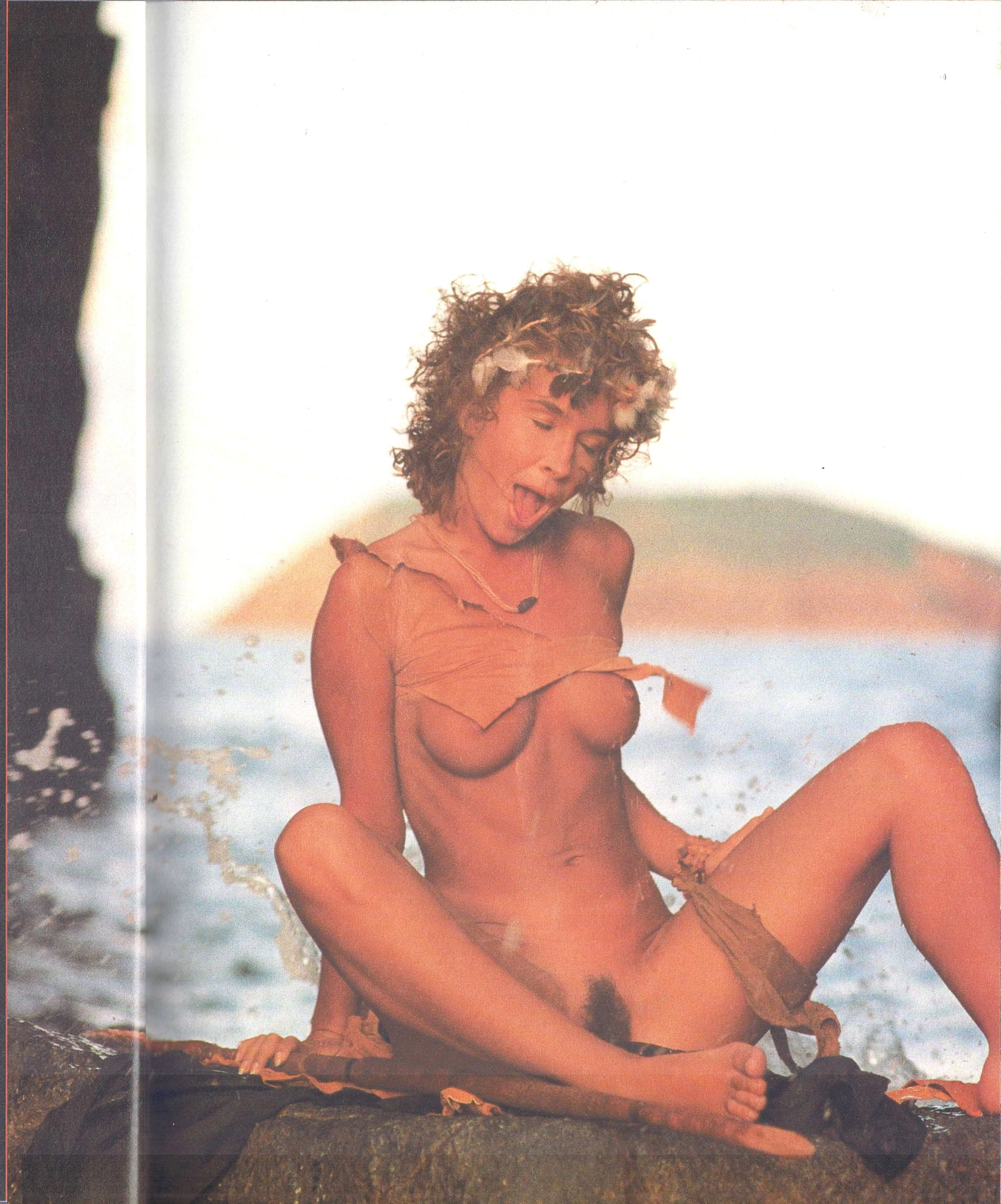


In the field
of nude
photography
there can
be many a slip
'twixt cups
and lips

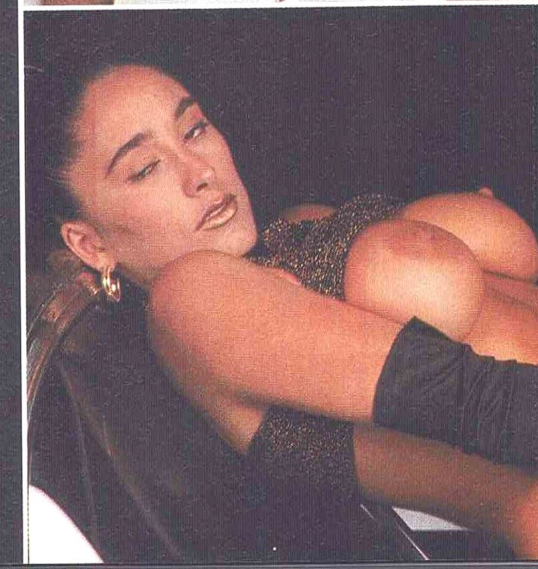
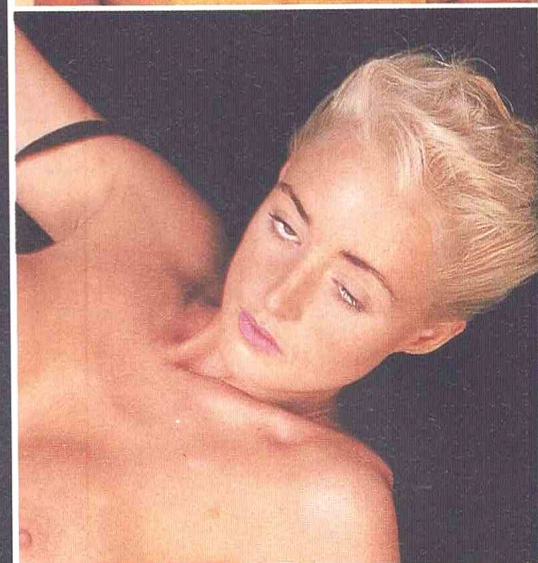
We've all done it — snapped off a roll of 36 and paid for the results, only to find that we've taken at least half a dozen duds. Eyes closed in a couple of shots, stupid expressions in a couple more and all those studied attempts at photographic avant-garde that turn out to be more fart than art...

In the tricky realm of sensuous nude photography the amateur's chances of failure are multiplied tenfold, and in this game a bum shot really is a bum shot. Even the professionals have their share of duds and the Penthouse photographers are no exception. Then, when you consider that an average of 1400 shots are taken of each centrefold model, the odds are that there'll be plenty of also-rans destined for the cutting room floor — or, in the case of the outright silly, the infamous Penthouse Bloopers file.

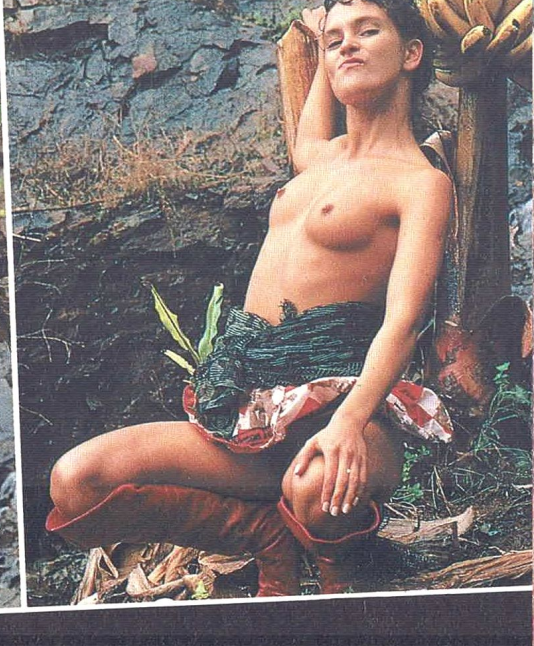
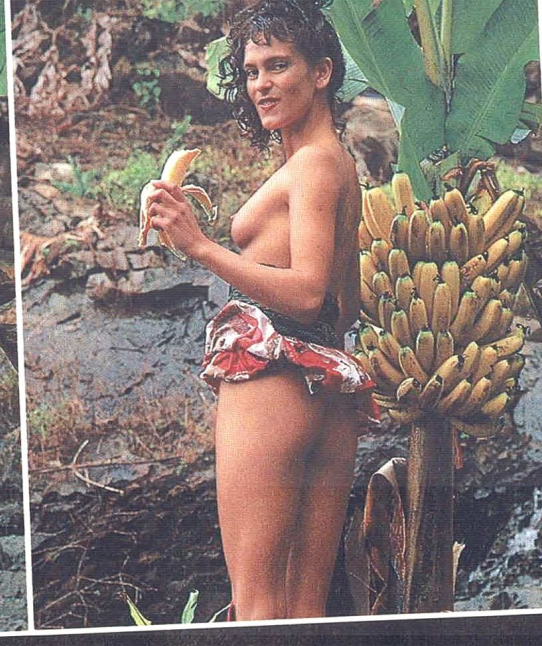
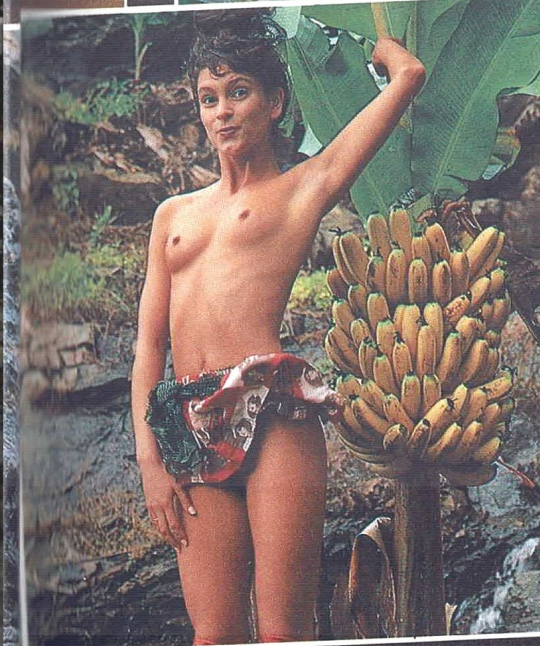
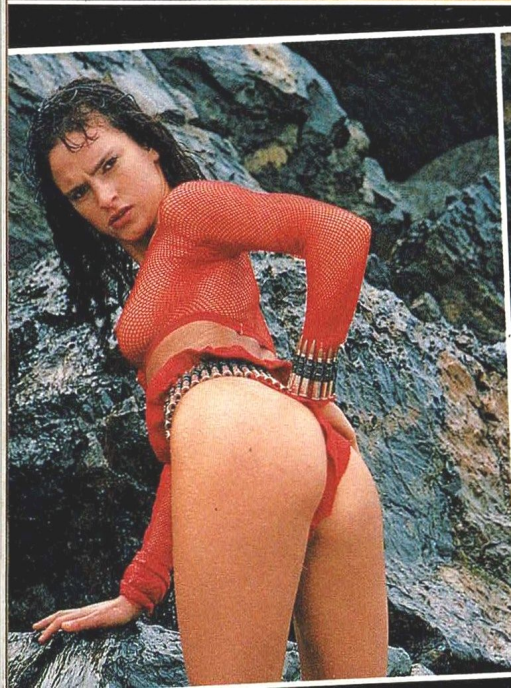
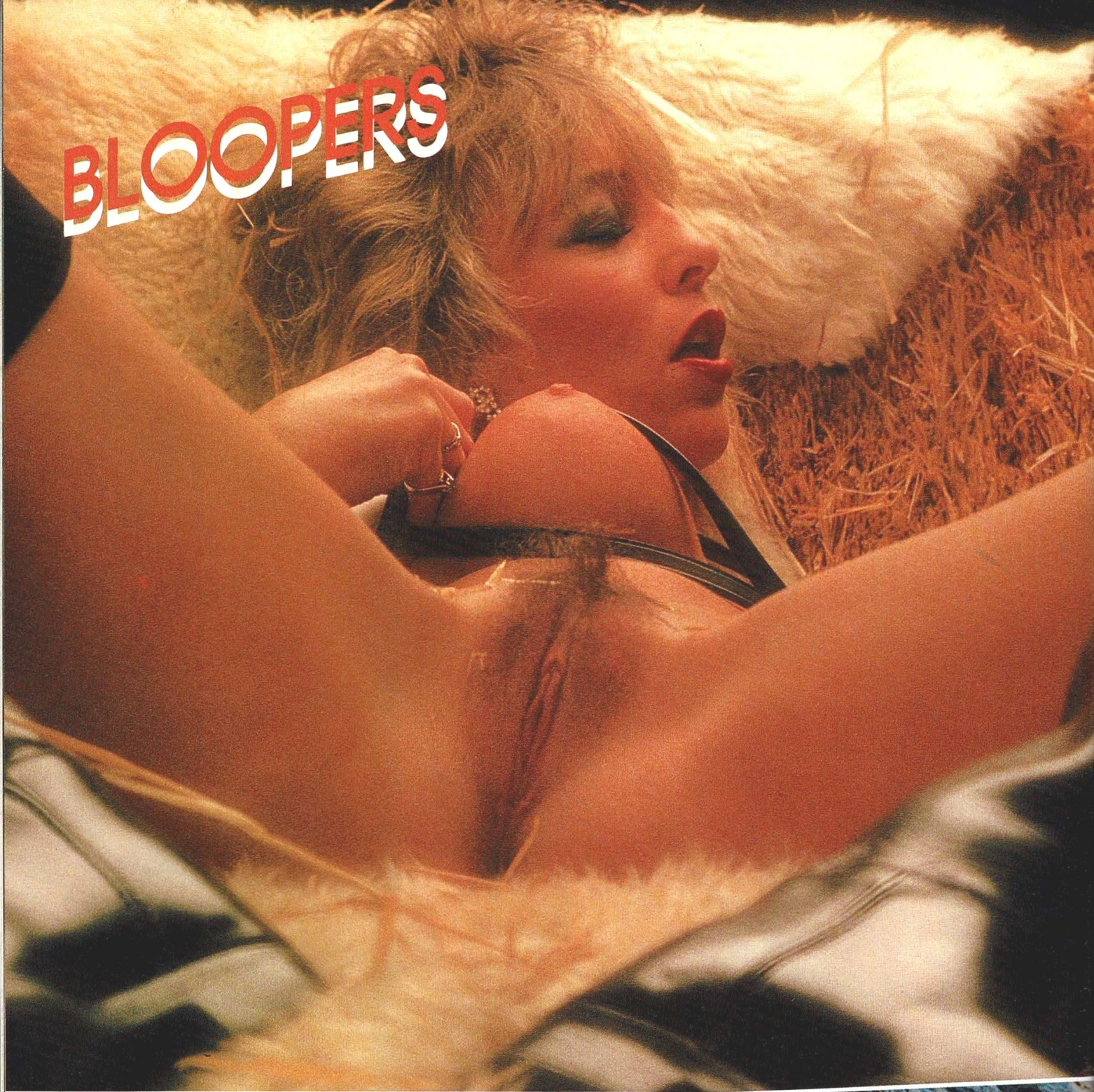
Containing the best of the worst shots ever taken for Australian Penthouse, this foul file has heretofore been closed to public scrutiny. But this month, against our better judgement and in the face of vicious threats from young women with long fingernails, we throw it open for your inspection. Let these photographs stand as a warning to all of the hazards of the motordrive camera and as testimony to those adventurous photographers who bravely posed their models as no nude models had been posed before... and failed ridiculously.



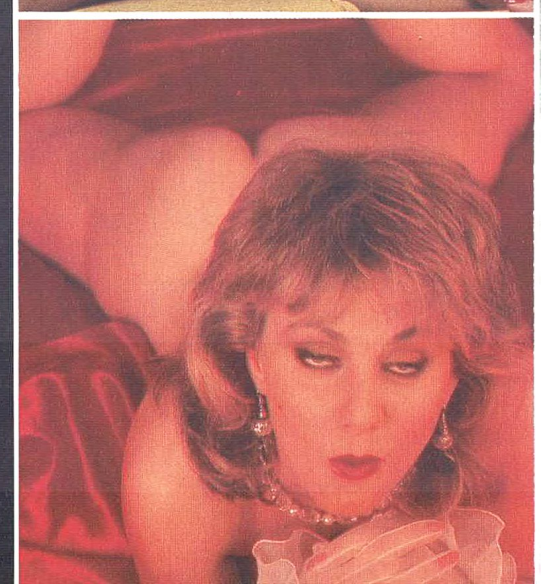
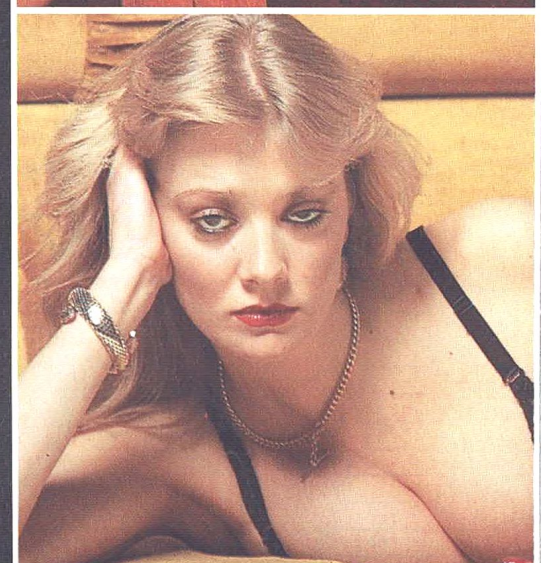
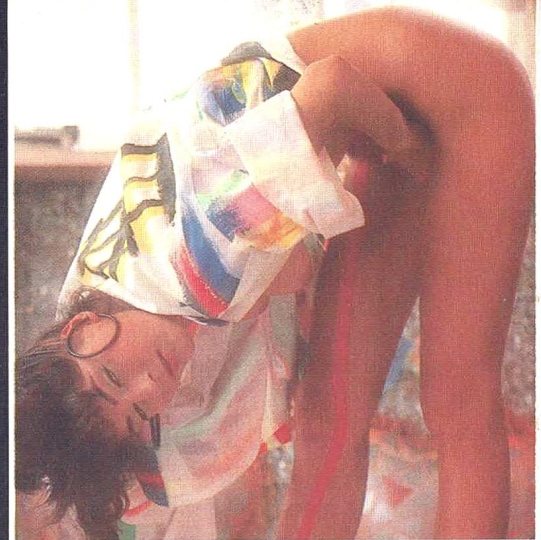
BLOOPERS



BLOOPERS



BLOOPERS



BLACK CLOUD

Continued from page 40

choice, along with booze; pills and smack are frowned upon. In a nice refinement of the Maori *hongi* — the traditional rubbing of noses and exchanging the breath of life — the Blacks like to give each other "shotguns", blowing the smoke of a joint into each other's mouths.

It doesn't matter that I am an unknown white man in a private club jam-packed with the meanest-looking crew since *Mad Max II*. Maori hospitality decrees that my only responsibility is to keep up the handshake routine and stay on my feet while taking as many shotguns as possible and consuming vast amounts of alcohol. These people know how to have a good time, and no-one could give a shit if I say anything sensible or not all evening. (As it turned out, I didn't. And it was a very long evening.)

I went there to meet Rei Harris, the charismatic 36-year-old National President of Black Power. Harris runs a demolition company out of Black Power HQ and employs several of his boys in the business. Like most of the bros, he's built like a brick shithouse and although he stands around five feet six, his reputation as a scrapper is such that no-one dreams of messing with him. Harris is also renowned for his coolness under pressure and snappy sense of

humor. He's the kind of guy you want standing next to you when the bullets start to fly. At the same time, he's a gentle, softy-spoken man who radiates warmth and goodwill. He inspires intense loyalty and respect among the bros, and his presidency has never been challenged.

An indication of that respect is that Harris managed to impose a blanket ban on gang rape back in 1977. The ban has stuck despite the fact that Maori men commit more than half of all rapes in New Zealand. Harris plans to have the three stars tattooed on his face — gang shorthand for years spent inside, and a powerful source of *mana* — removed shortly. He did the time for a rape conviction back in the Seventies. Clearly he has done a lot of thinking since then, and that's reflected in the direction he has taken for Black Power.

In recent years the gang has become considerably less inclined toward senseless violence. The days of massive confrontations with the Mongrel Mob — the sworn enemy — every Thursday and Friday night in towns around the country are gone. "In the past," says Harris, "if any of our chapters were in trouble, we'd all go up and defend our boys. Now we find if there's a problem in a town it's much easier to let them defuse it themselves, rather than take six carloads up there. Most of the time it's a trivial thing."

To an outsider, it seems important that the feud with the Mongrel Mob be ended

once and for all so that the bros can get on with advancing the cause of Maoridom. Harris doesn't see it that way — "this warrior attitude has been imbedded in us" — but he recognises that "what would fix this whole set-up, this system, would be if all Maori gangs united at the top level. Okay, there's going to be a corruption of it somewhere along the ranks — but if there's unity at the top level, it can happen."

Would such a development fuel white fears and lead to a violent backlash from racist gangs and *Pakehas* generally? "It's been interpreted that way by the media in the hope they can trigger it off. But they're just guessing. That simply won't happen."

As far as Harris is concerned, politics is the way to go. The issues, in a nutshell, are Maori unemployment and the cancellation of the Contract Labor Scheme which provided gang members with jobs; police harassment of gang members under proposed new legislation similar to Australia's unlamented consorting laws; the consumption tax on alcohol, cigarettes and food, which hits the Maori especially hard; the establishment of a bilingual education program throughout the school years; and compensation for the land and resource rip-off of the past. "Our new slogan, 'The ballot, not the bullet', really means that in the past we reacted violently to anything we disagreed with. But we know that there are 100,000 Maoris who don't vote. If we can get each of our members to sway five other Maoris in their families, and those people do the same, we could have a significant impact." The objective is to show a massive upsurge in support for the Maori party, Mana Motuhake. "I can't see it ever becoming a power in Parliament, but we'll give the other parties a hell of a scare, which may lead them to come and ask us what it is we want, what's needed for our people."

Harris sees Black Power as the leading Maori gang, and believes "it's only a matter of time before the others follow suit. Things like the banning of gang rape will come as they mature. They're probably about six years behind us... They must fall into line in six to ten years' time." Meanwhile, the Black Power "pres" keeps in contact with "some Mongrel Mob leaders who've got a bit upstairs — a very select few."

The prospect of Black Power bros actually standing for Parliament seems a long way removed from the public image the gangs have cultivated during the past two decades. The history of New Zealand's gangs is a colorful one, dotted with incidents ranging from the amusing to the bizarre to the sickeningly violent. It's a saga at least as over-the-top as the antics of the American biker gangs that inspired it, and in some ways as sad and as senseless as its modern American counterpart, the gang wars in East Los Angeles. 

Continued Next Month

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UFOs:

Continued from page 87

sent the Holloman landing as a hypothetical event in both the film and the book of *UFOs: Past, Present And Future*.

Linda Moulton Howe, an independent film and TV producer, was asked to do a documentary on UFOs for Home Box Office (HBO) to be entitled *UFOs — The ET Factor*. Linda Howe had heard some of Emenegger's story. She wanted him to talk about it in her documentary. Emenegger told her, upon checking with his DoD sources, that he was not allowed to talk. Howe then set about pursuing other UFO leads. As a consequence, on April 9, 1983, Linda Howe flew to Albuquerque to meet with AFOSI Special Agent Richard Doty, the author of some of the FOIA-released Kirtland UFO documents of 1980. Doty had apparently indicated that he was willing to talk about a controversial alleged UFO case. According to Linda Howe, it turned out that Doty wanted to talk about something else entirely.

Doty, according to Howe, confirmed the Holloman landing, but told her that the May 1971 date given to Emenegger was a "bullshit date" and that April 25, 1964 was correct. He also indicated that the landing had been anticipated and film coverage was extensive, including three aliens

emerging from the UFO.

At Air Force Office of Special Investigations (AFOSI) headquarters at Kirtland AFB, out of Albuquerque, Linda Howe claimed that Doty handed her material and asked her to shift to a seat in the middle of the office. She began reading — "A Briefing Paper For The President Of The United States Of America On The Subject Of Unidentified Flying Vehicles" (Howe was not sure whether it said "flying" or "aerial"). No date or particular President was specified.

Doty said his superiors had ordered him to show her the briefing paper. She could read it but could not take notes or a copy.

The document revealed extraordinary things. It described a series of UFO crashes at Aztec and Roswell, New Mexico, Kingman, Arizona, and Mexico, and the retrieval of UFOs and their occupants. The "aliens" were "EBEs" or "Grays" — slightly over a metre tall, grey-skinned and hairless, with oversized heads, large eyes, and no noses (in fact rather different from the entities Emenegger was allegedly made aware of).

The document described two crashes near Roswell, one in 1947 (as already described) and another in 1949. From the latter event, an alien survived and lived in custody at Los Alamos from 1949 until it died on June 18, 1952. An air force Captain (now a retired Colonel) was the alien's constant companion. The alien was subsequently designated EBE-1, as two others came on the scene. EBE-3 was allegedly still living at an American base, the document read.

There was allegedly an outline of information learnt from EBE-1. The aliens were from a nearby solar system and had been here on Earth for many thousands of years. They were responsible for biologically engineering human evolution. They also helped shape our religious beliefs. Some 2000 years ago, they created beings to be placed on Earth to help teach Homo sapiens love and non-violence. Sound familiar?

The final page of the alleged briefing paper gave an outline of the history of official public UFO projects and concluded with a list of some current clandestine UFO projects, namely SIGMA (communication with extra-terrestrials), SNOWBIRD (ET craft technology and efforts to fly one ostensibly left in military custody by the ETs as a "gift") and AQUARIUS (the overall co-ordinating project controlling research and contact programs).

Doty allegedly told Linda Howe that 68,000 feet of film of the Holloman landing and of EBE-1 would be made available for her proposed documentary. Doty also referred to "MJ-12" and said that it stood for "Majority-12."

In the end, no historical UFO footage was released to Howe and Home Box Office. Doty and other government contacts that had been established withdrew from

their liaisons with Howe. By November 1984, the contacts had ended.

In 1980 Bill Moore was promoting his book *The Roswell Incident* (co-authored with Charles Berlitz) and continuing research into the affair. Some overtures were made to him at that time. After meeting with an officer from Kirtland Air Force Base, Moore was thrust into a clandestine world steeped in cloak and dagger intrigue. Contact was made with an officer at an air force base, who was to become his principal contact. He indicated he was fronting for a group of people who wanted the UFO cover-up to end.

Moore was given the 1980 Kirtland Aquarius "retype" document, which introduced the terms MJ-12 and Project Aquarius. For two years Moore pursued the tales his "deep throat" sources told him. They then told him to tell their story on film. Moore only knew one film-maker — Jaime Shandera. After telling him the whole story, Shandera wanted in. He brought in a friend, a CBS producer, who in turn hired an investigator.

Contact was established with a group of ten people from within the US military intelligence community. Moore and Shandera had to play by the group's rules. Both men had met these people frequently enough on military bases to enable them to confirm they were who they said they were.

It was a long, drawn-out and frustrating saga, punctuated by clandestine information drops and rendezvous in the best spy novel tradition. Much of the story told by this group was consistent with what Linda Howe claims she was told by AFOSI Special Agent Richard Doty. It would seem, though, that Moore and Shandera's story developed entirely separately. Moore has consistently denied that Doty was one of his sources. He characterised Doty as only a minor player in this Ultimate Secret game.

The sources told Moore and Shandera about two UFO crashes — one at Roswell in 1947 and the other on the Texas-Mexico border in 1950. They were also told about EBE-1, who was the "mechanic" on a craft that went down in 1949. The location was not identified.

The Roswell crash of 1947 led to the setting up of MJ-12, identified by the sources as "Majestic-12." The Holloman landing was mentioned and dated as April 26, 1964. From 1964, the sources alleged that the NSA ran Project SIGMA.

In December 1984, a parcel arrived at Sandera's home. Inside it was a roll of undeveloped film. Upon developing, the Eisenhower briefing document was revealed. The various contacts talked about the information that was in it, but never admitted to being the sources of the film.

In February 1987, Moore's and Shandera's most intimate contact, identified as "Falcon", was videotaped by the

Continued on page 160

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BIG CITY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Penthouse diehards might recognise the memorable charms of Amanda Wolfe, the "Bright Light" from last year. Things are taking off for Amanda since she took it off in her introduction to the *Penthouse* whirl — and she's welcome back to show another side to her . . .





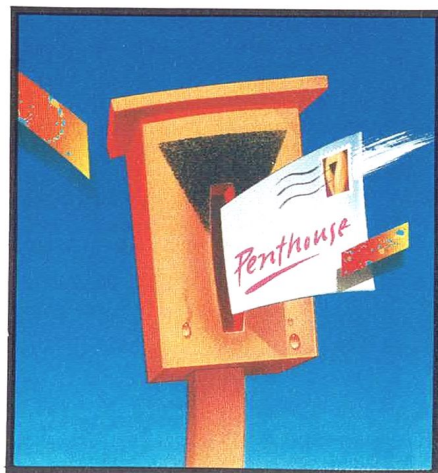
Amanda's
enjoying the
feeling of being
part of city life
after her
backwater
upbringing.
She says she
never gets
tired or bored
while ever
there are faces
changing
around her.





"There is more than one side to me, anyway," she says. "On one hand, I'm quite reclusive, but on the other hand I'm quite the social butterfly looking for a place to land . . ."





FORUM

Continued from page 16

to eat her pussy. Jo went rigid, moaning incoherently as orgasms raced through her. She locked her thighs tight around Sarah's head and she must have come for a full minute.

"God that was great. Fucking fantastic. Why have we waited so long?" Jo had a smile from ear to ear as she finally regained her breath. Sarah stood up and looked at me.

"Think you can stop shaking long enough to help me out of this dress?" I stumbled to my feet, my knees threatening to give way at any moment. Slowly I raised the dress off her head, my delight becoming even greater as her body came fully into view. She, too, was clad in stockings, garter belt and cut-away bra, only hers was red, trimmed around the edges

with black lace. I needed a scotch in the worst way, so I poured fresh drinks for us all.

"The best is yet to come, lover, so get out of them clothes and let's do it." I quickly tore my clothes off, not caring if they got ripped in the process. I found myself pushed down on to the floor. Jo got between my legs and took my almost bursting cock in her mouth. Sarah lowered herself down on my face as Jo gave an exhibition as to why she is the best cock-sucker in the world. With Sarah grinding her cunt into my face and Jo trying her best to choke herself on my cock, it was only a few minutes until I came with such force I had concern for the safety of Jo's head. Sarah wasn't far behind me, grinding her cunt hard into my face as she flooded me with her juices, screaming as her body shook uncontrollably. Slowly we all calmed down, finishing off our drinks.

"The bed is much more comfortable. Let's go," Jo said as she took Sarah and me by the hand, leading the way to the bedroom. We relaxed on our queen size bed.

The atmosphere was so electric I was hard again already and I lay back as both girls tried to outdo themselves as they sucked me to another mind blowing orgasm.

I lost track of the number of times we sucked and fucked. We must have covered every position in the book, and quite a few that aren't. When we woke up Sunday morning, we did it all again. It took Jo and Sarah almost two hours to convince me to let Sarah move in with us. After all, I couldn't give in too easily, could I? — Name and address withheld

Parents and friends association

Our daughters were in the same class at school. They'd become quite friendly and would often spend their spare time together. As a result we'd got to know each other as acquaintances do. Occasionally I'd see her at the club and always made a point of talking to her to commiserate with her on the recent break-up of her marriage. I let her know I would always be there to lend a sympathetic ear. I wasn't exactly making a move (though few would blame me if I did — she was gorgeous) but I let her discreetly (I hope) know I was interested if she was.

Cherie was perhaps five feet tall, with sun-bleached brown hair, a face that exuded a naive coquettish charm and, fair dinkum, the cutest little arse you could hope for. Cherie called one night and invited my daughter Alicia over to her place after school the next day.

"I'll pick her up at five," I promised. (I always made a point of promising to pick Alicia up).

"Could you make it 4.30?" she replied. Of course I could.

I arrived at Cherie's home at 4.29pm precisely the following day. She answered the door dressed in a bikini top and a loose fitting floral skirt. Her hair was wet and clung to her sun bronzed shoulders.

"Oh hi, Mark," she enthused. "The kids are at my mum's. She should be dropping them off any moment now." I was invited to wait, my mind racing. Should I make a move? Was I misreading her signals? Was she giving me the come on or simply being friendly? I decided not to die wondering. The coffee was served in deafening silence. Cherie was very nervous. That gave me the confidence to go for broke.

"When's your mother dropping off the kids?" I asked, shattering the silence.

"Actually Jenny's staying with her for dinner," she replied blushing. "I was sort of hoping Alicia might too."

Sure she could. I rang my wife and gave her some no doubt ingenious (though at this moment eminently forgettable) alibi. Cherie rang her mother to confirm our children's dinner date. Deftly I slipped my hand up her skirt. She never missed a beat talking to her mum, but the look she gave me would have frightened Mike Tyson. I couldn't have removed my hand quicker if I'd put it on a hot stove. I backed away but Cherie beckoned me toward her. She reached out her arm. "Yes mum," she droned. "I'll pick them up at seven." She grabbed my hand and almost violently thrust it back up her skirt. I almost shot my load there and then. (But I'm glad I didn't.)

My eager fingers quickly found their goal. Cherie was wearing panties but fortunately (though judging by the course of events so far, not unexpectedly) they were crotchless. Her cunt juices flowed as I probed. "Yes Mum, I'll remember" ... and probed ... "I know he is." Three, maybe four fingers slipped easily inside her. I fell

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FORUM

to my knees and with my free hand lifted her dress, tucking it into the elastic of her panties. "I'd better go, Mum" she said in a voice so calm I was slightly taken aback. I glanced up at her; she was staring straight at me, her eyes burning into mine. I looked away and before me now was the cutest arse I'd ever seen. My manhood throbbed as I began to nibble gently on that gorgeous flesh. I spread the cheeks of her arse and began tonguing her little hole. "I'd better go now, Mum," she almost sighed before hanging up.

She remained motionless, my tongue exploring every crevice of her crack. While I was licking under her buttocks she removed her skirt and bikini top. I backed away to enjoy the view. She turned, breasts like ripe apples with nipples protruding like strawberries.

She knelt before me, undoing my zipper and removing the shaft of my manhood. I was as hard and as throbbing as I had ever been. We kissed (passionately is somewhat of an understatement). Our tongues explored each other's mouths like caged lions finally free of their confines.

She continued to rhythmically stroke me before pulling away and placing her hot moist mouth over the head of my cock. I knew I was about to explode. Somehow she managed to force her hand between my thighs and cup my brimming balls. As she felt them emptying she squeezed them hard and manoeuvred a finger into my anus. My orgasm shuddered on for what seemed like minutes. As my passion subsided she looked up at me and opened her mouth wide to reveal my come, then she swallowed hard and kissed my face. Her pussy tasted as sweet as she looked. She pulled at my hair, moaning continually. I rolled her off me and moved down between her legs. I pulled her flaps apart and searched for her clit with my tongue. I nibbled it, sucked it, licked it, stroked it.

"Yes," she moaned. "Oh more, God, David never did it like that. Please don't stop. Eat it, eat it. I think I'm coming!" I sucked and nibbled on that clit as hard as I dared. She screamed (I mean *screamed*) as her cunt overflowed with juices and gushed down her thighs.

I began licking her thighs and knees. "You're the first man I've had since David and I split," she whispered. "But he never went down on me like that. That was fucking unbelievable!"

I couldn't have cared less if she was bullshitting me (as I had no doubt she was). I couldn't get enough of her. A little massaging of the ego never adversely affected my performance!

She grabbed my cock and led me to her bedroom. I entered her immediately. It felt so good. I moaned and thrust deeply. "Harder," she cried. "Deeper." I balanced myself on my knees and began to really

drive it in. "Oh I'm coming again," she moaned. "More." She tensed then collapsed — spent. I laid her over the side of the bed with her legs crouched on the floor. Kneeling between them I entered her doggy style. Lifting her to my haunches I fucked her like mad. I mauled at those beautiful tits and pulled on her hair like I was trying to control some runaway stallion.

She whimpered every so often as she resisted my thrusts. I felt my explosion building and lifted the tempo of my fucking.

Lost in my own ecstasy, I pulled out of her, grabbed a handful of hair, stood up and turned her head around, and with my free hand began masturbating until I blew all over her face. Her eyes closed; she began to blindly lick at the remnants of my semen.

She lay on her back, not moving, my come still splattered over her face. She wiped the semen and without a word started lubricating her anus with it. I didn't need a written invitation. I rolled her over and entered her tight little hole.

"Oh Mark, oh Mark, come in my arse, please, come in my arse..." she groaned. But I wasn't ready to oblige her yet. I fucked her tight little hole until my cock was red raw — then suddenly stopped and jumped off the bed and left her bedroom.

I washed my dick with soap and warm water, then went to the kitchen, found an assortment of goodies and returned, primed for more action.

I wiped the whipped cream over her delicate breasts and hungrily licked them clean. She was laying back loving every second of it. I grabbed a scoop of cream and wiped it between her thighs. She whimpered meekly. "Eat it," was all she could say, our passion quickly rekindling. It was soon obvious that Cherie was ready for a rematch. I entered her, but she pushed me aside, grabbed the whipped cream and plastered my cock with it. Slowly, teasingly, she licked it clean. My horn was roaring...

"You want me?" she asked. I didn't reply. I threw her on to the bed. "Come on then, stud," she said mockingly. We went at it like wild beasts, my cock ripping into her cunt. She clawed at my back as I cupped her magnificent arse in my hands. My cock was starting to sting with the wear and tear but it felt brilliant.

"I'm going to blow you in half," I screamed. "Come on, come on," she breathed. "I'm coming," I yelled. She snatched at my arse. "Harder, harder." I was delirious. "Yes, again," she moaned. Her whole body trembled. She felt like she drew blood as she clawed my back. "Thank you, thank you," she said. "Good girl," I replied.

The phone rang. It was her mother. "Yes, Mum," she said. "I'm coming, okay?" — Name and address withheld

Educating Ann

My wife and I are now 42 years old and have been happily married for 21 years. We have two children, a nice home and a fantastic sex life. It didn't start out that way. When we were married Ann was still a virgin, and very straight. I couldn't get her to suck my cock or let me go down on her. Ann is very pretty and has a figure that would turn on any man. Ann dressed in a very conservative manner. I felt she had too much to offer to keep it hidden. Even at the start I was turned on by the idea of sharing it with other men.

I started off by buying her sexy brassieres, bikini panties, garter belts and stockings, and was pleased to find she enjoyed wearing them. It was far more difficult to get her wearing shorter skirts.

One windy day I talked Ann into going into the city with me wearing a very full skirt with a garter belt and stockings. While we walked along with the wind blowing her skirt up from time to time I pointed out the men who were enjoying the view of her legs and panties, and how they would obviously like to get their hands on her.

At first she got mad at the idea of me wanting to put her on display, but before long Ann started to enjoy the attention she was receiving. I noticed she was more reluctant to get her skirt down. We stopped in for a cup of coffee. I pointed out one guy who was really giving her the eye and told Ann to very slowly cross her legs and give

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him a good view all the way up her skirt. Reluctantly she did as I asked. A few minutes later she gave him another view all the way up her skirt, this time on her own.

When we got home Ann almost raped me. That was the first time she ever top rode me. Once I had it in her I made Ann hold still and told her to think of the guy in the coffee shop, and to think what it would be like to be naked with a complete stranger. I told her to close her eyes and think of him screwing her. I had never dreamed she could get so hot.

A couple of evenings later we went to a cocktail lounge. This time I didn't have to urge her to hike her skirt up. After a few minutes Ann went to the ladies' room. When she came back the top buttons of her blouse were open. When she leaned forward I saw Ann had tucked the lacy tops of her brassiere beneath her nipples, placing her tits on display.

Ann opened her purse to let me see she had taken her panties off and stuffed them into her purse. She whispered to me that one man in particular was watching her, and that he could see all the way up her skirt.

When we went to bed that night, as soon as I put it in her Ann asked me to describe all the things that guy would want to do to her. When I started talking about her sucking his cock she really went wild. I told Ann I didn't mind at all if she let other men fuck her, but if she did put out, the other

men would expect a blow job and some of the other things she wouldn't let me do.

About a week later Ann went out by herself. I thought she was going to visit a friend. I was in bed when Ann came in around midnight. Without a word Ann pulled her clothes off and mounted me. Her pussy was soaking wet. Ann told me she had let a man pick her up and that he had fucked her in the back seat of our car, right there in the parking lot. She was sitting up straight on me, fingering her pussy while she described what the man had done to her, how it had felt and how much she had enjoyed it. Then she told me she had sucked his cock and let him come in her mouth.

Ann told me she wanted me to eat her while she still had his cream in her pussy, and that if I would do that, she would suck me off and let me come in her mouth. She didn't wait for an answer. Ann got off me and took my cock in her mouth, then turned to straddle my face and I got my first taste of her pussy. She was full of juice. It turned me on to suck and lick it out of her almost as much as her hot lips and tongue playing magic on my cock.

I couldn't hold back. I shot my load in her sucking mouth. Ann turned around and kissed me while her mouth was full of my cream. In a few minutes she had me up again. This time I was on top of her with those long legs locked around me. She held me still in her while we talked. I told Ann I knew a lot of men who would love to screw her. She said she wanted to go on putting out, but she wanted to be fucked

by men who didn't know her. She asked if I would like to watch a man pick her up. My answer was: "Hell yes."

The next evening we went back to the singles bar where Ann had met the guy. I went in first, then Ann sat at the next table. I sat there watching my wife let every man in the place see up her skirt. Only a few minutes later a guy joined her. They had a drink together. Before they were finished with it he had his hand under my wife's skirt. They finished their drink and I followed them out to the parking lot.

They got into the back seat of our car. I couldn't really see much of what was going on at first because I didn't want him to see me. When I saw Ann's feet come up I moved closer to the car. I could barely make out their naked bodies moving, but I could hear Ann's moans and cries. When it was over she sucked him off.

I went back in the club to wait. Instead of joining me, Ann sat at another table and a few minutes later let another man pick her up. By the time she came back in everyone in the place knew what was going on. By midnight my wife had been fucked by five men. When she didn't come in with the last guy I went out to the car. She was laying in the back seat naked with her legs spread wide apart. Ann motioned me into the car and told me it was my turn on her. That was by far our wildest fuck!

On the drive home Ann told me one of the men had wanted to screw her in her arse. She had his phone number and had promised to at least call him. She told me he was the best of the five men, and that she wanted to put out to him again. I told her to go ahead.

When I got home from work the next day Ann greeted me at the door naked. She told me she had been fucked in her arse, she had loved it and wanted to try me that way. When it was over we had a long discussion on sex. Ann told me she wanted to go on with lots of one night stands but had decided she would like to have a few really good men putting it to her on a regular basis, and the idea of putting out to some of my friends was starting to turn her on.

Since then there has been a constant flow of men between my wife's lovely legs, and I'll take "seconds" any day! I have traded in my "sweet, innocent" wife for a lusty bitch who will spread her legs to any man with a hard-on. I wouldn't have it any other way! — *Name and address withheld*

Dust and polish

I would like to share an experience I had with my parents' house-cleaner, Julie, only just last week. On one of my days off, I decided to sleep in, totally forgetting that it was Julie's cleaning day. When I heard the vacuum cleaner I remembered what day it was, but I was too sleepy to worry about it.

Like most guys, I get hard-ons sometimes in my sleep and Julie must have seen mine when she came into my room to

clean. I was still half asleep when I felt my doona being pushed aside and a warm breath on my cock. I opened my eyes to see Julie's head hovering inches above my stiff member. Now my rod would only measure about six to seven inches long, but this didn't deter Julie from sucking me off, while I was still supposedly asleep. It wasn't long before her wet mouth made me come and she swallowed all of it greedily.

Seeing that I was now awake, she positioned herself above me on all fours tenderly French-kissing me. Wasting no time I unzipped her tracksuit top, revealing her large bare breasts. She had perfect big round pink nipples and well-shaped globes which were just a handful.

My hands reached out and cupped her soft tits, squeezing them gently as I moved down so I could suckle her. As my mouth took over working on Julie's tits, my hands moved around to her firm butt. Slowly I removed her pants, sliding them down her long slender legs as my tongue continued dancing over now erect nipples.

At this stage all I wanted to do was to suck her moist twat. So I moved down further in between her legs, propped my head up with some pillows and lay there lightly blowing on her pussy.

Knowing what was in store for her, she proceeded to lower her pussy on to my face. My nose made direct contact with her clit and my awaiting tongue slipped

straight inside her soft cunt lips. Moving my nose around her clit and my tongue in and out of her lips made her body twitch in delight. Then I licked the entire length of her slit, causing her to twitch even more. A few minutes of this soon had Julie riding my face as she came. Her whole body shuddered violently as her pussy melted on to my face, sending her juices into my mouth. I drank up as much as I could, but it was too much; the sweet aroma made my head spin.

When Julie's orgasm subsided she rolled off my soaking head and proceeded to lick her own juices off my face.

By then I was ready for another round so we stood up holding each other as the morning sun came streaming into my room.

Julie reached down and held my member in her hand, guiding it towards her steamy hot cunt. Gently she rubbed the head of my cock against her clit, causing us both to moan. Her rubbing motions quickened as she started coming, her warm juices covering my cock and flowing down the inside of her thighs.

She used her own lubricant on my cock, pulling it gently while still rubbing the head on her pussy. Both of us were in heaven as we began a trembling climb to two mind-blowing orgasms. I almost fainted as I let a massive load go all over her just as she came too.

When we had both cooled down a little

we moved into a 69er and cleaned up each other's crotches. Within minutes Julie was having another orgasm and I was once again rock hard.

"Fuck me, Phil, fuck me hard, bang my pussy," Julie was moaning as she lay back spreading her legs. That was such a good sight I had to go down on her again. I licked her twat good and hard until she was almost coming, then I slowly mounted her, entering her hot wet cunt with no resistance.

To start with my thrusts were slow, but Julie kept moaning at me to go faster, so soon we were banging away wildly as she came and came again. Both of us were bucking around like animals on heat, groaning and moaning loudly.

Julie was screaming as she kept on coming; she was going really crazy, coming with each of my thrusts. Her cunt was so wet and hot I couldn't hold back, so I let go deep inside her pussy. But I was still hard, so Julie got on top and we started banging away again.

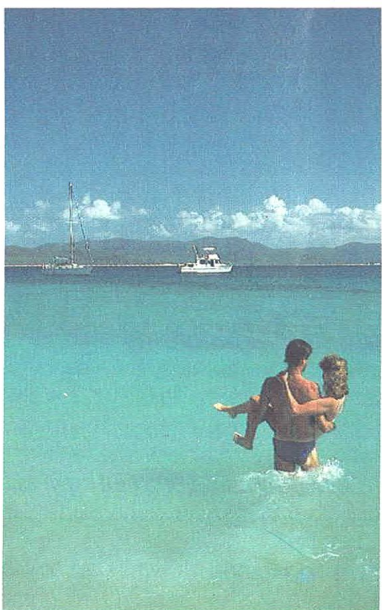
I guess we both sort of went wild, for this fast wild sex went on for over an hour. She came so many times we lost track of her orgasms. Then as I came inside her again she collapsed on top of me exhausted, which was just as well because I was so drained of energy and come that I couldn't have got it up again if I tried. But still, what a great way to wake up in the morning! — *Name and address withheld* ☐

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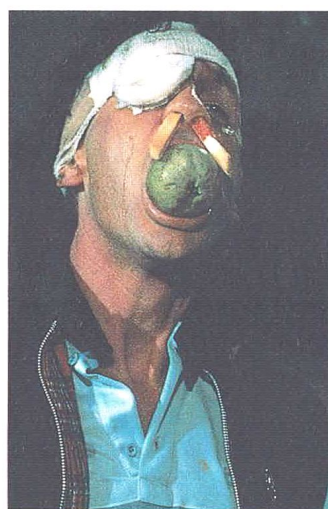
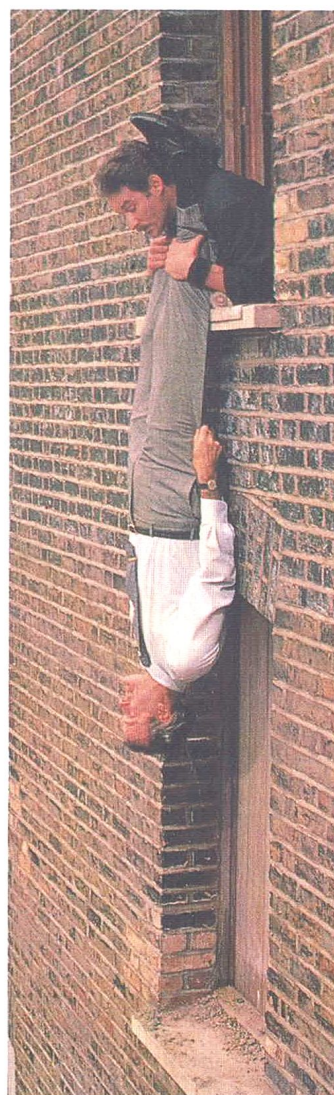
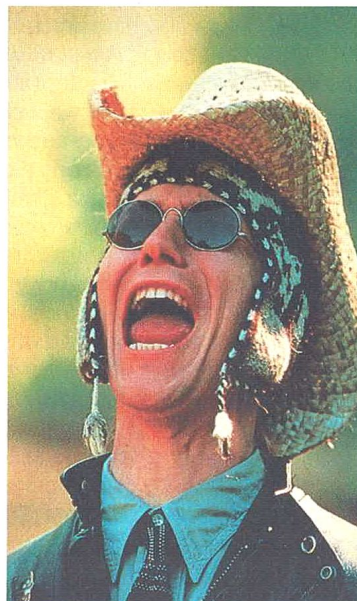
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FILM

YUKS FOR YOUR BUCKS

From the top: Gary Oldman finds something to tickle his fancy in *Nicholas Roeg's Track 29*; Michael Palin in a spot of bother and John Cleese hanging ten in *A Fish Called Wanda*.



One of the oddest things about John Cleese's latest film — and the competition is brisk for its oddest aspect — is the fact that someone else takes the movie's "typical" John Cleese role. That's not to say that the man from the Ministry of Silly Walks isn't without a few classic Cleese-esque scenes himself, but he is getting on a bit and the really physical stuff, the demented ranting and raving a la Basil Fawlty, falls to American Kevin Kline in his first such comic role. An odd and daring choice, but nowhere near as odd as the film's title — **A Fish Called Wanda**.

As far as film roles go, that

played by Wanda the tropical angel fish hardly rates up there with *Jaws*. Her namesake character, Wanda Gershowitz (Jamie Lee Curtis), is a different kettle of marinara, being extremely pivotal in this film's plot. In fact, she gets pivoted by all but one of the leading males. It's shy, retiring, stuttering K-K-K-Ken (Michael Palin) who misses out, but then he's got a thing about little old ladies and dogs.

Summing up *A Fish Called Wanda* is no snack. Suffice to say that it involves a bank robbery and funny business of varying kinds as it sets about highlighting the differences between yer average Yank and yer typical uptight, anal retentive Pom. It was written by John Cleese, directed by Michael Shamberg and it's funny. Not constantly, uproariously, side-splittingly, pants-wettingly hilarious, mind you, but funny. This is definitely the funniest film ever to feature the word "fish" in the title.

Another film that guarantees yuks for your bucks is **Midnight Run**, starring Charles Grodin and the man who put the Method into madness, Robert De Niro. De Niro is Jack Walsh, a tough ex-cop turned bounty hunter. Charles Grodin is Jonathon Mardukis, a wimpy, bail-jumping accountant who has embezzled \$100,000 from the Mob. The film follows the pair's cross-country journey from New York to LA while pursued by the FBI, mafia gorillas and another bounty hunter. It's a riotous journey that showcases the talents of all those involved, and a story that's not without a soupcon of pathos. It has been compared to *Planes, Trains And Automobiles* and understandably so. While not as tightly controlled as that film, it offers just as many laughs. Written by George Gallo. Directed by Martin Brest.

Big, directed by Penny Marshall and starring Tom Hanks, Elizabeth Perkins and John Heard, treads territory that has been made all too familiar in movieland over the past year. That is, the plot device where a

kid suddenly finds himself in an adult's body. But "tread" is too ponderous a word — *Big* dances over the territory lightly and delightfully and Tom Hanks' performance leaves no doubt that we're watching a likeable 12-year-old coping with corporate life and the other dumb stuff about being a grown-up. No violence. No sex, apart from a bit of kissing and junk. No reason to dislike this breezy comedy romance. This is class for your brass. — *C.J. Mackay*

Don't be put off by the title — **Bellman And True** is classic British intrigue and suspense. Ah, but the Brits love their bank job flicks. Combined with the whole Handmade feel, it's a number that's so down and dirty and so *real* you can smell it. Bernard Hill (Yosser from the acclaimed TV series *Boys From The Black Stuff*) is brilliant as the kidnapped computer whizz blackmailed into the gang's boldest of plans. He is the bellman of the title, underworld slang for the electronics genius who must beat the security system. True is the Boy — world-weary at 12, towed everywhere, an appendage from a failed marriage. Their oddball partnership is the unlikely glimpse of humanity in a world of phlegm-curdling brutality. Utterly transfixing from first frame to last.

Brace yourself. Nicholas Roeg is not the kind of director to step lightly around viewers' sensibilities. **Track 29** is a full-frontal assault, true to his form. Gary Oldman (*Sid & Nancy*, *Prick Up Your Ears*) confronts *not* your typical mid-West American couple claiming to be their long lost son. The husband (Christopher Lloyd) is obsessed with his model railway; the wife (Theresa Russell) is bored in her marriage and confined by her past. Oldman's back to reclaim his lost childhood — and thoroughly disturbs with his portrayal of obnoxious brat going on 26... Not for the squeamish — not in terms of gore, but in the gut-wrenching bombardment and insane resolution. — *Graem Sims*

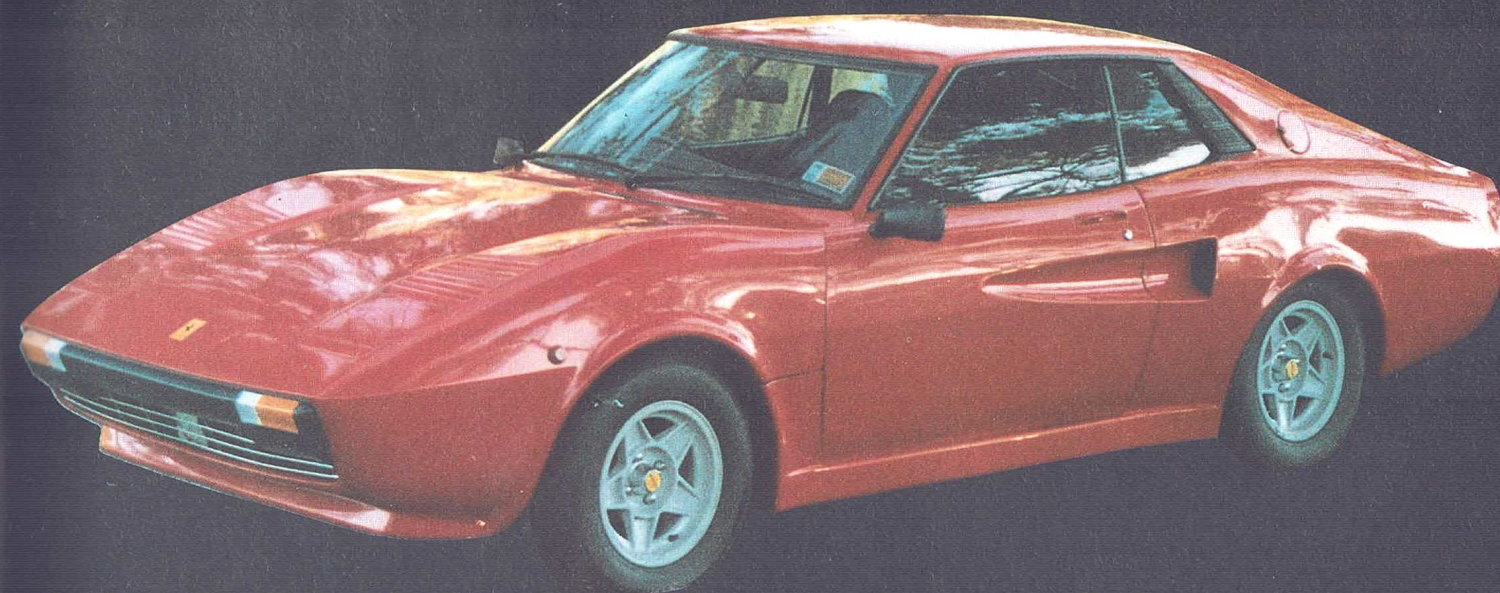
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SOUNDS

Two local acts that achieved mega success on their previous releases have now offered themselves up on sacrificial 12-inch platters for the dreaded follow-up scrutiny. "Better Be Home Soon" sounded very much like yet another single from **Crowded House's** debut excuse-for-globe-trotting album. It also sounds almost nothing like the rest of the record from whence it came — *Temple Of Low Men* (EMI), a passing reference to TV evangelists (and possible detractors of this disc). Neil Finn is in excellent voice throughout, but his songwriting shows evidence of wearing through to its inspirational lining. John Lennon circa Magical Mystery Tour is given a

to the widely heard bellow of *Whispering Jack* sees Farnham teeter over into more of his famous histrionics (as witnessed a few years ago on his version of "Help"). He does this to a frenetic disco beat on the title track, and on Dave Stewart's "Blow By Blow." Other gears engaged are the Robert Palmer-like stomp of "Burn Down The Night" and big backbeat ballad with tasteful guitar picking ("We're No Angels"). Farnham has the talent and voice to inspire entertainment-size singalongs, but it often feels like "sound and fury signifying nothing."

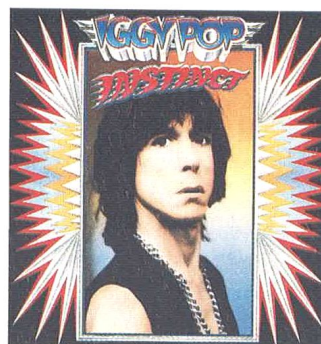
Patti Smith became something of the princess of the New York underground rock scene in the mid-Seventies with her combination of supposedly important poetry and flailing garage trash (so bad she can claim to be an original punk). She was responsible for at least one classic track (with Bruce Springsteen), "Because The Night", and echoes of her vocal style can be heard in the work of Chrissie Hynde and even Martha Davis. Smith has re-emerged with *Dream Of Life* (Arista), where the music is more polished than her heavy-handed Seventies grunge, but the songs still get bogged down in Meaningful Moments.

A new voice with more spark to her songs and arrangements belongs to the strikingly cheekboned Californian singer/songwriter **Toni Childs**. The dreamy lightness of the cover to *Union* (A&M) belies the gutsy soulful singing that emits from this lady's mouth on the opening track. Apart from the grainy chorusing of her native twang on "Dreamers" she mostly exhibits one of those growly, choked voices that chews vowels around and spits them out — much in the manner of some of the more indistinct male vocalists like Van Morrison and James Reyne, though her songwriting thankfully owes nothing to the latter and much to the freewheeling soulful style of the former.

Iggy Pop has well and truly established his more arty creden-



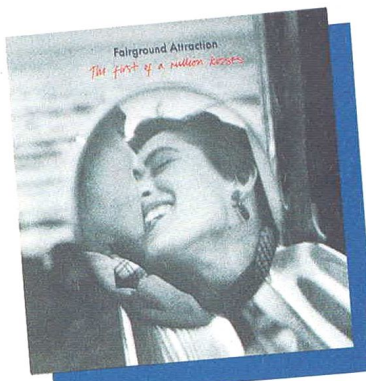
HOUSE OF THE RISING STARS



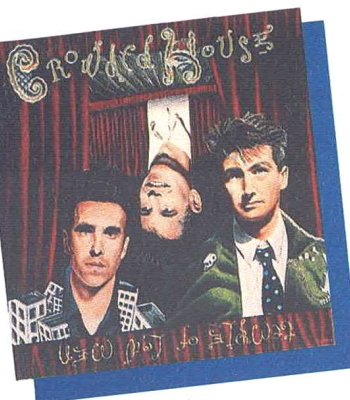
tials by lending his baritone to records with Ryuichi Sakamoto and penning songs with David Bowie. Left to his *Instinct* (A&M), and especially in the company of ex-Sex Pistols' guitarist Steve Jones, Mr Pop gives us a dose of heavy guitar rock. In a symbolic gesture of timelessness his look and the artwork are straight out of the early Seventies as Iggy forcefully reasserts his original creed — "I ain't gonna be no square head."

If it's genuine guitar heroes you want **Robin Trower** invites you to *Take What You Need* (Atlantic) from his latest. Once with Procul Harum, he subsequently became famous for his passable cloning of Hendrix, but this release is predictable stadium rock. **Jimmy Page** has finally come out under his own banner for *Outrider* (Geffen). Foolish to assume he'd resurface with an album of funky bosanovas, the ghost of Led Zeppelin lumbers through this one with Robert Plant guesting as singer on some tracks and the late John Bonham's son Jason bashing drums on many others. Page had more credibility as an unheard enigma — better to have let sleeping riffs lie.

A breath of fresh air blows in from **Fairground Attraction**, who should prove to be that and more with their inviting offer of *The First Of A Million Kisses* (RCA). It's a simple formula of acoustic guitar, guitaron (Mexican acoustic bass) and drums having their uncluttered way with Simon Edwards' gentle pop melodies. Out front is Eddi Reader who has worked with people as diverse as the Gang Of Four and the Eurythmics. — *Jeremy Cook*



Clockwise from far left: Fine meanderings from Crowded House; John Farnham's age of success; Iggy Pop — no square head; The fresh air of Fairground Attraction.



knowing wink with "Kill Eye", bathed as it is in the equivalent of Sixties acid influenced string sounds. Neil then does a passable impersonation of a Paul McCartney plunging "Into Temptation" complete with brushed snare drum and polite orchestral backing. "Sister Madly" echoes early skiffle and music hall swing, and they get momentarily funky with "Never Be The Same", though when it comes to syncopation these lads are very much amiable white trash. Whereas their first album was like a society matron's opera ensemble (dripping with gems) this one sees the band wandering up little side alleys. Still, little great music was ever written without taking chances, and Finn usually manages to impress with some deft songwriting.

Also bubbling over with enthusiasm at his commercial rebirth is Australian of the Year **John Farnham**, who must feel he's entered a new *Age Of Reason* (Wheatley) where he's allowed to top record charts and ship mega units. This successor



Wendy MANZO DIAMONDS AT THE HILTON

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"A little rock and roll,
good for the soul,"
proclaims Samantha
Davies. "But the really
good news is rhythm
and blues," she adds.
"I wouldn't go so far
as to say I'm a
groupie," says Sam,
"but my main interest
is following the gigs of
my favorite
performers."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

MOVE IT ON OVER



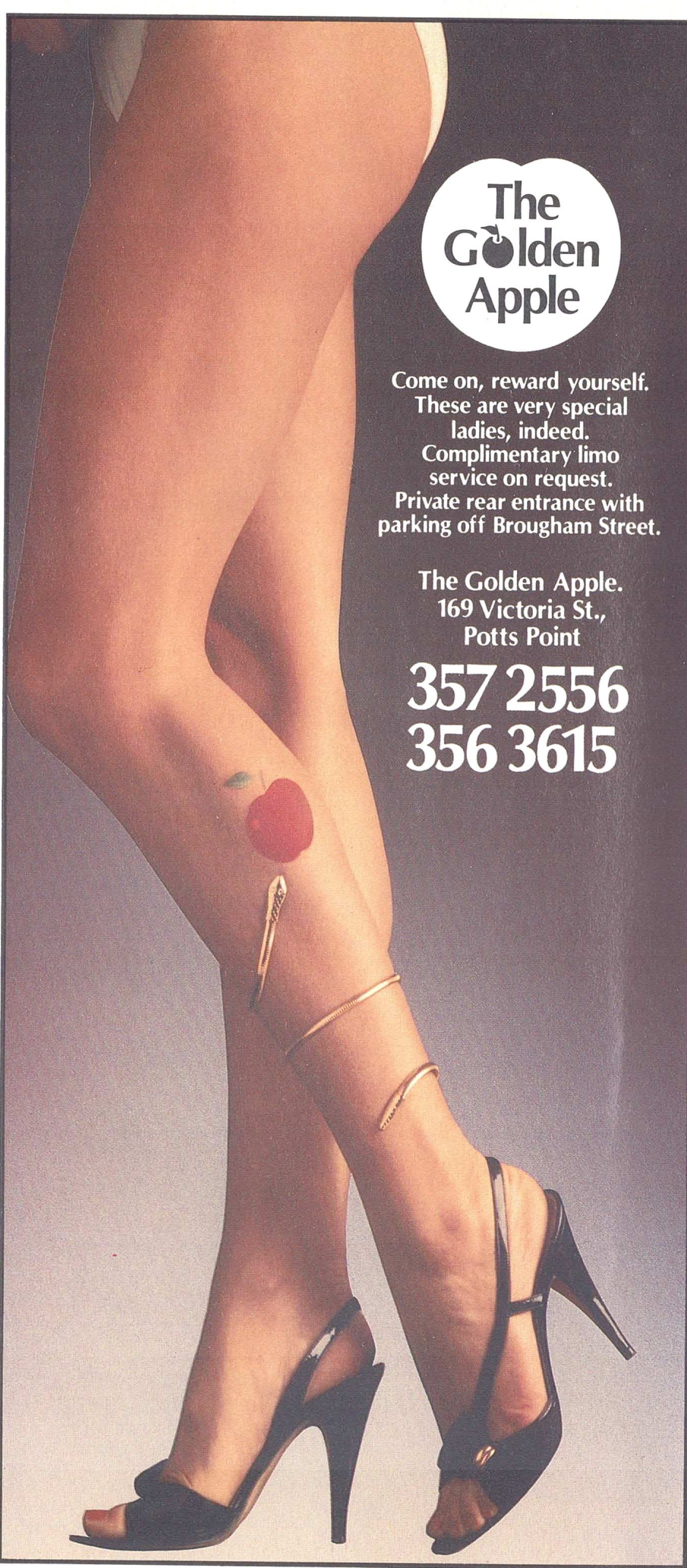
It all amounts to something of a double life for 23-year-old Samantha. By day she works hard as PR organiser — "Which basically means looking after other people's comfort and selling them something at the same time."





But then by night,
Samantha is sold on the
idea of bopping into
the early hours. "I
don't necessarily
follow the big music names
— I'm loyal to the guys who
do it tough night after
night in the lesser
known venues..."





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THE HIGHWAY

Continued from page 96

in the rain, and that the unit be removed to wash the bike.

Given that there's some wind noise around the helmet above 110 km/h, the stereo struggles to deliver clear sound to the rider above this speed. Unlike the stereo-equipped Harleys, which, due to their tall screens, can be ridden with the helmet visor up, the BMW's low screen dictates that the visor stays fully closed, a further impediment to sound reaching the ears. Still, I was having a pleasantly surreal time experimenting with a few different musical accompaniments to the ride.

I caught the overnight semi-trailer grand prix, being conducted by approximately 30 combatants, through the hills between Yass and Goulburn. It was still raining, it wasn't what you'd call warm, and even the trucks were sitting on 140, so I wound the BM up towards the ton. Jimmy Barnes shrieked his message: "It's entertainment, baby. It explodes."

It was well past pumpkin hour when we rolled into Goulburn. Fuel for the BM, and a quick leak for me. Well, not that quick, to tell you the uncomfortable truth. What is normally a routine operation becomes a voyage of discovery. I start to panic. I can't find it. Has it got frostbite and fallen off? No, there it is. Almost thought I was the victim of an involuntary sex change.

Taking that piss was the hardest damn thing I had to do all night.

The rain stopped at Goulburn, and with a clear sky above the temperature dropped further, but I had stayed dry all night. Conditions now permitted a couple of top speed runs on the long straights north of Mittagong, and although the panniers and the topbox disturbed the LT's aerodynamics at 170-plus, creating a slight weave, it nudged an indicated 220 km/h and remained as smooth as you like while doing so. The fuel-injected four is one hell of an engine. Others will do better in the top speed stakes (the current king is Kawasaki's ZX10 — good for a genuine 260 and a bit more) but none will get there from below 50 km/h in the same gear and pull hard all the way.

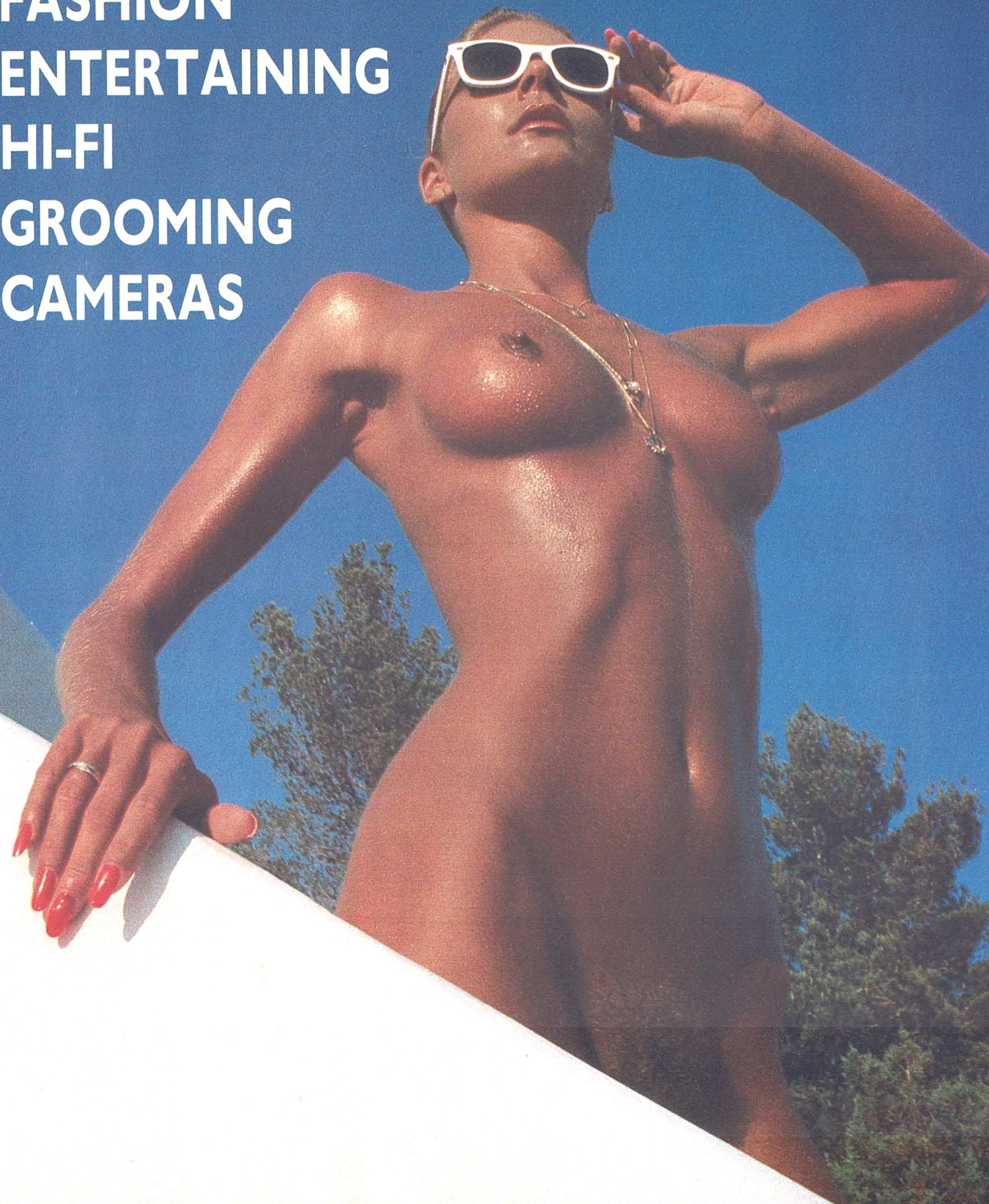
As we rolled off the freeway at The Crossroads and hit the first set of lights, I looked back to what had seemed an impossibility when I left Melbourne nine and a half hours earlier. Despite the conditions, which at other times on other bikes have left me close to hypothermia, and despite having covered the most boring 900 kms in Australia, I was once again warming to that adrenalin-induced pleasure which comes from a long ride on a motorcycle — a feeling usually reserved for sunny days and roads with plenty of bends.

I had tested the BMW, but, to its credit, it had hardly tested me at all. 

the EDGE

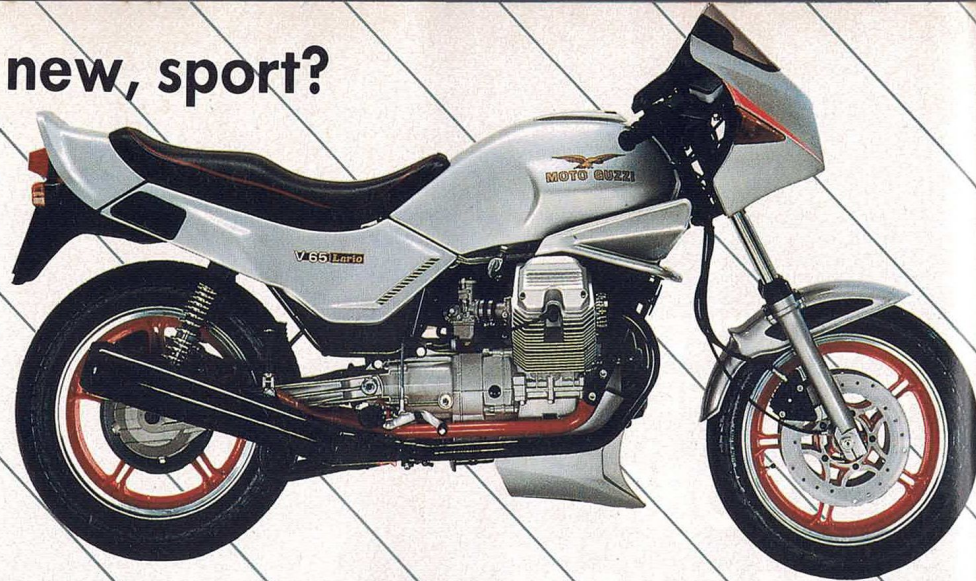
DESPATCHES FROM THE
FRONT LINES IN:

- SPORT
- FASHION
- ENTERTAINING
- HI-FI
- GROOMING
- CAMERAS



What's new, sport?

The Moto Guzzi Lario 650 is the ideal mid-range tourer — perfect for general use and as a weekend sprinter. Excellently balanced, nimble, manageable and never lacking in grunt, the Lario 650 offers all the characteristics for which Moto Guzzi is renowned. Sells for around \$7895 at motorcycle dealers.



The shoes on the feet of the nation that wrote the book on cycling, Italian Diadora cycling shoes are available at cycle and triathlon stores nationwide. Prices start at around \$160.



Just about the most fun you can have lying down, Mastering the Morey Boogie board requires more go than finesse and hours of practice in the soup. Far and away the market leaders. The popular Mark 7 model retails for \$239. Find them in surf shops and department stores.

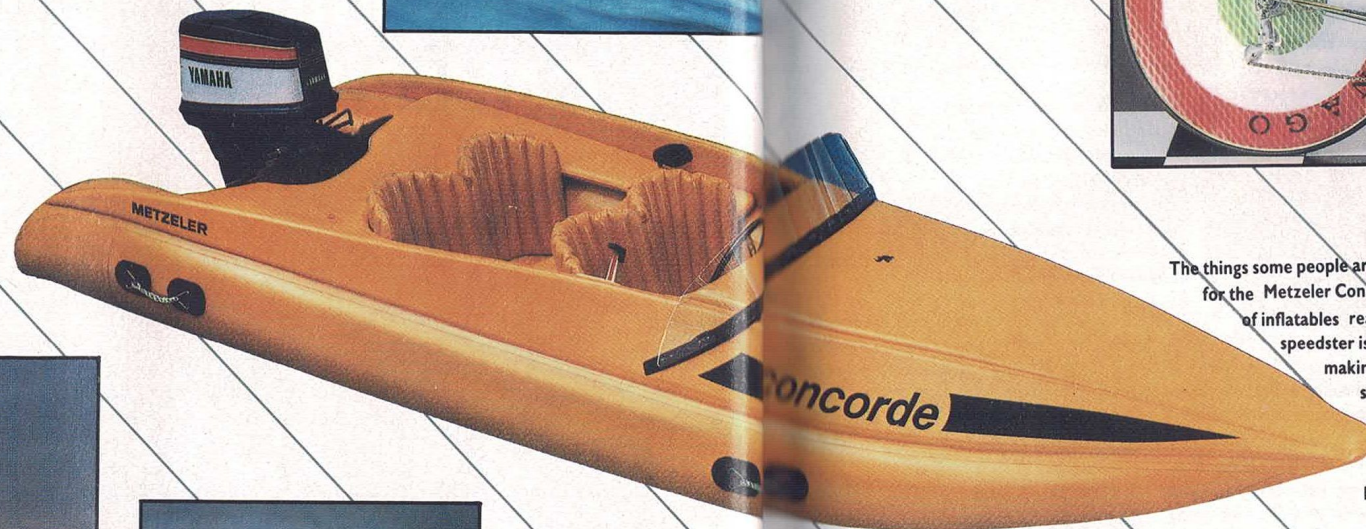


The NZ-made Dancer is a radical playboat with styling that makes it a superb freestyle performer for the expert and a light, stable and exceptionally manoeuvrable craft for the novice. Super fitting bracing allows comfort and makes rolling a breeze. In six colors, the 3.5-metre Dancer sells for around \$625 at canoe specialist shops.

2

Some of the sexiest beach and aerobic wear available this summer is fashioned in bright and body-hugging neoprene. Like this bandeau bikini top (\$28.50) and high-cut bikini bottom (\$35) by O'Neill. Available at surf shops and aerobics centres.

The Scott Tinley Triathlon suit by O'Neill has been designed for competition swimming and triathlon training. The one-piece suit is made of 3mm nylon "Snakeskin" for comfort and buoyancy and back, collar and side panels are covered with colorful 4-way stretch lycra. Heavy-duty back zip with pull cord. Around \$159 at bike and surf shops.

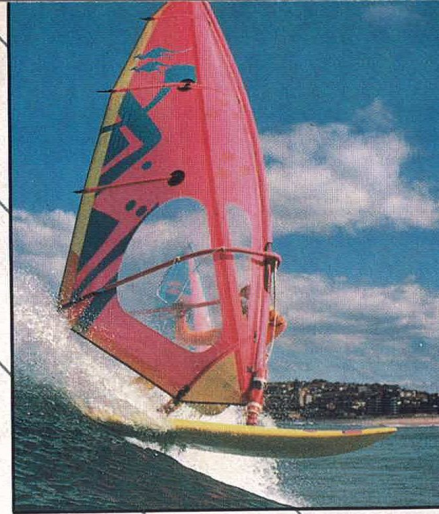
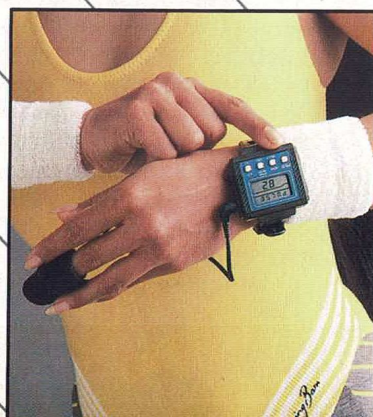


The things some people are blowing up these days! The for the Metzeler Concorde represents the raciest of inflatables real enthusiast. This custom-made speedster is capable of handling up to 150hp, making it a powerful, novel and safe ski boat that doesn't balk at rough sea conditions. Less specialised craft are available at Metzeler dealers.



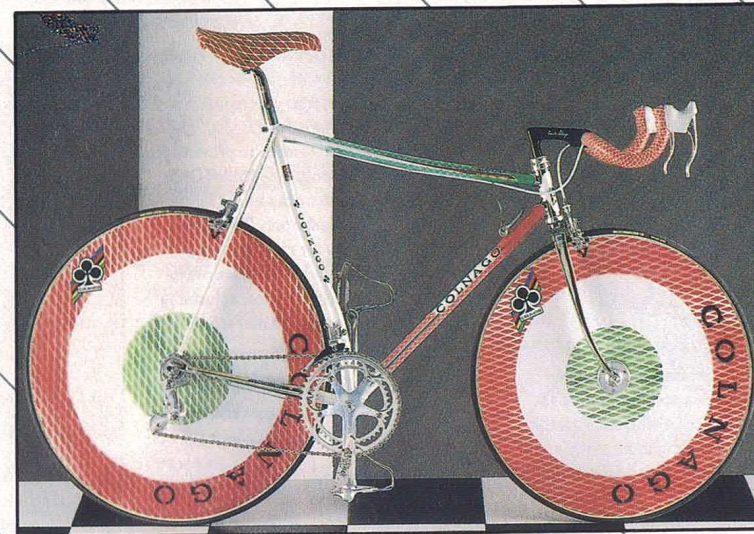
This "state of the art" Shoei GRV Eddie Lawson replica helmet is newly available in Australia. The same model worn by world 500cc champ Lawson and, except for the color scheme, the helmet worn by Wayne Gardner, Kevin Magee and Dominique Sarron, this feature-packed head case sells for around \$500 at motorcycle dealers, or phone McLeod Accessories in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane.

For safe workouts this wristwatch-style Pulse Meter provides at-a-glance information on how your body is coping with exercise. An infra-red sensor monitors pulse in your fingertips and the watch read-out displays an average of every five pulsebeats. Clock, stopwatch and alarm features. For stockists, phone (02) 724 6066.

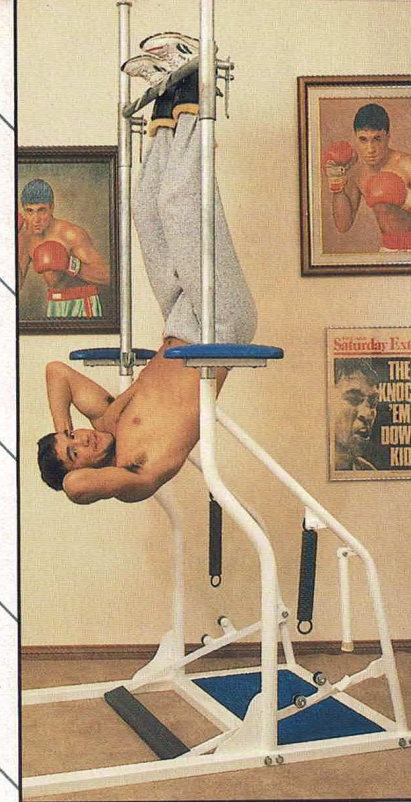


Australian-made Bombora sailboards aren't tough to pick with their distinctive graphics and thoroughly researched design innovations. A close look reveals that they're leading the pack in durability and reliability. The Antarctica pictured also reveals that they're pretty big on economy, retailing for \$699 — which includes footstraps, mast extension and fin.

Should you wish to purchase one of these low profile, disc wheel Colnago bicycles, styled for lap racing, you'd be looking at shelling out around \$14,000. Should your tastes run to something a little less extravagant, a full range of Colnago cycles for touring and racing are available at bicycle specialist stores.



The Centurion Inversion Exercise and Rehabilitation unit has been designed for sportsmen and women who want to stretch and tone up without building up and for the care and maintenance of the spine. Priced at under \$2000, the unit is freestanding, solid steel and imposes no weight limit. From Centurion: (02) 818 4588.



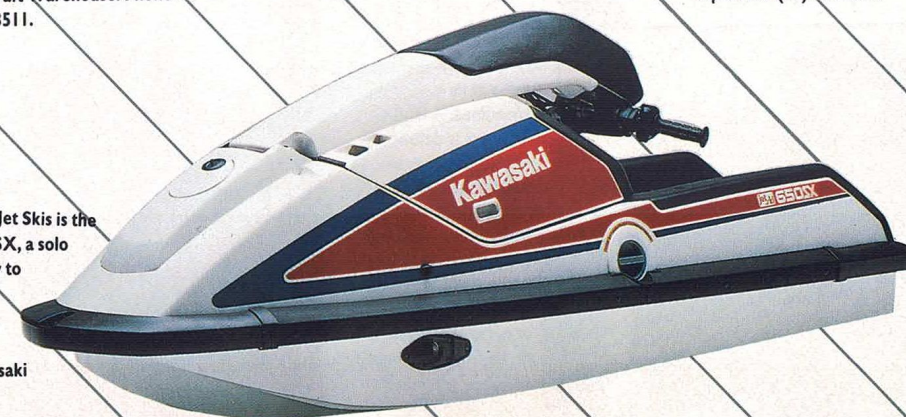
A new wave in water sports, the Bonzai Board from O'Brien combines the sensations of surfing and waterskiing. Easy to get up on, shaped for planing and wake jumps and adjustable for left and right-footed skiers, the Bonzai sells for \$349 at Waterskiers Warehouse — (02) 682 6820 — and good watersports stores.



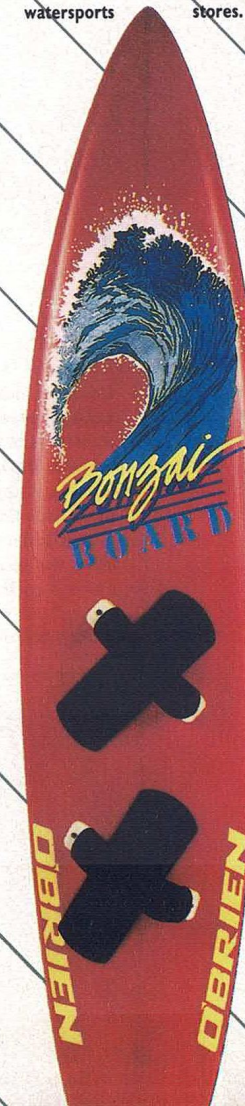
Sporting gloves that easily double as fashion items, these all-leather Tommy Armour golf gloves sell for a remarkably reasonable \$16 at golfing specialty stores. In supply Cabretta leather with moisture-absorbing wrist tension band and Velcro closure. Distributed by The Craft Warehouse. Phone (02) 599 3511.



Amateur and professional divers are raving about the new Apollo AV-1, the compact and lightweight underwater scooter that allows hours of reliable, speedy undersea travel. In four colors, the AV-1 retails for around \$1950 at dive stores, or phone Apollo on (02) 699 6866.



This year's model in Kawasaki Jet Skis is the powerful and streamlined 650SX, a solo Jet Ski retailing for \$6899. Easy to ride, self-righting and self-circling (ie if you fall off it slows and circles back to you), the 650SX is available at Kawasaki dealers.



A consumer guide that's all eyes and ears



Stylish and compact with a screen size of 127mm, this go-anywhere TV/Monitor delivers sharp, detailed color pictures that are easy on the eye. Powered by battery, home AC or car DC, it comes with audio/video input jacks and earphone jack for private listening. Around \$650 from Tandy.

The new Olympus AZ-1 zoom compact provides an unusually large range of features for its size and price bracket. Features like full 35mm-70mm power zoom, automatic low-light zoom



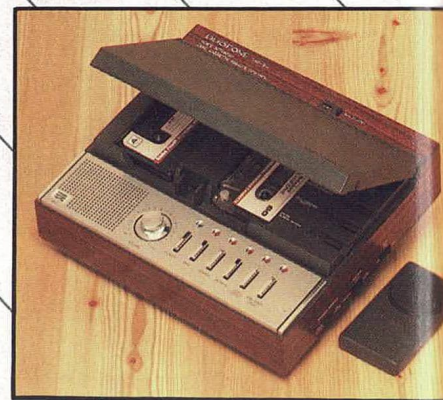
flash, daylight fill-in flash, flash cut-off, macro focus as close as 60cm, multi-exposure capability, backlit compensation, motorised continuous shooting... and it's simple to operate.



▲ "Smaller is better" is the catchcry in the hi-fi world — and AR have come to the party in a big way with the Powered Partners. Inside each diecast aluminium case is a 100mm

woofer and a liquid-cooled 25mm tweeter, plus a built-in equaliser amplifier rated at 15 Watts. Space efficient, versatile and with a minimum of wiring to tangle — they also sound superb. \$800 a pair.

The DUOfONE TAD-214 is an electronic phone answering system with dual cassette and multi-function remote. With voice activation to prevent gaps in messages, the DUOfONE records or can be set for "announce only." Audible review for rapid message-finding, rewind-erase, next-message advance, adjustable ring delay and more. Sells for \$349.95.



The Sea & Sea Motor Marine 35SE is an underwater camera designed for 35mm format film, with built-in flash and LED metering system. Compatible with a wide range of accessories, it can be used to 150ft. Featuring auto-wind and f2.8 lens, it sells for around \$483. From Graflex.



The Nikon range of binoculars offer precision magnification and what are called exit pupils for daylight and night-time use. In a wide variety of styles, some with zoom flexibility, all are lightweight and provide sharp, fatigue-free viewing. This model sells for a recommended \$1796.

Owners of small compact cameras can now extend their creativity with filter holders to fit standard 35mm and short zoom compact cameras. Designed by Cokin "A" system of filters, this innovation allows a wide and exciting range of photographic effects. At photographic stores now.

The Realistic Optimus three-way speaker system with five year warranty guarantees 100-Watt capacity audio excellence. Features high-powered 300mm long-throw woofer for strong bass and cone tweeter with acoustic lens for clean crisp highs and optimum dispersion pattern. With contemporary black vinyl finish, they sell at \$249 each.



The top line Polaroid Spectra System is now available in an economy model which sacrifices nothing in picture quality. Spectra System E offers a new look, while the E is for economy. Rrp is around \$330.

▲ The Proton AI-3000 Music System represents compact high fidelity at its most stylishly streamlined. A level of excellence is delivered by the system's 22 Watts per channel power amplifier, digital tuner, dynamic compact disc and auto-reverse cassette deck. Sleek styling is matched in the remote control. Around \$2190.



Casio has pulled out all the stops with its range of CD Sound Source keyboards. The unique Tone Bank function offers an amazingly expanded range of tones plus built-in sound effects — up to 465 in all. Add keyboard percussion and bass sounds, realistic rhythms, auto



The new Canon E70 is not just a video camera but a lightweight 5.4 megahertz High Band 8mm video recorder and player as well. Providing convenience and



creative features, the easy-to-use unit allows single-handed shooting almost anywhere for up to three hours on a single 8mm video cassette. \$2995.

AR high fidelity equipment is distinctive for its sophisticated, bold and unfussy appearance and its outstanding music functions. No excess of knobs and "pseudo-technical" appearance; seldom-used controls are hidden behind front panel flaps, resulting in the simplicity of line exemplified in this ARCD.04 (\$699) and AR A.06 integrated amplifier (\$859).



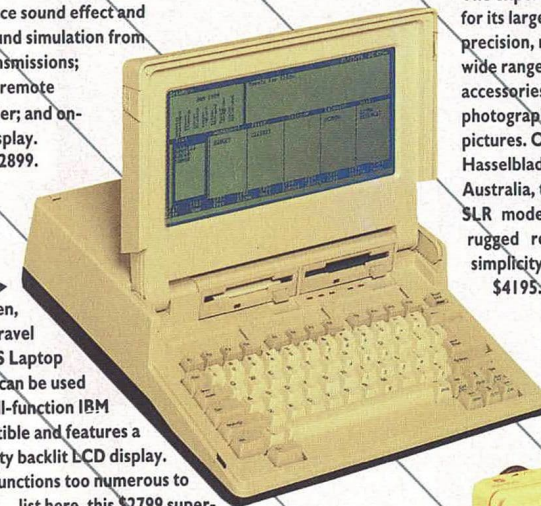
It's okay to get finicky about picture clarity — and Sony delivers. The Sony KV-27 XRD Stereo television is a monitor-style tube which offers a 27-inch full square black screen; stereo tuner; space sound effect and stereo sound simulation from mono transmissions; infrared remote commander; and on-screen display. Around \$2899.

Hot on the heels of the market-killing Walkman comes the Discman — clear digital sound with personal, take anywhere convenience. Weighs only 450 grams and includes a rechargeable battery pack. Also includes a random music function allowing you to program the playing order, a two-speed search function and more. Price \$799.

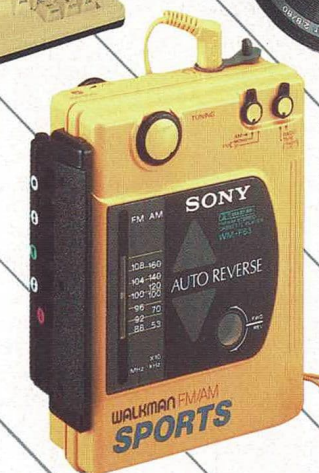


This is the age of the portable TV — and Casio has the range to appeal. The TV-1400 offers crisp, bright images on its 2.7 inch screen through some very clever technology. Touch a button and it locks on to the nearest receivable broadcast. Great viewing wherever you are, for only \$549.

Ideal for salesmen, businessmen, journalists or those who travel frequently, the MS-DOS Laptop Tandy 1400LT can be used anywhere. It is full-function IBM PC compatible and features a high-quality backlit LCD display. With functions too numerous to list here, this \$2799 super-compact is a must to try.



The experts choose Hasselblad for its large 2 1/4 x 2 1/4 format, its precision, reliability and the wide range of lenses and accessories that can help any photographer create priceless pictures. Of the several Hasselblads available in Australia, the 503CX is a new SLR model that combines rugged reliability with simplicity of operation. \$4195.



There is only one Walkman — and it is only made by Sony. But that doesn't mean they're short of innovative new ideas. Check out the WM-F63 — part of their sports series with AM/FM and auto reverse tape playback. And to top it off it's water resistant, making it ideal for the beach or on decks. It's around \$319.

The ultimate compact hi-fi system — Sony's feature-loaded FH-909R. Small in size but big on grunt with newly designed speakers incorporating horn tweeters and APM woofers. Features too numerous to mention. Price well worth mentioning — \$1799.



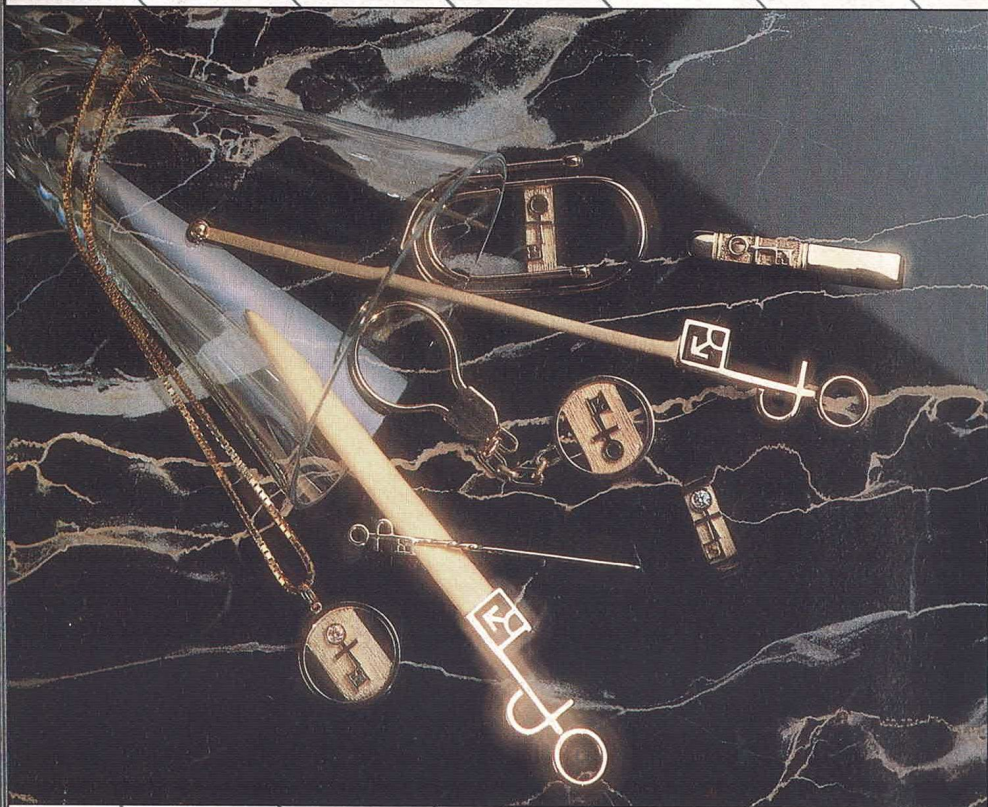


The Bassigny range offers all-leather quality and style at a price — the fashion shoe made in Australia with attention paid to fit and comfort. Well worth checking out and found at leading footwear retailers.

Tinsel time gift suggestions that give as good as they get

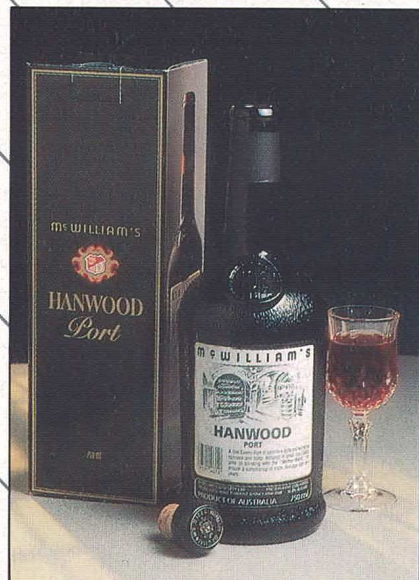


For those stuck for ideas on what to ask for this Christmas, this exciting and sophisticated array of giftware for men represents the tip of the iceberg of what's available in leading gift stores and departments Australia-wide. Phone (02) 212 6588 for stockists in your state.



Exquisitely designed *Penthouse* gold jewellery and executive accoutrements are now available through Wendy Manzo Diamonds At The Hilton. Elegantly crafted in sterling silver, 9ct or 18ct gold, this exclusive range comprises

11 pieces ranging from the novel toothpick to the stylish and masculine identity bracelet. For prices and information about security mail delivery, see advertisement this issue or phone Manzo on (02) 267 7322.



Additional Photography by Quentin Bacon

A fine tawny port of definitive style and extreme richness and body is McWilliam's Hanwood. Average age of bottling is ten years — but that's only half the secret of this elixir: it's vintaged from Black Shiraz and matured in small oak casks for many years prior to its blending. A definite treat worth the taste test.



Pierre Cardin set the fashion standards in the Sixties — and added to their range a fragrance which has lasted alongside all the trends set in the meantime. Pierre Cardin Pour Monsieur has a masculine spice that makes it wearable and saves it from consignment to the back of a drawer. New from Pierre Cardin is the Man's Musk range — different to other musks as it's a blend of natural herbs and fruits which work on body heat.



The Casio Data Bank Telememo 100 can run your life, featuring as it does a calendar that can be programmed up till 2029, the capacity for 100 phone numbers and 100 schedule memos, world time, password function, daily and countdown alarm functions and more. At Casio stockists.

Be Tempted At Christmas With

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ELECTRONICS



Make up to 200 watts of earth moving music with the STA-2150. This stylish stereo receiver will make a dynamic partner for your stereo system.
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Slim, fashionable, designed especially to sit on your lap, you'll be thrilled with the Tandy 1400 LT computer. Also has 720K of memory and twin 8.89cm drives. 25-3500 2799.00

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TIME, GENTLEMEN

Fashion choices for men who like to watch

After some deep and serious cogitation, we've come to the startling conclusion that a man's choice in watches can be closely compared to his choice in women. Hang on a tick and we'll explain. He's attracted by looks first, right? But as he's a discerning chap he's after more than just a pretty face. He expects a sense of style, elegance, intelligence and reliability. After all, they're going to be spending a lot of hours together and ideally that should be quality time. And then, of course, because he's a fickle cad, he likes to have his options — a few on the side to suit his changing moods. Something wild and fun one day, maybe, and a good sport the next. He expects each one to show him a good time. Men are so demanding and it's a rare male indeed who doesn't love to watch. So cop a load of these beauties.

Tissot Twotimer analogue and digital watch. Features digital functions and Seconds, Day and Dates, 2nd Time Zone, Stopwatch Alarm and Countdown. Available in nine colors including skeleton models. \$125. David Jones, Myer, Grace Bros, fine jewellers and selected duty free stores.

The wild Tissot Rockwatch is available in white, grey and charcoal fashion colors. Every Rockwatch is unique, carved from a single piece of rock. Features scratchproof sapphire crystal and water resistant case. \$250 at leading department stores, jewellers and selected duty free outlets.

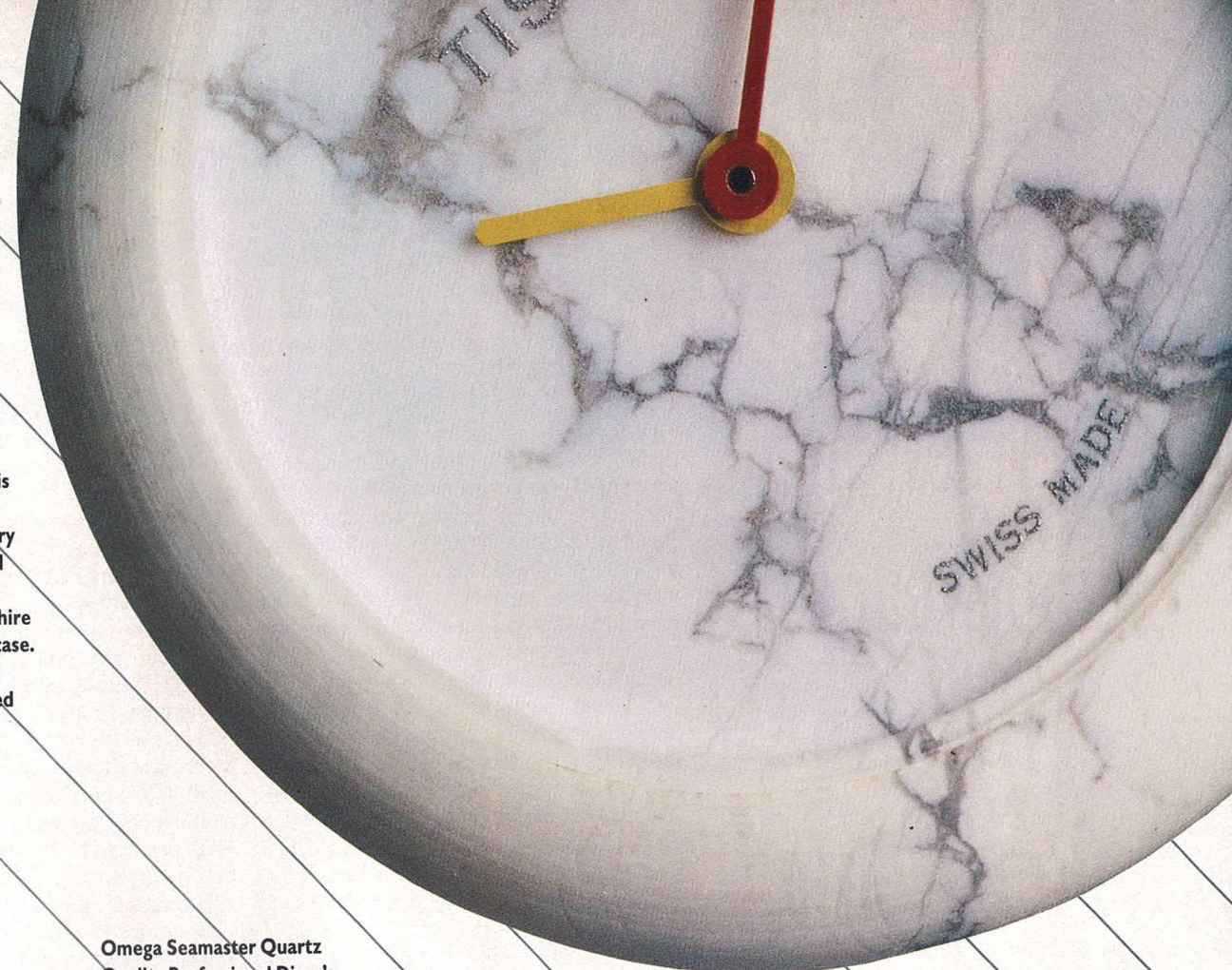
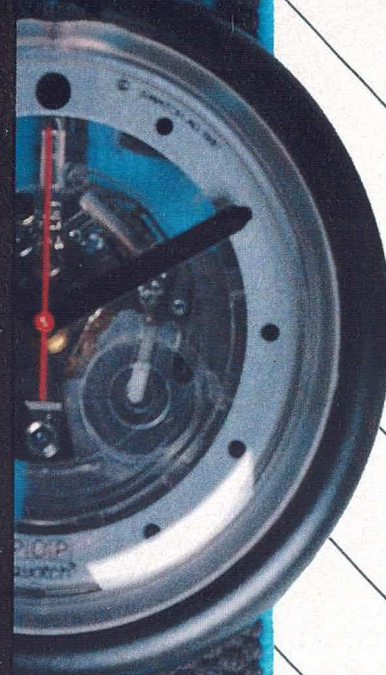
"Sign Of Samas" is one of the new metal capped Swatch watches available for Christmas. Features gold metal cap with green, gold and black graphics. Shockproof and waterproof. \$70.

Omega Seamaster Quartz Quality Professional Diver's Watch. Waterproof tested to 200 metres. Features lock-down crown, sapphire crystal and the bracelet has a built-in safety clasp and extension piece for wearing over a diving suit. Stainless steel. \$995. At fine jewellers and selected duty free stores.

Omega Constellation Quartz, in stainless steel and 18ct gold bezel. It features day and date on separate discs on the dial. Finest Swiss craftsmanship, including scratchproof sapphire crystal. At selected jewellers and duty free stores.

"Tiger Moth", one of the new range of metal-capped Swatches, features a stainless steel cap and a dial suggesting the 1940s. On a black leather band it sells for \$80 at leading department stores and selected duty free outlets.

Pop Swatch, the "pop-in, pop-out" watch for the folks who like to be noticed, is a fashion piece that can be worn on the wrist or on clothes. With a stretch band and available in a multitude of colors, it sells for \$60.



HIT THE ROAD, JACK

Arresting footwear for the man on the run

Not much more than a decade ago there were sneakers, sandshoes and track shoes. That was it. It's worth jogging the memory about that every once in a while, as it seems these days you need a degree in bio-mechanics before you're fit to venture into a running shoe shop. With more than 200 styles out there, each proclaiming their particular plusses which they're sure no-one else has thought of yet, the fact is it's worth getting some background before parting with the hard-earned.

The one thing all the big names have in common, thankfully, is concern for your health. Depending on your running style, the impact force as you land can be three to eight times your body weight. Picture that kind of stress over the distances that some of the keener runners take on day in and day out: the shudder of the 26 fragile bones of the foot reverberating through the shin, knees, hips and lower back. The stress trauma from this kind of action is the number onecrippler of even the super-fit.

Hence the marketing pushes of the heavyweights: on Nikes you run on waffles of air — actually Freon, an inert gas with molecules so large that they can't escape through the urethane skin of their housing; Asics Tiger run on Gel; Turntec has developed a new cushioning agent called Z02, a combination of silicone rubber and air claimed to have superior elasticity to all the others...

The law of physics, however, says that energy absorbed is energy lost — or should we say the lore of Reebok. Reebok proclaims the world's first energy return

system: ERS. It comprises a series of tubes, very rigid, laid in the sole — six under the ball of the foot and four under the heel. The idea is that as the foot strikes the ground the tubes give way, but their resilience is claimed to be so good that as the foot rolls forward they "spring" back to their original position — returning the spring to the step sucked out by other absorption systems. Look for the ERS in Reebok's World Series.

Claiming such firsts can mean big bucks in the highly competitive world of the runner. The founder of Adidas, Adolf "Adi" Dassler, is reckoned by them to be the father of the modern running shoe; he made Jesse Owens' shoes for the 1936 Olympics. Asics Tigers claim their Tiger Cortez model of the early Sixties was the first contemporary running shoe. In fact, strictly speaking, the first running shoe was conceived and worn by the Fifth Earl of Spencer in 1865 — the man who first put spikes on the sole for traction.

It's ironic that even the sporting podiatrists — the gun foot specialists — can't really decide whether today's daunting range is a plus or a minus. For the informed customer with the specialist salesman to assist, it's a plus. But if the man in the know is out grabbing a sand-

start. Some runners must be taught to use muscles they don't even know about. Special exercises can be prescribed or pointers on style can minimise the agony in a big way. Some require inserted foot supports for that all-important stability.

If that sounds a bit serious you can work a fair bit out yourself with a minimum of nous. Walk across the floor with wet feet to work out whether your feet are high-arched, "normal" or tending to flat. If high-arched, for example, you'll find you don't need so much motion control as this type of foot is rigid enough; normal feet don't require any special features, but depending on the runner's weight, optimum shock absorption could be the key; flat feet require maximum stability — something firm to encourage the foot to go in a straight line.

Go for a run and concentrate on where you land on your foot to decide if you need extra shock absorption (but remember the more cushioning you have, usually the less durability). If you have a pronounced ankle roll — what is called "overpronation" — stability is essential. Then look at how much you run and on what surfaces — and you've narrowed the field down from over 200 to about a dozen.

Study your old shoes carefully to see how you've worn them out. Take them with



Shoes courtesy of The Runner's Shop, Sydney

wich and you wind up with advice that's second best, anyone can come off worse for wear.

The ideal course of action is to visit a podiatrist or any reputable sports clinic first. They can whack you on a treadmill and analyse your running style right there. If you're at all serious and you're racking up the heavy Ks, do it. It's estimated that half the runners of the world have an inherent potential for problems before they

you and discuss them with the specialist salesman. If he's any good he will be interested in a close examination of your putrid old trusties.

Buy your shoes in the afternoon, as your feet are bigger then (and they swell as you run). Allow at least a centimetre between the big toe and the end of the shoe. Too easy to forget, with all the technology, is the fact that comfort is your number one consideration.

MORE TIME IN THE MAKING MORE PLEASURE IN THE WEARING



Bassigny
HANDCRAFTED IN AUSTRALIA



mixing business with pleasure

Movers and shakers are heading into retreat

Ah, the spa life. Rest, rejuvenation and a thousand options to spoil yourself in the healthiest possible way. A spot of tennis or a round of golf, perhaps, before a swim, a sauna and a deep muscle massage. Why not let them wrap you in seaweed, then loofah scrub you all over? You've got nothing to lose but a couple of million dead skin cells.

The spa is narcissism at its sweetest extreme. The spa life is also unknown to 99.9 percent of Australians.

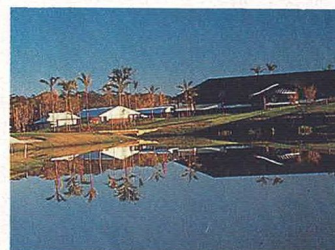
Until this month Australians seeking the non-stop sybaritic pleasures of a spa resort have set their sights on the renowned and centuries-old rejuvenation clinics in Europe, or more recently on the new crop of revitalisation resorts operating in California. Yes, we have had health farms, better known as "fat farms", set up around the country. However, while most of these are beautifully situated in natural surroundings and encourage rest, fitness and healthy weight loss, none has managed to escape the image of the voluntary deprivation centre where fatties congregate for moral support. None could begin to offer the luxury inclusions of an international resort combined with the most advanced health, fitness and beauty therapies and facilities.

And so, in a year where hardly a month has passed without the opening of some international hotel or resort, the new Hyatt venture at Coolum on Queensland's Sunshine Coast can claim a distinction — that of being this continent's first world-class spa resort. \$134 million worth of spa re-

sort, in fact, set between the rainforest approaches to Mt Coolum and a lazy kilometre of Pacific shoreline and featuring such diversissements as an 18-hole golf course, nine tennis courts, eight swimming pools, timed jogging tracks, assorted restaurants and boutiques, a skilled medical team and more body pampering options than you can point a loofah at. And that's just the half of it.

The Hyatt Regency Coolum is aimed fairly and squarely at the corporate market and thus its health spa and resort facilities are matched by the five-star conferencing and business facilities of what they're calling their Advanced Management Centre. The management centre comprises a series of low-rise buildings designed to accommodate up to 130 conference participants and equipped with the latest presentation technology including facilities to telecast seminars into guest rooms and satellite links for teleconferencing. The medical side of the spa is tuned to the needs of the stressed exec and full medical health risk evaluations are standard along with courses on stress management, preventative health, treatment for stress-related illness and pain and programs embracing diet, fitness and creative leisure. A schedule of seminars hosted by local and overseas business specialists will also be ongoing.

The man behind what Hyatt is calling its "magnificent oasis for the creative achiever" is 42-year-old Australian Dr John Tickell. "The concept of Regency Coolum is very much an American one," admits Tickell. "There are many great spas in Europe but these days most tend to operate as God's waiting rooms, given



the average age of guests. It took the Americans to take the spa theme and combine it with full resort facilities, behavioral psychology, advanced business management and self-image improvement techniques."

The Hyatt Regency Coolum, located 20kms south of Noosa, is accessed from Maroochy Airport, two hours' direct flight from Melbourne and 75 minutes from Sydney. For more information, contact Hyatt's regional marketing centre in Sydney. Toll-free (008) 222 1888.



AF-1TWIN the new tele-wide weatherproof compact camera from Olympus



35mm & 70mm Twin Lens System
puts 2x telephoto power in a weatherproof, full-auto compact 35mm camera for the first time.

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Advanced electronics
provide full-auto convenience with autofocus, auto exposure, auto flash, and auto film handling.

Weatherproof seals
and sliding lens barrier shut out dust and moisture.

Special features
include a two-shot self-timer and four-shot continuous mode with quick-recycling flash.

OLYMPUS

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You heard it on the grapevine

AUSTRALIA'S top five reds

any sentence or article with the ultimate comparison in it always brings down the wrath of somebody. Too bad.

Here, in my opinion (and let me say right here that it's the only one I've got), are the five best red wines available in Australia.

Penfolds 1982 Grange Hermitage

A few years ago, a handful of wine writers wanted to prick Grange's bubble. Is it really the finest red in the country? Is it over-rated? There was a shade of doubt in the heavier wines of several vintages ago but this year's release of the 1982 Grange has firmly crushed the scattered voices crying in the wilderness.

The 1982 vintage was a triumph for every Penfolds "name" red — Bin 28 Kalimma, Bin 389 Cabernet Sauvignon and St Henri Claret. Penfolds never release Grange until it is at least six years old and they never enter it in shows, so it wasn't until this year that anyone not employed by Penfolds was allowed near the '82. It was worth the wait — as ever.

For \$45, you get what is probably the

most lightly elegant Grange to date. Not powerful in the old Grange sense of being a huge Australian red, but powerful with the overlay of greater finesse. Lots of fruit, lots of oak and lots of tannin mark a wine that is surprisingly lively and doesn't weigh heavy on the palate. Because of its exceptional balance, the '82 is fine drinking now but anyone who can wait long enough for its full potential to develop — say five to ten years — will experience a rare pleasure.

Orlando 1982 Jacaranda Ridge

The Orlando management buyout, where the four chief executives bought the company, captured the headlines earlier this year. Only an event of such magnitude could have partially stolen the thunder of this exceptional wine.

Orlando released only 750 dozen bottles of Jacaranda Ridge in late August. Packaged in tissue, in lots of six instead of 12, there's probably precious little left in the shops by now. To date, this fabulous cabernet sauvignon has won eight trophies and eight gold medals. Aged for 15 months in Nevers and American oak, it was matured for more than five years before release. A pinnacle for Orlando in red wine making.

Tisdall Mount Helen 1985 Merlot

Early this year Jeff Clarke, Tisdall's winemaker, put this wine up against the stratospherically priced Chateau Petrus 1983 in a blind tasting. Most of those present preferred the Tisdall drop. The price gap was \$281. The bad news is that there isn't much of this splendid wine left in the liquor stores.

A superbly fruity wine, redolent of mint, cherries and raspberries, the '85 merlot is unexpectedly full-bodied for the variety. If you do manage to snare a bottle or two, for pleasure's sake, be sure to cellar it for a couple of years at least.

Mildara 1986 Alexanders

According to Mildara, "This is the best red wine we can make each year at Coonawarra." The wine gets its name from one of Mildara's top vineyards in the area, formerly owned by two teetotaling spinsters named Alexander. Fortunately, their heirs were not temperance-minded and H.R. Haselgrove managed to acquire



the strip of terra rossa soil on their deaths. Alexanders, now in its second vintage, is already sealing its reputation as one of Australia's most sought-after reds.

The 1986 Alexanders is similar to the 1985 vintage — only better. Winemaker Gavin Hogg worked in Bordeaux for several vintages and this experience clearly shows in the blend of 70 percent cabernet sauvignon, 15 percent merlot, 10 percent cabernet franc and 5 percent malbec. Matured in Nevers and Troncais oak casks for 18 months, the 1986 Alexanders is best left until 1990 at least. 1998, if you have the wisdom and patience of Solomon.

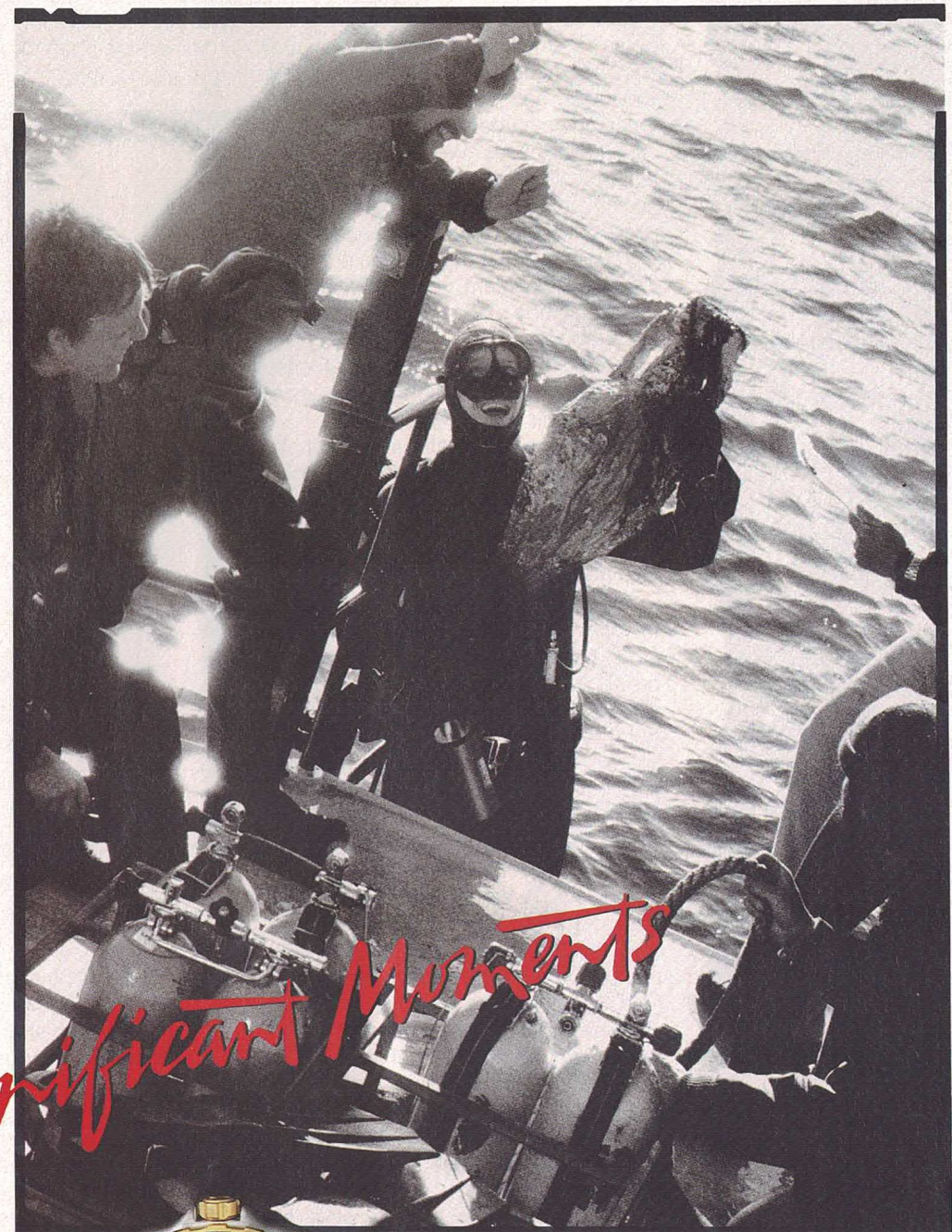
Lindemans 1986 Pyrus

Greg Clayfield — Lindemans chief wine maker in the Coonawarra, International Winemaker of the Year at the prestigious International Wine and Spirit Competition in London — won the Jimmy Watson Trophy, the most prestigious wine award in the country, for his first vintage of Pyrus — an almost experimental batch. The 1986 is a richly sophisticated blend of cabernet sauvignon, malbec, cabernet franc and merlot.

Clayfield is probably right when he says this wine will become a benchmark for smooth Bordeaux-style blends of this type in Australia. A steal at \$25. — Elisabeth King



IT IS A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH. WHEN A TREASURE FROM THE PAST, AND THE STRENGTH OF YOUR COMMITMENT TO UNVEILING IT, ARE THRUST CLEARLY INTO THE LIGHT OF DAY. OMEGA. FOR THIS AND ALL YOUR SIGNIFICANT MOMENTS.



Significant Moments



OMEGA ALWAYS MARKS SIGNIFICANT MOMENTS. IN THE OLYMPICS. IN THE SPACE PROGRAM. IN SIGNIFICANT LIVES LIKE YOURS. THE OMEGA SEAMASTER PROFESSIONAL. FOR YOU BOTH.

Ω
OMEGA

OMEGA. TIMING ITS 20TH OLYMPICS IN SEOUL.

a

COMMENTARY

Seeing
your
way
clear
through
this
summer's
blinding
array
of
eyewear

EYES

RIGHT

Additional Photography by Quentin Bacon

Any way you look at it, \$90 million buys a lot of plastic and glass. That's how much the Australian Optometrical Association estimates we're spending annually on sunglasses and, while they're chuffed to note our pecuniary outlay, they're anxious to instruct our investment in the right plastic and glass.

So what to fork out for to avoid glaring errors? Frames, as long as they're sturdy enough to keep up with your hairy-chested endeavors and don't obstruct your side vision, are a matter of personal or fashion choice. But lenses? Well, lenses are a matter of choice too, but here your choices should be restricted to those that have passed the Australian Standard and carry a tag to prove that they screen out a minimum of 75 percent of sunlight and that they're made of quality ophthalmic materials.

There are four different types of lenses to choose from: tinted, polarising, photochromic and reflective.

Tinted lenses, available in glass or plastic, come in a rainbow of colors, some of which are useless in providing anything more than a rosy view of the world. The Australian Optometrical Association recommends grey tints as these do not affect normal color vision and don't exacerbate the color deficiency problems suffered by around eight percent of Australian men. A brown tint is advised for those with some color blindness at the red end of the spectrum, as this tint emphasises red and may improve vision. Glass lenses with green tints usually allow the best infrared filtration. Violet, red or blue lenses are simply for fashion glasses as they don't screen out enough light to be classified as sunglasses. A yellow tint enhances contrast and is good for hazy days.

Polarising lenses, usually plastic, efficiently combat glare reflected from the road or from water and will screen out ultraviolet rays. Prescription polarised lenses can be obtained from optometrists. These lenses are recommended for sailing, fishing, water-skiing and long drives, but drivers should note that dark blotches appear on safety windscreens when these lenses are worn.

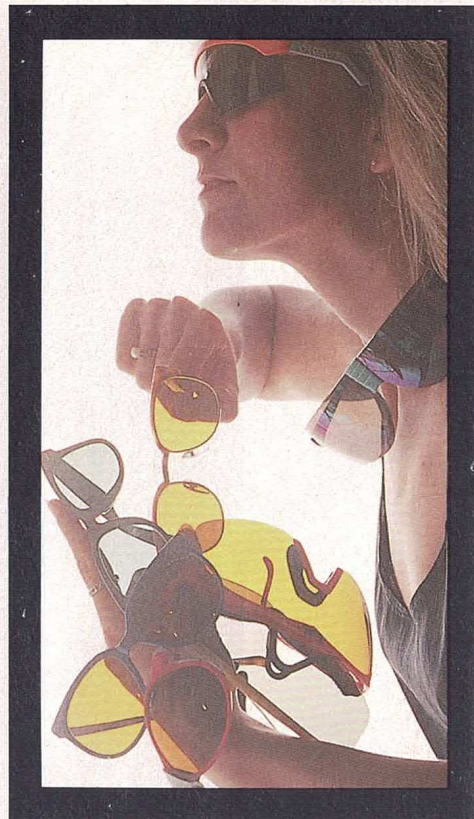
Photochromic, or light-sensitive lenses, are those that change color or darken as the sun brightens. Invest in only the best quality photochromic lenses as some provide only partial ultraviolet protection and little infrared protection. These lenses achieve their full efficiency after a break-in period of about two weeks, they turn darker in cold weather than in hot and they're not recommended for long drives as car windscreens can block the ultraviolet rays required to darken the lenses.

In **reflecting** lenses a thin metallic layer is combined with a tinted lens to produce that mirrored effect. Originally designed for wear in the intense glare of the snow or on water, many substandard mirrored

lenses these days merely offer the wearer a chance to look cool. Buy those that absorb both ultraviolet and infrared rays if you're planning to wear them skiing or sailing and, as is the general rule with all sunglasses, the more you pay, the more likely you are to get quality.

What you see is what you get — how to choose sunglasses:

- Make sure that they carry a tag that guarantees they have passed the Aus-



Sunglasses shown were chosen from the summer ranges from Bolle, Oakley and Bausch & Lomb Ray-Ban.

tralian Sunglass Standard.

- Check that the lenses are ground and polished to be free of distortion. To do this hold the glasses at arms length and focus on a straight or vertical edge, then move the glasses up, down and sideways. The image should not distort.

- Match your prescription if you usually wear glasses outdoors.

- Make sure the lenses are shatterproof and made from the material best suited to your needs. Plastic lenses are generally lighter and more impact-resistant than glass. However, they scratch more easily and many do not filter out infrared rays.

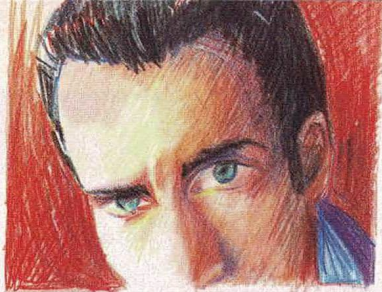
Postscript: Don't wear your sunnies indoors. Apart from looking like a card-carrying dork, you could be harming your eyes. Prolonged indoor wear affects the eye's natural ability to tolerate normal light. And never, repeat *never*, wear your sunglasses at night, especially behind the wheel. The reasoning for this one is simple: not only will you look like Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder, you'll drive like 'em too.



A reflection
of the man

Pierre Cardin Pour Monsieur

SHSE 0864



Head FIRST

Summer haircare for men is a lot easier than most people think, according to David Salinger, Australia's foremost trichologist (hair and scalp specialist). Salinger, a director of the International Association of trichologists and a lecturer in trichology here and in the US, says there are no well-guarded secrets, elaborate rituals or expensive preparations necessary in maintaining peak hair conditions right through the swimming and sunning months.

"It's a simple matter of keeping your hair clean and free of dulling pollutants like salt, chlorine and other chemicals," says Salinger. "That could mean washing your hair every day, as rinsing under the shower

after a swim isn't enough. Daily washing will not strip your hair at all if you use one of the better salon-quality shampoos, not those available in supermarkets. Delva, Redken and many other quality brands have good shampoos developed for daily use."

When washing, Salinger recommends only one shampoo application, and a small one at that. Pour the shampoo into your hand, not straight on to your head. Massage your scalp as you shampoo, don't just rub it around, and always rinse your hair thoroughly or you'll get the flaky shampoo itches later on.

What about conditioning? "That's up to the individual," says Salinger. "If your hair responds well to conditioner, then go for it. If it just gives you the greasy look, forget it. Conditioner is better advised for women who perm and streak their hair; men don't usually need it. If you are using conditioner, use it in moderation and rub it into the hair, not the scalp."

Too frequent brushing and blow-drying can split and dry your hair. Avoid brushing your hair while it's wet, as this stretches and breaks it. "Letting your hair dry naturally is best," says Salinger, "but blowdrying certainly isn't going to hurt you if you're careful. Use a wide-toothed comb or your fingers to style the hair, and start out with a hot temperature, switching to a cooler one as your hair dries. Always leave your hair slightly damp or you're in danger of burning and frizzing it. As far as hairbrushes go, head for the natural bristle varieties. A boar bristle brush may cost a fair bit but it's good for the hair and it'll last forever."

Not surprisingly, a healthy diet is also reflected in what you've got up top. Fresh fruit, veges, fish, proteins and plenty of water make for a shiny head of hair while fatty foods, salty processed junk and ex-

cess sugars lead to a dull, lank thatch. "A lot of men may notice a change for the worse in their hair after a holiday," says Salinger. "In most cases it can be attributed to a change of diet and a lot of holiday boozing. The change may not be noticeable until they're back at work and then they don't relate it to the holiday. In more serious cases men notice considerable hair loss after overseas travel. This can be a side-effect of some inoculations and the hair loss is usually temporary."

Salinger warns that while chugging eight to ten glasses of water a day is great for your general health and hair, it can sometimes lead to an excess of copper in the bloodstream — if that water is arriving through copper plumbing. Too much copper in the system leads to a zinc deficiency which is characterised by greasy skin, dull, dry hair and white flecks in the fingernails. If this sounds like you, a zinc supplement may be advisable.

The options to baldness are growing — and one of the newest is NIDO. The NIDO system is hair implantation. No donors are required — your new hair is made of polyethylene teraphthalate. This is a patented system where each strand is individually implanted while you wait. This gives a natural looking hairline, as opposed to the transplants which can look a bit odd close up as they are planted in bunches. It also blends with your real hair, the scalp can breathe and be washed with no worries, there are no lifestyle restrictions, nor any scars or surgical procedures. NIDO is only about a year on our shores — but it's already been doing its stuff in 17 countries internationally, proving that the problem of baldness can be stitched up...

Illustrations by Skye Rogers

Hot weather haircare designed to cut your losses

"Heavy Metal"



swatch[®] 

the VINYL COUNTDOWN

For 20 years, the 12-inch black vinyl record reigned supreme in the popular music firmament. Until now. With the onslaught of technology, the LP is confronted with the usurping of its pre-eminent position. Except

for those of a particularly nostalgic bent, this eventuality represents another step in the process of musical evolution. However, what is dismaying aficionados is the proliferation of rumors that the vinyl disc is in imminent danger of redundancy. That is, not only will the platter no longer matter, it may not even exist.

Is this possible? Is the Long Play facing the long goodbye? The facts are stacked against the stacks of wax. Results indicating an ever decreasing percentage of sales, in comparison to cassettes and compact discs, have projected the vinyl disc to the top of the recording industry's list of endangered species.

"I personally believe that vinyl will cease to be manufactured in Australia in approximately five years." This is the opinion of Paul Dickson, Polygram Australia's National Manager of Sales and Marketing. It is not an isolated view in the industry.

Interestingly, while record companies seem more than willing to discuss market status, hardware manufacturers are less forthcoming. Components sales results, however, seem to reflect the situation in the recording industry. Figures to May 1988 indicate that turntable sales have dropped about four percent (compared to 1987) to just over ten percent of total

component sales. Industry observers believe that this percentage will be maintained for a number of years to come and that it's definitely sufficient to justify continued production.

One heartening observation for LP adherents is the fact that sales of cassette decks and compact disc players increased only marginally during this period.

But the real story is told in the sales statistics of the recording industry itself. At present, record companies are wrestling with a three-way "configuration mix." (That's industry-speak for the various formats on which a product is available, ie records, cassettes and compact discs.) Comparisons of unit sales between the three configurations are less than flattering for the black disc. To March, unit sales for all formats were up 14 percent over 1987. Yet LP sales were down four percent for the same period. Meanwhile, CD sales have improved 48 percent and, perhaps more telling, cassette sales were up 14 percent.

The impact of this increase in cassette sales, in comparison to that of compact discs, is put into perspective when it is realised that less than ten percent of Australian homes have CD hardware. So, while a 48 percent increase in unit sales is certainly healthy, until there is a higher penetration of CD hardware, the new silver discettes alone will not bring about the demise of the LP. Cassettes are another matter.

Technology has made the cassette an ideal alternative to vinyl. The proliferation, especially since the early Eighties, of highly portable cassette players — walkmen, ghetto blasters/boom boxes, car cassette players — has added a new dimension to the music market. People want to make their music with them. Unfortunately, the LP is a confirmed stay-at-home. The result has been a massive incursion into the vinyl market.

However, as the pundits were quick to

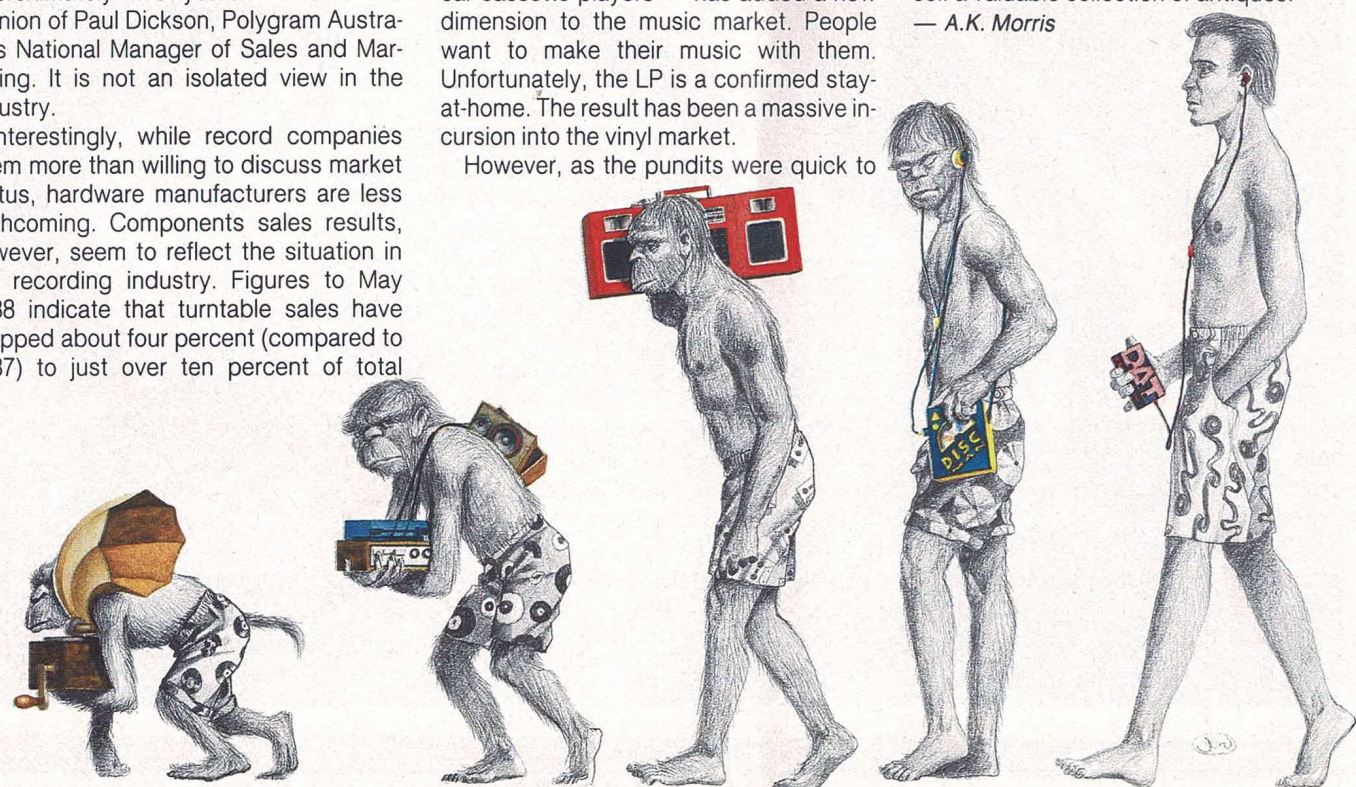
point out, what the cassette offers in compactness and portability, it lacks in quality of reproduction. The devout audiophile remained an LP person. That was, until the advent of the CD.

Compact discs, with their laser and microprocessor technology, promised not only a more durable and compact product, but superior sound quality. The result has been an assault on the LP's last bastion. To date, this assault has met with moderate success, but the signs indicate a bleak future for the LP. In Australia, the price of CD players, and CDs themselves, is still considered by many to be prohibitive. However, it's interesting to consider the situation in the United States, where costs have plummeted since the technology was introduced in 1983. By the end of 1987, compact discs accounted for approximately 30 percent of dollar volume — almost double the number of units sold the previous year. Industry analysts estimate that the result was about the same world-wide.

It is cold comfort for LP supporters to realise that the latest nail in the platter's coffin — the compact disc — will probably suffer the same fate, and in a far shorter time. The trendsetters in the technology are, as usual, the Japanese. DAT (Digital Auto-Tape), now available in that country, reputedly places a sound superior even to that of compact disc in the appealing form of a cassette. Micro-chip and high fidelity video tapes are also formats which may change the recording game yet again.

So what can a vinylophile do? The answer is: BUY! You might just convince the executives that the LP market is still a goer. Alternatively, you might build yourself a valuable collection of antiques.

— A.K. Morris



Does the future look black for the old Licorice Pizza?

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The specially designed circuitry unique to PROTON, known as **Dynamic Power on Demand (DPD)** and found in both the **AV-300** receiver and the **AM-300** integrated amplifier is the secret to the profoundly enjoyable sound that emanates from this system.

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Sydney's Serena Starr

COMING IN JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Love And The Law — The Federal Government's concern over the increasing cost of supporting the victims of marriage and de facto relationship breakdowns will result in new legislation which means Australian men will pay a very high price for a failed relationship. And if you think you're immune from the spreading tentacles of the Family Court because you only "live together", you're wrong. What penalties could the courts impose on you if your relationship breaks down? Find out in January *Australian Penthouse*.

The Golden Gear Knobs — *Penthouse* Motoring Editor Peter McKay passes judgement on the motoring world's achievements and failures in Australia's bicentennial year. McKay shows neither fear nor favor as he spotlights the highs and lows of motoring in 1988.

Land Of The Long Black Cloud Part II — The manners, morals and mores of New Zealand's Maori gangs are examined in next month's *Penthouse*. Are they a genuine part of the Maori resurgence with a positive contribution to make? Or are they thugs and thieves whose membership in a gang helps them get away with murder?

Pet Of The Month — Sydney's stunning Serena Starr, 19, is not new to the modelling world — but it was definitely a new experience for her posing in front of the camera *Penthouse* style. "Not a problem," Serena reports. "There's never been much time for modesty in this business." Catch her act next month.

UFOs:

Continued from page 114

CBS producer with his investigator asking questions. Jerome Clark saw this videotape on November 4, 1987, but Falcon's face was in shadow and his voice was electronically altered. Falcon is well known to both Moore and Shandera.

On the video tape, Falcon is revealing the cover-up. We are being visited by nine different ET races, Falcon says. He talks mainly about the so-called "Grays", who come from the third planet surrounding Zeta Reticuli. He covers the details about intervention in human evolution and religious beliefs. Falcon also talks about Majestic-12, Project Aquarius, and EBE-1.

In October, 1987 a secret rendezvous was arranged just outside Washington to facilitate an interview and film of EBE-3. The sources and EBE-3, perhaps predictably, failed to show.

This has been the way Moore and Shandera have been led for some eight and six years respectively. They have been promised far more than has actually materialised. Moore and Shandera want to resume normal lives and have indicated to their sources — allegedly agents of the US government — that they are about to reveal what they have: a strange story, a video tape interview with Falcon and a few more documents. However, the sources continue to titillate Moore and Shandera with more promises if they continue to tag along with their unfathomable agenda. Just recently Falcon has agreed to do another video interview. Another source has also agreed to be interviewed. They say some great revelations on MJ-12 and the related saga will be forthcoming by the end of the year. Whether this affair will come to fruition or to some sort of definite resolution is anybody's guess. The precedents are not very encouraging.

Ultimately, there is no absolute proof of any of this. It is impossible to say with any certainty just what is going on. We could be dealing with:

- real extra-terrestrial contact — a cosmic Watergate — in which Churchill's wartime maxim of counterintelligence may rule, namely: "Truth is so important it must be guarded by a bodyguard of lies";
- one of the biggest hoaxes in history;
- a Space Age technological expression of the urban legend syndrome — cosmic folktales — which moved Jerome Clark to label such stories as "soldiers' tales, or the horrendous secrets I learned in the service";
- some sort of extraordinary clandestine intelligence gambit — an exercise in disinformation and deception.

It is possible we could be seeing a combination of any of these possibilities. Or maybe the answer lies in some other direction. As they say in the news flashes, we await further developments. 

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